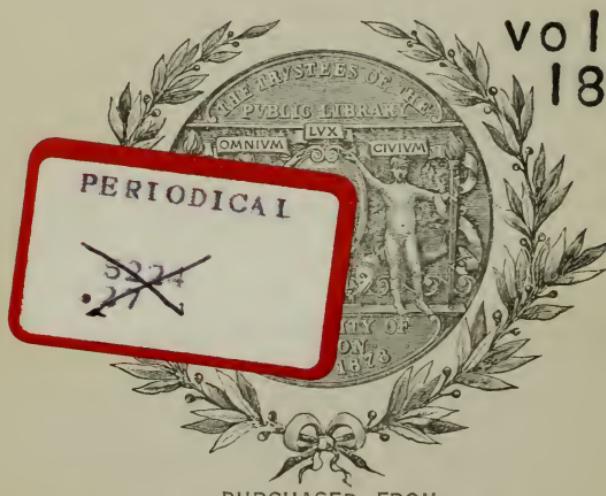


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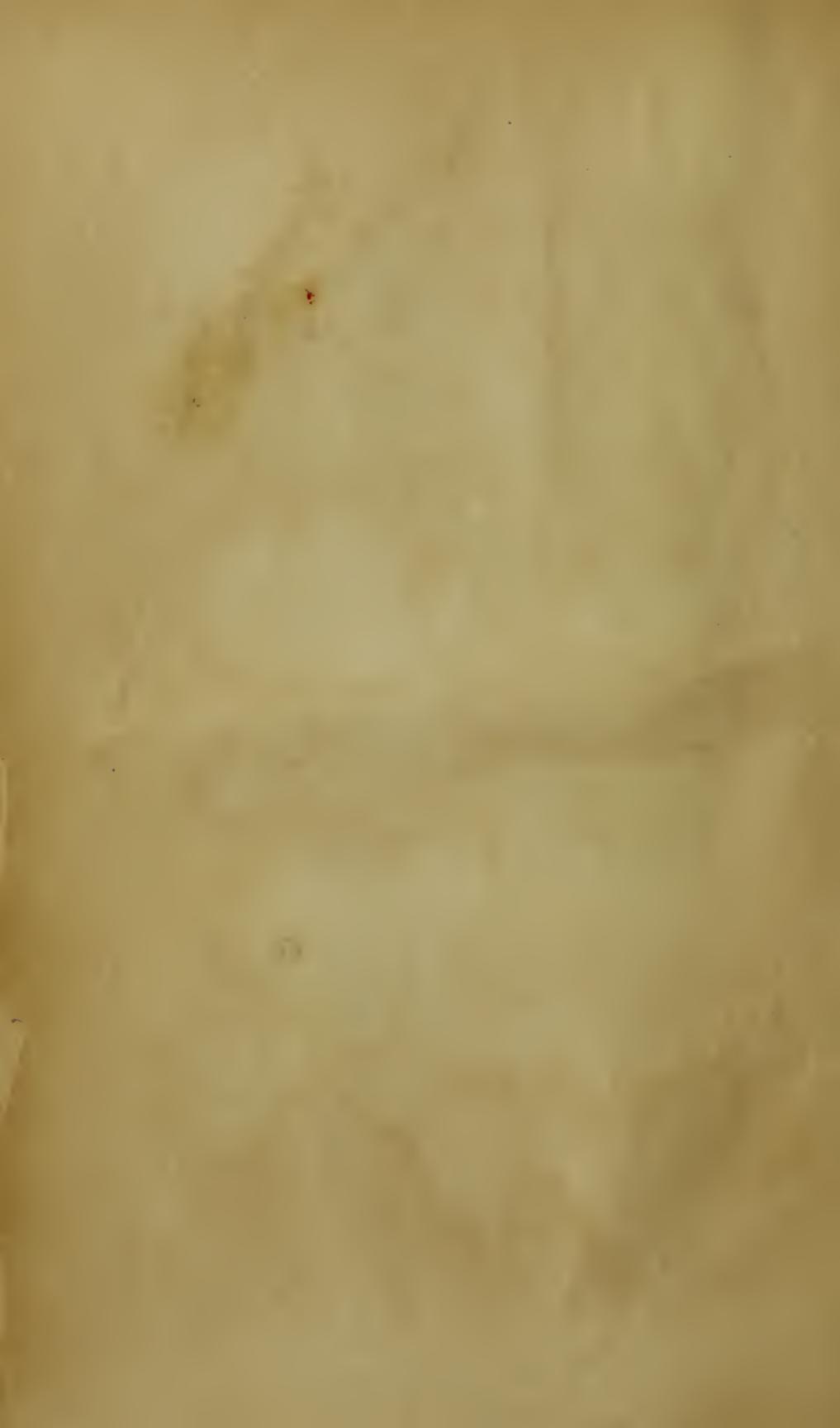


CHRIST ON THE CROSS

Print by P. M. Baldwin, N.Y.



PASSION FLOWERS



THE
HAPPY HOME,
RICHLY EMBELLISHED

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WITH

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1855

NUMEROUS CUTS AND PLATES.

REV. A. R. BAKER, EDITOR.

VOLUME I.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY C. STONE & CO.
NO. 21 CORNHILL,
1855.

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ERRATA.

Page 17, line 55 for "childrento" read children to.	Page 111, line 6 for "sot" read sat.
" 21, " 15 " " law" " lay.	" 117, " 10 " " screaming, " screaming.
" 26, " 1 " " treats" " It treats.	" 152, " 31 " " he" " be.
" 32, " 29 " " trendrils" " tendrils.	" 177, " 34 " " began" " begun.
" 34, " 21 " " geret" " greet.	" 243, " 27 " " spirits" " sprites.
" 46, " 10 " " hand" " head.	" 244, " 1 " " only" " lowly.
" 50, " 1 " " LOWER" " FLOWER.	" " 14 " " loud" " love.
" 51, " 7 " " Christ" " Mary.	" " 16 " " living" " hieing.
" 61, " 29 " " Billamy" " Bellamy.	" " 17 " " hand" " one.
" 74, " 4 " " sketched" " sketch.	" 245, " 29 " " mistres's" " mistress.
" 77, " 36 " " Marianna," " Marianne.	" 251, " 25 " " well" " will.
" 78, " 35 " " care" " car.	" 252, " 3 " " und" " and.
" 80, " 27 " " torches" " torch's.	" 278, " 12 " " wait how" " wait thou.
" 93, " 27 " " and and" " and.	" 292, " " " keeper" " help.
" 110, " 28 " " n" " in.	" 311, " " " unusually" " usually.
" " 36 " " hear" " fear.	" 318, " 31 " " baby" " boy.

TO OUR PATRONS, AND THE PUBLIC.

THE undersigned take this opportunity, to wish all their patrons and friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We tender you our thanks for your encouragement and support in our labor; and we most respectfully and earnestly request the continuance of the same during the year which is now commenceing its course.

We invite your attention to the history, condition and prospects of our Periodical, and to some changes and improvements which we contemplate in it. These are deemed neecessary to enable us to move *pare posse* with our contemporaries in the progress of society, and especially of periodical literature. Without them, we cannot comply, as we would, with the increasing demands of improved taste in the thousands of families which we have the honor every month to address. They are believed essential to give us the means of supplying you and your household with the intellectual entertainment, with the useful, moral, and religious instruction which may enliven your fireside and aid you to multiply the endearments and joys of *home*, and to attain the pure and sublime ends of *the family-constitution*.

Fourteen times the earth has completed its annual round since the first form of our periodical was issued. Other monthly journals, devoted more or less to the household, have been purchased and merged in the "The Mother's Assistant and Young Lady's Friend;" and both their patrons and proprietors have given us a co-operation which has warmed and expanded our hearts with gratitude. We have increased, sometimes more than our limited resources have seemed to justify, the number and artistic beauty of our engravings, and also, as many of you have testified, the value and usefulness of our publication.

Our labors have not been unappreciated, nor unrewarded.

Thousands of mothers, some of them now, we trust, in heaven, have cheered us in our work, and have hailed our monthly issues with the most grateful emotions. In instances, not a few, their daughters to whom we first spoke in their youth, have risen to womanhood, and become themselves heads of families, mothers whose throbbing hearts yearn over their infant offspring, and who now come nobly forward and ask of us counsel in regard to the Christian nurture of their children, and the direction of their households in the ways of wisdom.

In past years, we have spoken of the relations and duties of daughter, wife and mother more than of those of son, husband and father. At present, we desire, and with your aid shall endeavor, to treat of every relationship and responsibility of domestic life. We shall venture to speak a word, (and shall hope to utter it with becoming reverence,) to the divinely appointed lords of creation, to *man* not simply in his capacity of farmer, artizan, merchant, scholar, physician, lawyer or clergyman, but mainly as in all these he stands related to family, home and the loved ones who circle his social fire-side, and to whom he owes his *first* earthly duty. We propose to stir up his pure mind and to quicken his sense of the privileges and responsibilities of his station. We doubt not, he will open to us his ear, extend his right hand of fellowship, and welcome us to his large heart. It will be our constant aim to render every home, we enter, happy, and to aid all who dwell there to realize the benevolent designs of God in placing the solitary in *families*, and in twining so many hallowed associations around *mother* and *home*.

This desirable end cannot be reached without more labor and an additional outlay on our part, nor without additional exertion and expenditure on yours. Hence we propose to issue two periodicals every month, "THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT AND YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND," nearly in its present size, but somewhat improved in its contents, and also, "THE HAPPY HOME AND MOTHER'S ASSISTANT." This, in addition, for the present, to most of the matter in the former, will contain nearly twice as many pages and engravings, and at least a part of it will be conformed to a much higher standard.

The first and smaller of these periodicals will be afforded to subscribers as heretofore at one dollar a year, payable in all cases in advance; the latter and larger, at two dollars a year, also in advance, or to all who have taken the first, and who now also subscribe and pay at this office for the second at one dollar and a half a volume.

Contributors whose articles have enriched our pages, will, we trust, encourage our enterprise. Indeed it is out of regard to their oft expressed desire, and to the declared wishes of a respectable portion of our subscribers that we venture to issue, with a title partially new, an enlarged and improved edition of our periodical. We intend to deal generously with our writers, and in return we hope that they will continue to send us articles adapted to our purpose, conformed to the most approved standard of literary taste, written in a plain and handsome hand, and ready for the press.

We have formed a new business-connection by which we have secured the services of an able editor, and of some of the best writers in the country, while we expect all hitherto connected with the work will devote to it their best energies, and will labor to enhance its value, and to extend its circulation and usefulness.

In the larger work we shall give more attention to *education*, in the widest sense of that word, to the various domestic duties, to house-wifery, to the family-garden, its flowers, fruits, and the arts of their cultivation, in a word to whatever can make *home happy*. We shall fill our pages with the best articles, (mostly original, but occasionally selected,) which we can obtain, and shall spare neither labor nor expense to render these publications, especially the larger, just what every Christian family needs. But

“In the joys of a well ordered home, be warned that this is not your rest;

For the substance to come may be forgotten in the present beauty of the shadow.”

BOSTON, Dec. 20th, 1854.

EDITORIAL.

CHRIST PREACHING ON THE MOUNT

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

WHAT is it which has attracted that vast multitude to the summit of the lofty mountain? Why do they gaze so earnestly upon the countenance of that obscure stranger? There is no crown upon the broad, ample brow, no purple robe of state around the majestic form; he had no costly gifts to bestow. Why do they seek Him? Look again! Behold! the pure and holy light in the lifted eyes, the power and dignity stamped upon the lofty brow, the peace and gentleness around the eloquent lips; the strange blending of unutterable tenderness, of ineffable benignity, with a majesty and sublimity more than kingly. It is Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of the world; the King of glory, and the Prince of peace!

But hark! He speaks! There comes from his parted lips that glorious sermon, those holy teachings, whose thrilling eloquence has since stirred so many hearts.

Centuries have rolled away since that sermon was delivered, and those who heard it have long ago gone to the house appointed for all the living; but its holy precepts will never die. The seed sown upon that day, has borne fruit an hundred fold, and will continue to do so long as time shall last.

There were doubtless, among the hearers, people of various countries. The Jew and the Gentile, the Pharisee and the Publican, the Syrian, the Samaritan and the Roman citizen. There were those of different conditions. The learned and the high in station; those possessing authority, who were clothed in purple and fared sumptuously, and the poor, the ignorant and the lowly. Those of all ages were there; strong, sturdy manhood, and gentle woman; those whose heads were whitening for eternity, blooming youth and merry childhood. There were some among the multitude whose souls were hungering for the bread

of life, who drank eagerly his every word, and received with unquestioning and child-like faith his blessed doctrines. There were others who gazed upon Him incredulously, half in wonder, half in scorn, as though they were saying in their hearts, "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary, and his brethren and his sisters, are they not with us?"

With what feelings of mournful interest must our Saviour have gazed upon the descendants of the house of Israel, that chosen and peculiar people, for whom He would gladly have laid down his life, but whose hearts were even then thirsting for his blood. They were as perverse then as in the days of old, when the Almighty called them "a stiff-necked and rebellious generation."

Reader, take your Bible and peruse Christ's sermon on the mount, and see if it does not make you wiser and happier. The child of God cannot read it too often, or meditate upon its all-important truths too earnestly. We have heard full many a lofty strain of eloquence, from the great and the gifted among the sons of earth, but never any which thrilled our soul with such holy awe, as those which came from the lips of Him, "who spake as man never spake." Truth and sincerity are impressed upon every sentence, peace and purity breathed forth by every word. There is upon every line the stamp of its divine origin. No human mind could have originated doctrines so high and glorious; no human heart could have conceived principles of such perfect purity; no human lips could have breathed such holy lessons of love and forgiveness toward those, "who hate and spitefully use us."

It was in this sermon that our Saviour uttered that memorable prayer, which for sublimity, power and beauty, is unequalled. For simplicity, brevity and comprehensiveness, it is remarkable, and might be safely imitated by some of his followers at the present day, "who make long prayers and use vain repetitions." "*Our Father, who art in heaven!*" As we write these words, the tide of years rolls back, and we are again an innocent and trusting child; lisping in his listening ear, who has indeed been to us a father, whose love is tenderer than the love of any earthly parent, yet with but a faint concep-

tion of their holy meaning. We never read that prayer in God's word, or repeat it before his throne, without being filled with wonder, that He, the Maker and Ruler of the universe, the infinite, the omnipotent and ever present God, should permit us, poor feeble children of the dust, to draw near to his throne, and address Him by that familiar and endearing name. That his only begotten Son, made in his express image, and clothed in the excellence of his power and the brightness of his glory, should call us brethren, and teach our erring lips to say, with his, "*our Father*," The goodness and condescension of that holy Being, against whom we sin daily, are beyond all comparison! the love and tenderness of his Son, above all human comprehension!

There are various opinions in regard to the location of the mountain on which this celebrated discourse was delivered; though it is supposed to be somewhere in the vicinity of Capernaum; yet as the precise location of that city it may be difficult to determine, this supposition throws little light on the subject. According to tradition, this mountain is situated on one of the roads leading from Tiberias to Nazareth. It is called by the natives "*Keroun Hottien*," or the "*Horns of Hottien*," so styled from its peculiar shape; but by the Christians, "*Mons Beatitudinis*," or the "*Mount of Beatitudes*." It is quite lofty, steep, and difficult of access, and like most of the mountains in Palestine, formed of limestone. Doctor Clarke visited it, and has given us a very interesting description of the grandeur and sublimity of the extensive prospect he obtained from its summit.

"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a *happy home*. Integrity must be the architect, tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing a fresh salubrity day by day; while over all as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

THE FAMILY CONSTITUTION.

[EDITORIAL.]

Help the widow and the fatherless to maintain their family-estate.

The All-wise and the Infinite has placed the solitary in families, and for his own glory and human welfare, evidently designed the family-constitution for perpetuity. If it had seemed good to his wisdom, profitable for us and honorable to Him, He might have made earth a vast asylum, and have formed mankind as he has other animals, so that such tender relations as husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, neighbor and friend would not have existed ; or if they did, would not long be recognized, and never cared for. He might have so constituted us, that our language would not have contained the sweet terms, my father, my mother, my brother, my sister, my wife, my child, but instead only the cold words, man, woman, child, just as we now speak of the old and the young, the male and the female, of the horse, the dog, or the swine ; yea, he might have so constituted us, that Communism or Fourierism, for which some erroneously plead, would have been our natural and necessary condition.

But in his unsearchable wisdom and love, God originally impressed his own social image on man, and so impressed it that it remains after the loss of his moral and spiritual likeness, and is destined to abide forever. He instituted marriage between our first parents in Eden, while the morning stars were singing together and all the sons of God were shouting for joy. There He assigned them their home ; and when sin drove them thence, He still preserved their family-estate, and gave them children in their social likeness. He continued the same domestic economy, by the preservation of Noah and his family from the flood. For many centuries, his church existed only in the family ; and when He gave it nationality, He preserved its domestic charac-

ter, its household altar and a family Bible. These and other domestic institutions, and means of improvement, He has transmitted to us. When his people entered Canaan, He divided the land among them by tribes and families, giving each its inheritance by lot, and securing the same thereto from generation to generation by the law of primogeniture, so that when the Messiah came, they could retrace, and so that our missionaries are able still to retrace, for the conversion and salvation of the Jews, his lineage, in fulfilment of prophecy, back to David, Abraham and Adam. When the thousands of his dispersed people shall be brought to sit at the feet of Jesus, what honor God will then put on the family of Joseph and Mary, and on the Saviour's genealogy.

Christianity, far from destroying the family-constitution, honors it and seeks its extension and sanctification. The blessed Redeemer called eight of his twelve apostles out of three families, probably because in them his own design in the family-constitution was realized better than in others; Peter and Andrew from the family of Jonas, James and John from the family of Zebedee and Salome, James the Less and Jude, Simeon and Matthew from the family of Cleopas or Alpheus and Mary.

Christ also expressed his regard for this constitution by the domestic scenes which abound in his life and history, by numberless precepts enjoining domestic duties, by many great and precious promises to fidelity in the discharge of them, and by awful threatenings against unfaithfulness therein,—all plainly intimating his intention that his followers should preserve the family-constitution and should seek its sanctification for their good and his glory.

What, then, becomes of the theory that a poor widow should put out, send to an asylum or give away her children, disband her family, and then earn her own support, as best she can, alone, solitary, childless, houseless, penniless and miserable? It is excluded. By what law? That of Christian love. Such a dismemberment of her family is a kind of moral dissection of herself and of her children while they yet live. In no ordinary circumstance, does it deserve the name of charity, or benevo-

lence. It is a violence to nature, and a sin against God. On the contrary, keep the family together as long as possible ; and when it can no longer be done, endeavor to substitute for the poor sufferers the blessings of the family-constitution in other households.

Is there a woman on earth who needs above all others a home and the comforts which her own dear children can give her? She is a *widow*. Are there children who need before others a mother's love, watchfulness, counsels and prayers? They are *fatherless*. Hired fathers and mothers are apt to be like hired mourners in an oriental country, destitute of the affections which nature prompts. Adopted fathers and mothers are the best substitute for natural parents. But neither are necessary while either of the natural parents lives.

Charity may enable a poor widow to fill honorably the place of both parents. How often have we seen her, encouraged by the sympathy and benevolence of kind neighbors and friends, performing toward her children with praiseworthy fidelity, all the duties of both father and mother! By her earnest plea, by her affectionate persuasion, by her believing supplication, how often she has improved the solemn providence of a father's death to the everlasting life of his children! How many a pious father has thus rejoiced in heaven at the intelligence of his children's conversion on earth, we shall not know till the clear light of eternity reveals the fact!

In all you do for the widow and the fatherless, keep *home* and *family* steadily and distinctly in view. Think of an asylum for them only as a last resort ; for, at best, it is a miserable substitute for a Christian family, in which are all the dear relationships of life, all the mutual and reciprocal duties of the family, all the salutary restraints and influences of home, '*Sweet Home*,' just as God in wisdom and love ordained them, and intended them to abide to the end of the world.

With this economy and its various blessings before us, who does not pray that the foundling institutions of Europe may never be imported to America, and that the benevolent designs of the family-constitution may here be so realized as to supersede the necessity for them.

Let the widow, the fatherless and the orphan, let young men and maidens, let persons of all ages and conditions, especially in our large towns and cities, have a *home* ; *first in a family* where God is honored and his law obeyed, and where his design in the domestic constitution is realized ; and, *secondly*, upon the Sabbath, *in a Christian sanctuary*, where God is worshipped and his gospel is preached ; and farewell, a long and everlasting farewell, to all our fears about public morals, or individual safety, about the prosperity and perpetuity of the commonwealth, or about the extension and glory of Zion. Honor the family, and God will honor you, and all these dear interests will be safe.

HONOR YOUR PARENTS.

BY REV. W. WARREN.

PART I.

THE duty of parents and children is reciprocal. Parents are to support and protect, counsel and educate their children. Children are to love, honor and obey their parents. The injunction of an *insane* parent, or one infuriated by intoxication, or borne away by passion is *not* binding on children. Parents have sometimes commanded their children to do what is palpably and outrageously wrong. But I need not embarrass the rule here by such exceptions. In civil governments, as in household, obedience and subjection are the rule ; revolution, or disobedience, the exception.

In pursuing the subject, I remark that children and youth are bound to honor their parents by showing them *all due respect*. This is no less the law of nature than the law of God. The spirit of filial reverence is the spring and soul of obedience. You are to look upon your parents as the best of earthly friends, the most affectionate and fond, the most faithful and confidential, watchful and unwearied.

And what though they may not be your *own* parents ; if they

have been parents *indeed* to you, you are under, if possible, still *higher* obligations to do them reverence. Think of those who have assumed the arduous responsibility of bringing you up, as their own ; who have become your parents by marriage, or who were so kind as to take you, or adopt you as their own, when you had no parent on earth to take care of you ; who have furnished you with a bountiful and pleasant home ; who have watched over you by day and by night ; in sickness and in health ; who have been your friends when others have turned your enemies, counselled you in trial, cautioned you in temptation, and nourished you up to manhood. Think of your obligation to such parents. And what ingratitude, what obliquity can be greater than disrespect and dishonor rendered to such parents ? Honor your parents, by cherishing for them that profound respect which is due to their station.

Honor your parents by *affectionate treatment*. Such treatment, I am aware, grows out of kind and respectful feelings. To the heart of parents, what can be more soothing than kindness and love from their children ? It is a balm of comfort to their weary spirit. And almost every moment affords opportunity for such acts of kindness. They are often more manifest in little, than in great things. Attentions to the parent such as an affectionate look, which speaks words ; giving them the preference ; calling them by endearing names ; expressing yourself in kind words and tones ; relieving them from hardships ; making favorable explanations for them ; giving them some token of your love when you leave them ; remembering them when you are absent ; writing to them often ; speaking well of them, when you speak at all ; looking charitably upon their faults, and treating them tenderly, in return, when *they* become children, and the infirmities and caprices of age come upon them : when the grasshopper is a burden to them :—These are a few of the ways in which you may honor your parents ; and what a cordial to their spirits ; what a crown of glory upon their head, are such children.

Again, you are to honor your parents by *obedience* to their commands. Filial obedience lays the foundation for a good

character and a happy future. Almost every thing in this world depends upon right commencements. The elements have to be right, the composition of air, or water, earth or light. These cannot do their office, if one part be wrong.

In our voyage upon the earth, or the sea, a wrong start leads to a wrong end. So in learning ; so in the productions of art, in the construction of machinery, in the sowing of seed, in the erection of buildings and in the great beginnings of human society and destiny. Obedience to right authorities is the first law of moral progress, the first right start in an endless and glorious career. Breaking loose from needful restraint sows the seed of ripening ruin. Will one obey the *laws* who has not first learned to obey his parents ? Will one obey the Sovereign of heaven, who has not first learned to bow to the rightful authorities of earth ? It is impossible to build a superstructure of morality and principle upon the loose and precarious foundations of filial disobedience and rebellion.

Again, the *advice* and *counsel* of parents are to be honored. They are your elders in experience and in years, and this qualifies them to counsel and advise you. How often are the hearts of parents grieved by seeing their counsels and instructions unheeded. No greater dishonor can come upon them ! May none of you, my young friends, have occasion to say at last, how have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof. The voice of parents and teachers I have not heeded, nor inclined mine ear to the lips of those who loved me. The parent has the privilege of once being a child himself ; travelling over the whole ground of inexperience. He sees things as they are. He knows how temptation clothes itself ; in how many garbs and angel forms it appears. He knows on what boughs forbidden fruit grows, and in what paths and lanes the light covering of leaves scarcely conceals the pit-falls of ruin. He knows who are, and who are not safe associates ; what books are fit and what are unfit, to be read ; what things are suitable and what are unsuitable to be done ; what things are true and what are untrue, and to what goals such and such paths, and to what end such and such courses lead. The young have had no such expe-

rience. The sweet fruit is yet in their mouth, and delicious to their taste, but the bitterness of the digestion and the end are not yet! How fit, then, that they should heed the counsel of parents, and hearken to their instruction.

Once more, honor your parents by respectable and virtuous lives. What an honor or reproach are the *lives* and characters of children often to their parents. What better certificate can a man or woman have than the character and respectability of their children? A teacher, what higher recommendation of his ability or skill, than the eminence of his pupils? On the other hand, if he send out ignorance and vulgarity into the world from his school, what mere certificates can cancel such demonstration of his unfitness for his profession? Children who go forth into society well-trained, with good principles and unblemished characters, prove not only that they have good blood in them, but that they have been well brought up, and that their parents are somebody. So the reverse. Parents perpetuate themselves through their children. They are honored in the highest sense, or disgraced by the infamy of their offspring.

Before I pass to another course of remark, I must be permitted to say to parents that you are bound to be worthy of the respect and honor of your children. It is difficult to render honor to whom honor is not due, and obedience where obedience is impracticable, or impious. Children were made to find an original copy of good manners and habits in their parents, and to write their page in life after that copy. How important, parents, that that copy be right; that it has its *capitals* its *hair strokes*, its graceful turns, its careful dottings and crossings, its elegant parallels and freedom from blots! A bad parental example for children to copy, how disastrous, how fatal! Parents be what you would have your children be, when you are dead. You are sitting for your likeness in the clear sunlight of earth, where through the family, which is God's divine instrument, your own likenesses are being left, not upon the silver surface, as a daguerreotype, for your children to look at, but upon the living tablets of your children themselves, for the *world* to look at, and for ages to admire or despise.

MARY'S GRAVE.

BY MISS JANE E. STEBBINS.

It was during the intermission of Sabbath services in early autumn, that I directed my steps to the humble spot designated as our graveyard. The day, the place and the season, all conspired to make it an hour of pensive thought. Surrounding circumstances led to a train of serious reflections, and the conviction that all must die, irresistibly pressed itself upon the mind, yet withal came the triumphant assurance that one on this sacred day had burst the bands of death, and rose from the grave, to proclaim Himself ever after, the "resurrection and the life" to the timid and troubled ones of earth.

I entered the sacred enclosure and seated myself. The varied hues of nature's mantle seemed her own peculiar drapery, previous to clothing herself in her snowy shroud. The falling leaf told its tale, reminding me of those who had finished their appointed work, and rested in the cold earth.

The manifest feeling of modern times to beautify the burial place of the dead had but little shown itself in our country place, and the tall grass bending to the light-breeze was all which greeted the eye as it looked abroad over the place of graves. A few, however, with fond memory for the departed, had visited the silent homes of their loved ones, and placed there the emblems of changeless love, in the evergreen shrubs of earth.

Such an one was the grave of Mary. The graceful branches of the willow droopped over her last resting place, and the myrtle in its loveliness was beneath its shade. These spoke the heart's affection, the fond remembrance of mourning survivors. This was the spot which concealed the beloved form of an only and cherished daughter and sister. The well-worn foot-path through the tall grass, showed how often the steps of the forsaken had turned to the mournful, yet sweetly sacred place.

I thought of the time when we had trod the walks of science together, with the same hopes and aspirations, of the happy hours of social intercourse at our own homes, and, "gone forever," was the echo which thrilled through my bosom. I thought of her as she used to sing the songs of Zion in church, of the seasons when we had met at the sanctuary, and of times when we had talked of the grave and the future, but with these recollections must come the thought, "no more."

She is chanting more melodious strains, listening to sweeter songs, than were ever heard among the imperfect choirs of earth. She has joined a happier, holier congregation, and participates in the services of a more perfect temple than can be found on mortal shore. The grave and its mysterious portal, she has passed through, and now has the full realization of that of which we had so often spoken in doubtful anticipation. All is over. We shall meet no more in this world ; but stay, thou falling tear, for she whom we mourn is a joyous inhabitant of a brighter sphere.

How peaceful her sleep, how calm the repose of her silent mansion. No storm of earth is heeded there, no rude tempest of passion can assail the spirit, for its peaceful haven is reached. Her bark is safely moored where the buffeting waves will never more beat against it.

"Weep not for me. Jesus is my strength for ever," were the words inscribed on her tomb-stone.

What, I thought, are the glowing epitaphs, and the proud mausoleums which speak the mighty deeds of earth—renowned heroes, compared with these simple words which proclaimed the sleeper an humble disciple of Jesus ? I had seen the marble of great splendor, upon which was displayed the skill of the artist to its utmost extent. I had seen the rising monument adorned with letters of gold, and finely carved wreaths of flowers ; but what are these compared with the sentence before me.

By the side of Mary was a brother, who had gone to his heavenly mansion but a few months before. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths, not long divided." They could not stay among the uncongenial things of earth. Their heaven-plumed wings would have a wider, loftier range, than the confines of earth afforded, and they went beyond the

sky to range the broad plains of the luminous sphere, which lies beyond the ken of mortal vision.

As I sat beneath the shade of the willow, thought followed the happy spirits of my friend and her sainted brother as they left these scenes of time, and went up to the gates of the New Jerusalem. For their reception "Heaven opened wide her gates, on golden hinges turning," and bright angels welcomed them to their new abode. I saw them as they joined the innumerable company of the redeemed, and tuned their voices to angelic harmony. There forever shall they rest.

A summons to the service of the sanctuary interrupted this train of reflection, and taking a sprig of myrtle from the sacred spot, I returned to the congregation of worshippers, to muse upon that mightier congregation which shall meet within the walls of the upper temple, to go no more out. There shall be one eternal Sabbath, one ceaseless song of praise, never interrupted by a note of sorrow. Bereavement and anguish will never come over the spirit with their desolating power, for "there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest."

TO IDA ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY MISS M. A. O.

THY birth-day, sister — if my love
Could win the blessings from above,
For what rich treasure should I pray?
What gift to grace thy natal day?
I would that it should well express
All of a sister's tenderness;
But what on earth, can ever be
Fit emblem of my love for thee?
Oh, no, I will not ask for things
Whose bloomin will soon decay;
For treasures which the wing of time
Too soon will bear away;
But I will crave for thee, my love,
Gold which can ne'er grow dim;
A harp whose chords are ever tuned
To song or seraphim.
The joyful thought of sins forgiven,
Hope of eternal rest in heaven;
'Tis for these priceless gifts I pray,
Sweet sister, on thy natal day.

EDITORIAL.

NEW YEAR GIFTS.

What shall I give to thee, mother ?
 To cheer and bless thee now ;
 Stern time has all too roughly laid
 His hand upon thy brow.
 No jewelled coronet can make
 That brow to me more fair ;
 Yet I would fain some charm bestow
 To smooth the wrinkles there.

What shall I give to thee, mother ?
 Broad lands and coins of gold ?
 Nay, nay, the precious gift I bring,
 Was never bought or sold.
 I law it lowly at thy feet,
 All wealth, all price above ;
 'Tis a *daughter's fervent love*, mother,
 A daughter's fervent love.

What shall I give to thee, brother ?
 The gorgeous wreath of fame ?
 To twine thy broad and lofty brow,
 The glory of a name ?
 Nay, nay, I bring a spirit high,
 A courage strong and bold,
 A love, which time and change defy,
 A heart that ne'er grows cold.

If shame should dim thine eagle eye,
 Or sickness cloud thy brow,
 Like stars across thy troubled sky
 They'll brightly beam as now.
 More gorgeous than the dazzling light,
 Which gold or jewels fling ;
 Costlier than monarch's diadem,
 Are the precious gifts I bring.

What shall I give to thee, sister ?
 Silks fair and bright to see ?
 Gems from earth's deep and gloomy caves,
 Pearls from the dark blue sea ?
 Nay, nay, no gay and costly robe,
 No jewels rich and rare,
 Can add to thee one charm, or make
 Thy form to me more fair.

I bring a spirit kind, sister,
 To cheer thy path through life ;
 A strong and willing mind, sister,
 To guard from pain and strife.
 Fairer than gems, or ornaments
 Of rich and rare device,
 They are gems of untold worth, sister.
 They are pearls of costly price.

Firm, faithful, kind and loving friends,
 The noble and the true,
 Whose love the stranger's heart hath blest,
 What shall I give to you ?
 I lift the grateful eye to Him,
 Whom heaven and earth obey ;
 The debt of gratitude I owe,
 He can alone repay.

What shall I give to Thee, Father ?
 To *heaven* I bend the knee ;
 My young and lonely heart has known
 No father, God, but thee.
 Thy tender care, with grateful joy
 My inmost soul doth move ;
 And I would fain some tribute bring
 My gratitude to prove.

Pearls from the deep, gems from the mine,
 Vale, mountain, sky and sea,
 All that my eyes behold are *thine*,
 What *can* I give to Thee ?
 Oh ! Maker, Lord and Judge of all,
 Thy strength and grace impart,
 To bring a loyal heart, Father,
 A true and loyal heart.

HOW TO RUIN A SON.

- 1st. Let him have his own way.
- 2d. Allow him the free use of money.
- 3d. Permit him to roam where he pleases on the Sabbath.
- 4th. Give him full access to unprincipled company.
- 5th. Call him to no account for his evenings.
- 6th. Furnish him with no stated employment.

Pursue either of these ways, and you will experience a most marvellous deliverance, or will have to mourn over a debased and ruined son. Thousands have realized the sad results, and have gone to the grave mourning.

BOOKS FOR PARENTS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

The President of a Maternal Association, connected with one of the largest Churches in Massachusetts, said to the writer, "We are collecting a library for the use of our Society, and have come well nigh to a stand in consequence of the leanness of the book market in this kind of literature. There are really but two or three good practical works that we have been able to find, and even these do not treat of some vital points relating to domestic education. We have the Mother's Assistant, and read it with interest and profit, and occasionally find some excellent article in a religious periodical; but books upon the subject are exceedingly rare. Perhaps you can give us the titles of some works which we have not discovered." The person who thus spoke had had much experience in training children in the school-room, and now that she had become herself a mother, her attention was naturally directed to some *helps* in her new and important relation. Her somewhat diligent search satisfied her that there was a lamentable neglect of this most important part of education. Her remarks struck the writer very forcibly, as opening a subject which deserves the attention of every parent, and of the public generally. The following thoughts and reference to books upon the subject, is the result of that interview.

Perhaps few volumes upon the training of children are written and published, because so few parents are disposed to read them. For some unaccountable reason, the great majority of parents take no measures to prepare themselves to discharge their duties with success. They do not spend ten minutes in a day or week, if, indeed, they do in a month, or year, to inform themselves upon this subject. They read newspapers and novels, study "fashion and finery," but never read a volume relating to the culture and immortal welfare of their children. Some even assert that a book upon this matter can be of little service, that no two children can be successfully trained by exactly the same

rules, and, therefore, treatises upon the matter are useless. So they continue as ignorant of the proper method of training the young, as they are of Conic Sections, or the Philosophy of Kant. And they become so wonderfully reconciled to this state of things, that they never think of sitting down for a half hour to ponder the momentous question, how shall I secure the highest good of these children ?

Such a state of things evidently results from loose views in regard to parental responsibility. Parents do not realize that the dearest interests of their offspring, temporal and eternal, depend upon their discipline. They perceive not that immortal souls are committed to their trust, and that the training of every day tends to prepare them for heaven or hell, otherwise, they would eagerly look about for helps in the discharge of their solemn duties, and be thankful for profitable hints upon a subject of such vast importance. They would perceive, also, that wise instructions might be communicated in a volume upon this subject as well as upon any other—that although every child is not to be subjected to exactly the same discipline, yet general truths and lessons may be imparted which will be of great service to a teachable father or mother. Neither of them have ever questioned the propriety of writing and publishing volumes upon Domestic Cookery, and they have found money to buy and time to read these treatises. But shall the child's *stomach* be provided for, according to the best authorities, while his mind and soul are denied the proper culture ? Is it not quite as important to understand how to rear children so as to ensure their usefulness and devotion to virtue, as to know how to make good bread and puddings ? Shall the loving father devour his treatise on the "Culture of Bees," and ignore all works upon the culture of girls and boys ? Alas, that thousands of children, even in Christian families, receive a less philosophical and careful culture than the bees or fowls ! This fact alone appeals to parents, to learn a lesson of wisdom from the past, and avail themselves of all the aids which the pens of others furnish.

Since the conversation referred to in the commencement of this article occurred, the writer has examined the book market with special reference to the helps which it provides for parents.

So exceedingly lean is the market, in respect to books of this character, that not more than five or six have been issued in this country, or England, during the last twenty years. I mean not more than five or six which have been prepared with particular reference to domestic education.

The following volumes should find a place in the family and maternal library.

THE FIRESIDE, an Aid to Parents; by Rev. A. B. Muzzy. Published by Crosby and Nichols, of Boston. This is a very practical work, and treats of many of those *little things* in the domestic circle which make or mar character. In some particulars it differs from either of the other volumes I shall name, and is therefore indispensable. It discusses some points which are not touched in any volume I remember to have read.

The same publisher has issued THE ELEMENTS OF CHARACTER, by Mary G. Chandler. In the main, this is an excellent volume. It differs from the above in this — it enters more into the *philosophy* of character. The title indicates exactly what the book is — “*elements.*” It is the best book written upon that particular view of the subject.

Carter & Brothers, of New York, publish the following three well known volumes. THE FAMILY Book, or Genius and Design of the Domestic Constitution, by Christopher Anderson. As this volume is designed to show the nature and importance of the domestic constitution, and impress upon parents their solemn obligations, it should be read first. It is a very thorough work. Also, DOMESTIC PORTRAITURE, by Rev. Legh Richmond. The reader will appreciate this volume when he understands that it gives the application of religious principles in the education of a family, exemplified in the memoirs of three of the deceased children of the author. The Introduction upon christian education, by Rev. E. Bickersteth, is a valuable treatise in itself. The book contains Mr. Richmond’s plan of Home Education, and this is enough to express its value. Although one of his sons was reckless for a while and ran away, yet he was finally converted. Also, THE CHRISTIAN FATHER’S PRESENT to HIS CHILDREN, by Rev. John A. James. The author has written many excellent works, but none better than this.

treats of a purely religious education, and the parent who reads it cannot fail to be impressed with his solemn obligations. It presents the relations of parent to child in the most impressive manner.

Gould & Lincoln, of Boston, publish *MOTHERS OF THE WISE AND GOOD*, by Dr. Burns. The design of the volume is to show, by a collection of instructive facts, that good and great men and women have had mothers of kindred characters. These facts may become an incentive to maternal fidelity. Also, *A LAMP TO THE PATH*, or the Bible in the Heart, the Home, and the Market place, by Rev. Dr. Tweedie. This volume is excellent both for parents and children. It exhibits the power of religion on the life from childhood to age. Parents will value a religious education more for reading this volume, and children will respect it more.

Evans & Dickerson, of New York, announce a volume in press, by Rev. Dr. Hague of Albany. The reputation of the author guarantees an excellent work. It is to be called *Home Life*. It has been written with special reference to the events of the times. It will probably appear before this article is published.

John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, published, a few months since, *UNCLE JERRY'S LETTERS TO YOUNG MOTHERS*, compiled by Anna E. Porter. It is a very practical volume, and ought to be in the hands of every parent. Let fathers read it for the sake of the mother, if not for the childrens' sake.

The above volumes treat respectively of different parts of domestic education, and therefore may be read together with benefit. Neither of them trespasses upon the design and work of the other.

There are two classes of books, not prepared for parents, and yet they contain many of the best lessons which parents can find. The first is that class written for Young Men and Women. Carter & Brothers publish *JAMES' YOUNG MEN'S FRIEND AND YOUNG WOMEN'S FRIEND*,—two charming volumes. It is about as important for parents to read these as for their sons and daughters to read them.

Crosby & Nichols, of Boston, publish *LECTURES TO YOUNG*

MEN AND YOUNG WOMEN, by Rev. W. G. Elliot, Jr. These volumes discuss several topics not embraced in any works of the kind in the market. They possess literary merit, and the warnings are uttered in earnest words.

D. B. Brooks, of Salem, publishes BEECHER'S LECTURES TO YOUNG MEN, of which 25,000 copies have been sold. These lectures have a different design from the above, and, in the particular field they occupy, they were never equalled. Parents, who read them will be very likely to watch the morals of their older sons with more fidelity.

Others might be added to this list, but the above are among the best volumes of the kind. Each one of them has lessons of great value for parents.

The other class of books are those written for children. If parents would learn how to train their children, let them read the best books written for the special benefit of the young. An excellent family disciplinarian says that some of his very best lessons have been derived from this class of books. Quite a number of the childrens' books of which I spoke in the November number of the magazine, are indispensable to parents. I have also read with great profit several works of this class published by Gould & Lincoln. SEED TIME AND HARVEST, by Dr. Tweedie, contains much that will both aid and encourage parents. CLINTON, A BOOK FOR BOYS, by Rev. Wm. Simonds. A parent learns from it how to feel and act about the spirits, temptations, duties &c., of his sons. HOW TO BE A MAN, and HOW TO BE A LADY, by Rev. H. Newcomb. Two valuable volumes on the formation of character. The author well understood how to train children, and the parent learns somewhat of his successful experience from these volumes.

The above named works constitute a good library for the family or maternal association. The inquiry of the female mentioned in the first paragraph of this article has elicited this much. The work to which it incited the writer, by convincing him of his ignorance upon this important subject, has been profitable to him, and these pages have been framed in the hope that the good, which is contained in the volumes noticed, will be widely disseminated.

THE NEW YEAR'S WISH.

BY M. A. O.

It was the last night of the year ; a cold December night, but what of that ? It was warm and comfortable in Mr. Howard's snug little parlor. A cheerful fire was burning, and the inmates only knew that it was cold by hearing the wind whistle around the windows. Mr Howard was not rich, but he had enough of the comforts of life to content any one of moderate desires. Yet the little group that were gathered around his fireside, did not all look happy, or contented. Anna, the oldest daughter, sat in a corner, leaning her head on her hand, with a very dissatisfied look. At last she exclaimed, with an impatient tone, " Dear me how dull it is here ; I wish we could ever have things as they have them at uncle William's."

Mrs. Howard looked very much grieved. She had observed with much regret, that ever since Anna's visit at her uncle's, her own quiet home had lost its attractions. Nor was this evil influence confined to herself, but was beginning to affect the younger children. Anna was constantly contrasting every thing at home with what she had seen during the winter she spend in New York. On the day to which we have alluded, she had been giving an account of the way in which she and her cousin Julia had spent the last New Year's day ; and as she enumerated the splendid presents which had been received, the simple love-tokens which had been distributed in their own family circle, lost all their value in the children's eyes. And when Anna expressed aloud the feelings over which she had so long been brooding, other brows were clouded, and other young hearts were beginning to feel the workings of envy and discontent.

At first no one took notice of Anna's angry speech, but after a short silence, Cassie said " I wish" — but she left her sentence unfinished.

" Well my daughter," said Mrs. Howard, " what do you wish ? " But Cassie did not reply, for she knew that her father would think her wishes vain and extravagant.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Howard, "you wish that your father was as rich as uncle William, and lived in as splendid a house, and could make as costly presents; but, my dear child, you would not be any happier then, than you now are."

"Why not?" said Anna. "I am sure I should be *perfectly happy* if we had things as they have them at uncle William's."

"Is your cousin Julia *perfectly happy*?"

"I don't know why she should not be. She has enough to make her happy."

Anna then began to describe in eloquent terms the splendors which were enjoyed in New York. The children listened with undisguised admiration, and sighed to think how much happier Julia's lot was than theirs. The simple, but convenient furniture of their own, little sitting room looked mean and shabby when contrasted with the splendid drawing-rooms of their city relations. Mrs. Howard marked this effect and bitterly lamented that she had ever allowed her daughter to make the visit which threatened to have such a disastrous effect on her character.

When Anna had finished her description, Mr. Howard, laying down his newspaper, said, "well, my children, to-morrow is new year's day now what do you most wish for? Suppose I were able to gratify your most earnest wishes, what would they be?"

The children hesitated. They wished for so many things that they really could not decide which they most wanted. At length Anna said she thought she would like a piano, such as had been given to her cousin Julia last new year's day.

"Well," said her father, "if you had a piano you would want to learn to play on it. Can Julia play?"

"She is learning father, but, oh dear, how she does hate to practise. She has to sit three or four hours every day and she gets so tired that sometimes she says, she wishes pianos had never been invented."

"Then it seems," said Mr. Howard quietly, "that her piano does not make her *perfectly happy*." Anna did not reply.

"Well Cassie," said her father stroking her golden curls,

"what do you want to make you happy? Last year you seemed quite satisfied with your father's kiss and your mother's approving smile, but now my little daughter requires more to make her happy."

"Why I want you and mother to love me still, but then—"

"Then what? Speak out, my dear."

"Why if I had a canary-bird, I think—I am sure father, it would make me very happy. You know it would sing so sweetly."

"And you would really be happy," said her father, "to keep that beautiful bird a prisoner in a cage."

"Oh father I would make it very happy. I would take such nice care of it and wreath its cage with flowers and evergreens."

"But birds were made to fly in the air, not to be shut up in a cage."

"Oh, but it is different with canary birds father; you know they could not live in our cold air, they would die."

"True, but they could live in the fragrant orange groves, their native home. Would my little daughter be happy to be shut up in a splendid drawing-room, say like Uncle William's, where she could never exercise her limbs? I fancy you would long for a run in the green fields in summer, or a slide on the ice in winter."

"Well father, I never thought so much of this before. I don't know after all as a bird would make me so very happy."

"Well," said George, "I know very well what would make me happy; plenty of interesting books. I should never care for anything else."

Mr. Howard glanced at the boy's pale cheeks and said "I think there are times when books would be but a poor relief to that aching head."

George smiled and said, "I wish I did not have quite so much headache. I lose a great deal of time by it."

"Then you acknowledge that there are times when books would not make you *perfectly happy* without something else. And so you will find it, my children, with everything which belongs only to this world. There lived once in the far East a powerful monarch. His father, a brave warrior, had

conquered his enemies, so that the young monarch found his kingdom in a state of perfect peace. He was the possessor of untold wealth. The mines of India yielded up for him their sparkling gems, and the ocean isles sent their tribute of fragrant spices. One night as he reclined upon his regal couch, God spoke to him and told him to ask what he wished for."

"Oh father are you telling us about Solomon," said little Cassie.

Her father continued. "The young king knew that God had power to grant anything he could wish for, and he felt that it was very important he should make a wise choice. He had enough of wealth and enough of fame. He thought of his people whom he loved and who in their turn, idolized him; had he not better ask for long life, as he could thereby do so much good in a long and peaceful reign? But he remembered that the longest life must come to an end, and therefore, he resolved to ask for something which would last forever. He thought again of his beloved people, and then asked for wisdom. God granted his petition, and the heaven-inspired king has left on record, that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." He never had reason to regret his choice, neither will any one who, like him, chooses for eternity. Oh my children, the perishing things which you so eagerly desire, could never make you happy. They would but "perish in the using." But now, in your beautiful youth, lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

Mr. Howard took the Bible and read a passage with great solemnity, and then in a low, fervent tone, offered a prayer such as only a parent's love could prompt. He begged for the young immortals around him, that they might be early wise to choose that better portion which could never be taken away from them. When in earnest tones he pleaded that God would grant to each of them a new heart, George sobbed aloud. Upon rising, the little girls took a light and kissing their father and mother, retired. George lingered until they were gone; then coming forward, he threw his arms around his father's neck and said with choking utterance, "Oh father, I wish I had a new heart; nothing else will make me happy."

ODDS AND ENDS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

NO. I.

BY MRS. PRISCILLA P. SOMPAYRAC.

Gentle mother, never despond, never be discouraged with regard to the future of your little ones. How beautiful is the "Parable of the Sower," and how well may it be applied to the duties of a mother.

Sow the good seed, day by day implant in those young minds, which present a soil so new and fertile, the germs of truth, and trust to the great Giver of all good that the harvest will be a glorious one. Such seed, will be like those precious grains found in the ancient Sarcophagi, hidden perchance, and fruitless for a long time, but they will certainly spring forth at last. God will water by the dews of his Spirit, and cultivate by his providences the upspringing plant, until it blooms in glorious beauty in his garden. It is impossible to doubt this if we trust in Him and his word, or to fear that He will not reclaim, though they may wander long from the narrow path, the children of faithful, praying mothers.

Dear friend, how closely do the worlds of matter and of mind assimilate, and how often is the one typical of the other. I sat yesterday on the steps of the gallery, dreamily poring into the blue sky, for I had thrown my book aside, tired even of the trouble of following my author. You can fancy the delicious calm of an autumn evening here, for you know how tardy is the approach of winter in this almost tropical climate. Although late in November, the bowers in which the mocking bird sang, were yet untouched by frost—the honeysuckle, which blooms all the year, swayed its long tendrils to and fro—the sweet roses yet lingered one by one upon the bushes, as if dreading to go, and the long silken threads of the spider's web, thrown from tree to tree, trembled and glistened in the slanting rays of the setting sun. Just then, a poor wounded wild dove flew toward me,

and lighted at my feet. It looked wistfully forward, and then as if fearing to stay, flew wearily away. I thought of the poor dove, and then I thought of so many in this cold world like it—so many bleeding hearts refusing the only balm for their wounds. Insensibly my thoughts shaped themselves into the following rhyme.

Rest thee wanderer, rest thee here,
Go not thou the woodlands near,
For the fowler's fiery flash
May repay thy daring rash ;
All in vain thy wings essay,
Wounded doveling thou must stay,
I will bind thy wing with balm,
Here is shelter, here is calm.

Dream not of the quiet glade,
Where thy breezy nest was made ;
Look not on the lucid river,
O'er whose wave thy wing would quiver ;
Long not for the deep blue skies,
Where the lark in gladness flies ;
Rest, and let me soothe thy pain,
Ere thou tempt those depths again.

There are hearts poor bird like thee,
Bound, yet longing to be free ;
Where the only ray that's cast,
Comes reflected from the past.
And the hours in silent sorrow
Bear in their arms a dead to-morrow,—
Wounded, yet with bitter pride,
Seeking all their wounds to hide.

Hearts in gentler durance held,
Whose though's like fountains hid have welled,
In whose loneliest depths inurned,
Glorious hopes have flashed and burned,
With a sob and moaning shiver,
Gazing far beyond life's river,
And with drooping wing like thine,
Longing for the skies divine.

Yet like thee they linger fearful
On the threshold, sad and tearful,
And the great Physician stands,
Balm, and healing in his hands ;
He who plumes the drooping wing,
To soar aloft where angels sing,
And makes its last supreme essay,
Bear it above to heavenly day.

“what do you want to make you happy? Last year you seemed quite satisfied with your father's kiss and your mother's approving smile, but now my little daughter requires more to make her happy.”

“Why I want you and mother to love me still, but then—”

“Then what? Speak out, my dear.”

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conquered his enemies, so that the young monarch found his kingdom in a state of perfect peace. He was the possessor of untold wealth. The mines of India yielded up for him their sparkling gems, and the ocean isles sent their tribute of fragrant spices. One night as he reclined upon his regal couch, God spoke to him and told him to ask what he wished for."

"Oh father are you telling us about Solomon," said little Cassie.

Her father continued. "The young king knew that God had power to grant anything he could wish for, and he felt that it was very important he should make a wise choice. He had enough of wealth and enough of fame. He thought of his people whom he loved and who in their turn, idolized him ; had he not better ask for long life, as he could thereby do so much good in a long and peaceful reign ? But he remembered that the longest life must come to an end, and therefore, he resolved to ask for something which would last forever. He thought again of his beloved people, and then asked for wisdom. God granted his petition, and the heaven-inspired king has left on record, that "wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." He never had reason to regret his choice, neither will any one who, like him, chooses for eternity. Oh my children, the perishing things which you so eagerly desire, could never make you happy. They would but "perish in the using." But now, in your beautiful youth, lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven."

Mr. Howard took the Bible and read a passage with great solemnity, and then in a low, fervent tone, offered a prayer such as only a parent's love could prompt. He begged for the young immortals around him, that they might be early wise to choose that better portion which could never be taken away from them. When in earnest tones he pleaded that God would grant to each of them a new heart, George sobbed aloud. Upon rising, the little girls took a light and kissing their father and mother, retired. George lingered until they were gone ; then coming forward, he threw his arms around his father's neck and said with choking utterance, "Oh father, I wish I had a new heart ; nothing else will make me happy."

ODDS AND ENDS IN PROSE AND VERSE.

NO. I.

BY MRS. PRISCILLA P. SOMPAYRAC.

Gentle mother, never despond, never be discouraged with regard to the future of your little ones. How beautiful is the "Parable of the Sower," and how well may it be applied to the duties of a mother.

Sow the good seed, day by day implant in those young minds, which present a soil so new and fertile, the germs of truth, and trust to the great Giver of all good that the harvest will be a glorious one. Such seed, will be like those precious grains found in the ancient Sarcophagi, hidden perchance, and fruitless for a long time, but they will certainly spring forth at last. God will water by the dews of his Spirit, and cultivate by his providences the upspringing plant, until it blooms in glorious beauty in his garden. It is impossible to doubt this if we trust in Him and his word, or to fear that He will not reclaim, though they may wander long from the narrow path, the children of faithful, praying mothers.

Dear friend, how closely do the worlds of matter and of mind assimilate, and how often is the one typical of the other. I sat yesterday on the steps of the gallery, dreamily poring into the blue sky, for I had thrown my book aside, tired even of the trouble of following my author. You can fancy the delicious calm of an autumn evening here, for you know how tardy is the approach of winter in this almost tropical climate. Although late in November, the bowers in which the mocking bird sang, were yet untouched by frost—the honeysuckle, which blooms all the year, swayed its long tendrils to and fro—the sweet roses yet lingered one by one upon the bushes, as if dreading to go, and the long silken threads of the spider's web, thrown from tree to tree, trembled and glistened in the slanting rays of the setting sun. Just then, a poor wounded wild dove flew toward me,

and lighted at my feet. It looked wistfully forward, and then as if fearing to stay, flew wearily away. I thought of the poor dove, and then I thought of so many in this cold world like it—so many bleeding hearts refusing the only balm for their wounds. Insensibly my thoughts shaped themselves into the following rhyme.

Rest thee wanderer, rest thee here,
Go not thou the woodlands near,
For the fowler's fiery flash
May repay thy daring rash ;
All in vain thy wings essay,
Wounded doveling thou must stay,
I will bind thy wing with balm,
Here is shelter, here is calm.

Dream not of the quiet glade,
Where thy breezy nest was made ;
Look not on the lucid river,
O'er whose wave thy wing would quiver ;
Long not for the deep blue skies,
Where the lark in gladness flies ;
Rest, and let me soothe thy pain,
Ere thou tempt those depths again.

There are hearts poor bird like thee,
Bound, yet longing to be free ;
Where the only ray that's cast,
Comes reflected from the past.
And the hours in silent sorrow
Bear in their arms a dead to-morrow,—
Wounded, yet with bitter pride,
Seeking all their wounds to hide.

Hearts in gentler durance held,
Whose though's like fountains hid have welled,
In whose loneliest depths inurned,
Glorious hopes have flashed and burned,
With a sob and moaning shiver,
Gazing far beyond life's river,
And with drooping wing like thine,
Longing for the skies divine.

Yet like thee they linger fearful
On the threshold, sad and tearful,
And the great Physician stands,
Balm, and healing in his hands ;
He who plumes the drooping wing,
To soar aloft where angels sing,
And makes its last supreme essay,
Bear it above to heavenly day.

EDITORIAL.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

With rapid steps, another year has gone ;
How fast the chariot wheels of Time move on !
Like coursers fleet, the winged moments fly,
Like rushing winds the days and weeks pass by,
Rolling us swiftly toward that far off shore,
Where hoary Time himself shall be no more.

Since with high hopes, though not unmixed with fear,
We hailed the dawning of the new-born year,
Twelve circling months have passed with noiseless tread,
And Fifty Four is numbered with the dead !
WINTER with snow his infant couch o'erspread,
And decked with sparkling gems his cradle bed ;
SPRING kissed, with timid air, his glowing cheek,
And twined his boyish brow with violets meek,
Which quickly withered 'neath the fiery sway
Of gorgeous SUMMER's bright and fervid ray,
Whose hand to leafy bowers his footsteps led,
And crowned with fragrant flowers his lofty head.
Then sober AUTUMN came his steps to geret,
And laid her treasures lowly at his feet.
Now gloomy WINTER, with his brow severe,
Spreads with an icy pall his lowly bier.

To you, dear Friends, our Patrons kind and true,
Our earnest, grateful, heartfelt thanks are due.
For all the patience and forbearance showed,
The kindness and the sympathy bestowed ;
The kind encouragement, which day by day
Has cheered our heart, and smoothed our toilsome way.
To us the aid and commendations given,
Are second only to the smile of Heaven.
We have not met you round the household hearth,
Nor mingled in the scenes of festive mirth,
In cottage lowly, or in mansion proud,
Nor in the bustle of the busy crowd ;
Yet when we've knelt before his glorious throne,
To whom each secret thought and deed are known,
By whom we live, to whom alone we bend,
The sinner's Saviour, and the Christian's Friend ;
In whose atoning blood we humbly trust,
Whose laws are holy, as his ways are just,
In Christian love, our heart has met you there,
Our lips have blessed you with an earnest prayer.

FOND MOTHER! seated by the cheerful hearth,
 Does discord mingle in those tones of mirth?
 The pleasant sound of earnest grateful praise,
 The gleeful shout, which childish voices raise?
 Does dark discouragement, do doubt and fear
 Blend with the promise of the opening year?
 Do anxious fears thy weary heart assail,
 Or midnight watchings make thy cheek grow pale?
 We know thy tenderness, thy constant love,
 Thy sympathy, all meed, all praise above.
 We know thy patient toil by morning light,
 Thy task at noontide, and thy watch at night;
 The heavy weight thy gentle bosom bears,
 Thy e'er recurring never ending cares.
 Yet raise the drooping head, the downcast eye;
 Bethink thee, mother! of thy mission high;
 Thy sacred guardianship, thy mighty power,
 Thy holy office, and thy priceless dower.
 To train the mind, to fit it for the skies,
 To educate the soul which never dies;
 To touch the chords of love, with skilful art,
 To rule the spirit, and to mould the heart.
 Lift the proud heart to Heaven with grateful joy,
 It is no trifling gift, no idle toy.
 The precious children to thy keeping given,
 Are heirs of glory and the sons of heaven.

MOTHER, with kindly hints, our hand would aid,
 We fain would strengthen, counsel and persuade;
 Unto thy fainting soul, a strength impart,
 And soothe the sorrows of thy anxious heart,
 With earnest mind, with purpose firm and true,
 Through many a weary day we've toiled for you;
 We've sought to aid you in your glorious work,
 To show the snares, within your path which lurk.
 Eternity, dear friends, alone can tell
 If you have hearkened to those counsels well.

HUSBAND and FATHER! by a right divine,
 The God-given sceptre of the home is thine.
 'Tis thine the wild and lawless will to check,
 To guide, to counsel, cherish and protect.
 Be kind and gentle, faithful, wise and just,
 Prove not unworthy of that sacred trust.
 Over thy subjects bear a gentle sway,
 And make it ever easy to obey.
 Kind, placid brows, and gentle forms are nigh,
 Warm hearts, which echo back thy faintest sigh;
 Around thy form, soft, loving arms are thrown,
 Fond eyes look trustingly into thine own.
 Oh! let thy every word and action prove
 A father's kindness, and a husband's love.
 If, when with many a doubt and fear perplexed,
 With many a nameless ill annoyed and vexed,

In word or deed thy wife should chance to err,
Oh ! ever gently, gently deal with her.
And when, to woman's trustful instinct true,
With earnest, wishful eye, she turns to you,
Husband ! let her not look to you in vain,
With tender care her faltering steps sustain.
Let, when with clouds her sky is overcast,
Thy broad breast shield her from the piercing blast ;
With thy strong will, each rising fear control,
And cheer, with words of love, her fainting soul.

DAUGHTERS and SISTERS ! fair and beauteous band,
Like guardian angels round our homes who stand !
Whose radiant glances make our hearthstones bright ;
The source of beauty and the crown of light ;
And thou, sweet childhood, with thy smiling face,
Thy merry, winning wiles, thy sportive grace,
Receive our counsel, to our words attend ;
We fain would be to each young heart a friend.
A friend whose heart, whose love will ne'er betray,
Whose hand would guide you to the narrow way,

And now, YOUNG MEN, what shall we say to you ?
Be to yourselves and to your country true ;
And learn to prize above the world's applause,
Your home, your Saviour, and his holy laws.
When o'er our country gathering tempests lower,
And heartless demagogues abuse their power,
When faithless traitors bend the abject knee,
When old men tremble, and when cowards flee,
When error reigns, and o'er Christ's chosen band,
Wrong and oppression raise the mighty hand,
With firm and hopeful hearts we turn to you ;
Oh ! to that high and holy trust be true.
Our country's glory, and our country's might,
Oh ! ever bravely battle for the right.
When flattery her baleful influence flings,
When falsehood triumphs and when treachery stings,
Though foes surround you and though friends betray,
Though pleasure lures you to the downward way,
Cling to the cause of truth with heart sincere,
Unmoved by ridicule, unawed by fear ;
Oh ! keep thy honor and thy armor bright,
And nobly dare to do the thing that's right.

JUEGING.—Most men judge according to their interests, and abound in their own sense. Let two be of contrary opinion, yet each presumes to have the right on his side. But reason has always been faithful, and never had two faces.

MY HUSBAND'S PATIENTS.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." — Matt. xxi: 16.

IN a little ingle or nook, formed by a cessation of the bold bluffs, rising abruptly from the sea, is snugly nestled a small cottage, if such it may be called, where from morn till eve, and from eve till morn, may be heard the voice of God saying to the great waters, " Thus far but no farther." In this quiet retreat lived little Jamie McDonald, with his mother and sister ; and though at a distance from any other habitation, yet they were not afraid. When the storm raged and the ocean roared, they only kept the closer within their neat and cheerful abode. They felt safe under the protecting care of Him who giveth " to the sea his decree that the waters should not pass his commandment." When the long days of summer came, then would Jamie lead his little sister carefully down the low bluff upon which their home was built, and, gently lifting her from stone to stone, would soon reach the smooth, hard beach, which lay for a mile in extent before the cottage door. Here these merry children were never tired of playing : sometimes collecting a quantity of clean shells, and carrying them to a rock out of the reach of the common tides, and using them for plates, with which they could set out their noonday repast ; sometimes building houses of the fine, clean sand, which covered the beach.

Jamie and Lottie had never known another home ; and they loved the bright waves which ever kept rolling and breaking in white surf upon the shore. They could hardly have known how to sing and shout, as they did from morning till night, without the accompaniment of the breaking billows. They grew to be as experienced as mariners in calculating the ebb and flow

of the tide, and the length of time before the waves would rise to their landmarks.

But let us leave Jamie and his sister, standing with bare feet just out of the reach, as they think, of the next wave, running backward and shouting with great glee, as it laves their tiny toes, and return to the cottage, where Mrs. McDonald is busy with her work.

A year or two before Jamie was born, Jane McDonald, with her young husband, left their native land, in the north of Scotland, and came to find a home in this free country. True it was, that they had but an indistinct idea in what that freedom consisted ; but wondrous reports had reached them from kindred and friends who had come to find their fortune in America, and their ties to their fatherland being one by one cut off, as father, mother, and sister were taken to a heavenly country, then it was that they determined to seek a new home in this western world.

Immediately upon landing, they were cordially met by a near relative, and received into a neat, comfortable abode, which, in its many conveniences, formed such a contrast to their transatlantic home, that they looked about them with wondering and admiring eyes. After they retired for the night they held a long converse upon the probability or even possibility of their ever being equally well situated. When they arose in the morning, refreshed and invigorated for new duties, hope quickened each step and lighted each eye.

For a time every thing went on smoothly. James McDonald was active and strong, and soon entered into an engagement with a farmer, who found in his new workman a trusty and faithful hand. Jane remained with her cousin, and proved herself of great assistance in the business by which the worthy Mrs. Dame increased the wages of her husband. The clothes were never so thoroughly washed nor so neatly pressed as when Jane "was to the fore." Thus they continued until autumn, when James was thrown out of employment for the winter ; and from this time poor Jane dated the beginning of her troubles. I cannot stop to relate all the trials made by James to obtain permanent employment, that he might have a settled home, which he

could call his own ; no, nor the reserve and sourness, which gradually changed his once bright and happy countenance.

My story is more of little Jamie than of his parents. But I will just say, that though his good wife did not fail to sympathize deeply with her husband in every fresh disappointment, yet she always endeavored to lead him to feel that they were in the hands of One who knew all their wants, and who would guide their little bark at last into a safe port. Though James McDonald dearly loved his wife, yet on one point they widely differed. Jane had been blessed with a pious mother, who had early taught her, not only to fear the Lord, but to trust him in all her ways. The good old lady used to say, " It nae gude to trust him when all's fair and sky clear, and then turn to aither help when storms be-tide ; but trust him alway, and mind your auld mither's words, He'll ne'er forsake you."

Jane used to repeat this to her husband, and try to inspire him with new hope : but he gradually gave up more and more, until almost their entire support depended upon her exertions. This was so gradual, however, that Jane had removed to the little cottage where we found her, and which was given to her for a merely nominal rent, and her sweet Jamie had come, a rich boon to the warm-hearted mother, before the father wholly despaired of becoming rich, and shipped as a sailor on board a merchant vessel, going out from a neighboring port. The young wife felt very sad when she found her husband was really intending to leave her alone in a strange land, especially as, somewhat affected by the thought of the separation, James had renewed his former kindness and affection toward her, and she had begun to look forward to brighter days.

He went, however ; and until the opening of our story he had returned but twice. Each time he returned completely tired of a seafaring life, and determined to pursue it no farther. But each time, also, after remaining at home a few months, he grew weary of the monotony of his cottage life, for he sought no employment ; and declared that even the life of a sailor was better than this, and took the first opportunity to leave.

In the mean time Jamie had been delighted to welcome a little sister to their sea-side home. Mrs. McDonald was well known

and esteemed by all in her neighborhood, and had been able, during the watering season, when fashionable visitors from the city resorted to the place, to obtain a good support by taking in nice washing. Besides the regular pay for her work, so prompt and faithful was she to her employers, that many of them became her fast friends, and for many of the comforts her cottage contained, she was indebted to their kind benefactions. Her neat cottage, with its bright flowers before the door, became increasingly a favorite resort for the lovers of the sea, and generally, on a pleasant afternoon, some invalid who had resorted to the salt water for the benefit of health, might be seen sitting beneath her humble roof, looking out upon the mighty expanse of water, and counting the white sails in the distance.

In this way summer and winter had passed. Busied in her work and contented in the society and affection of her children Mrs. McDonald had long since ceased to mourn at the absence of her husband, though she never retired to rest nor commenced the duties of a new day without kneeling beside her little ones, imploring God's blessing upon the wanderer, and asking her heavenly Father to preserve him from the dangers of the deep, and above all, from the temptations of his own unrenewed heart. This daily prayer was so connected in the mind of little Jamie with his father, that he often called Lotty, and said, "Come, sissy, now mama's going to ask God about papa."

Mr. McDonald had already been absent for more than two years: and during that period, his wife had never heard from him. He had not previously been absent so long at a time; and Jane used to awake during a storm, and hear the thundering of the billows, and fancy that, above the roar of the sea, she could hear her own James calling for help; and then she would draw her children close to her breast, and pray that God Almighty would be the protector of her absent husband, and would bring him safely to his home.

One day when Jamie and his sister, tired of play, returned to the cottage, they were surprised to see a man in the small sitting-room, holding their mother upon his knee. Jamie did not remember his father; and Lottie had not seen him since she was a baby; so the children stood in the doorway unperceived, yet

wondering at the sight of their mother's joy, when she discovered them and said, " Jamie, my boy, don't you remember your own father ? " Jamie hung down his head and walked bashfully forward to take the extended hand, while his mother, catching up Lottie, exclaimed, " See, James, hasn't the baby grown to a fine size ? " The father expressed great pleasure at the growth and improvement of the children.

When supper was prepared, Jamie gave up to his father the seat, at the head of the table, which he had occupied ever since he could remember, and waited for him to say grace. But when he saw his father help himself, and about to commence eating, his little face turned very red, and he looked at his mother in great distress.

" Papa," said he, in a very solemn tone, " won't you ask God to please bless this supper ? "

Mr. McDonald laughed, and said, " What a little Methodist you've made of the boy ! "

" Papa," continued the boy earnestly, " won't you please to pray ? "

" Why," said Mr. McDonald, " who prays when I'm gone ? "
" I do."

" Well, then, pray now, only be very quick about it ; I'm desperate hungry."

In a very serious manner, Jamie folded his hands, and asked God to bless the food, and make them all good, and make papa good. Afterwards they ate their simple repast. Many a month had passed since James had heard the voice of prayer ; and he seemed impressed by the seriousness and earnestness of the child ; and as Jane made no remark, the supper was rather a silent meal.

When the time came for their evening prayer, James had wandered from the house ; and Jane took her little ones into the inner room, and there knelt with them, and thanked God for preserving her husband, and bringing him to his home in safety. Then she poured out her whole heart in prayer for his soul, that he might become a child of God and an heir of immortal glory. Jamie looked very wistfully at his mother as she arose and wiped the tears from her eyes with her apron. But she kissed him

and his sister, and having heard their prayers and hymns, laid them in their bed.

Not many days passed before the inmates of the cottage had entirely changed. Mrs. McDonald was not long in discovering that her dear husband, for whose return she had so earnestly prayed, had become a drunkard ; and that when intoxicated, he was shockingly profane. When sober, a kind of respect for his wife's feelings had hitherto prevented him from swearing in her presence. But poor Jane wept bitter tears as she thought of her husband's wickedness, and also of the dreadful influence he would have upon her beloved children.

At first, Jamie appeared completely stunned by the volley of oaths which his father poured out ; but recovering himself, he began to tell him it was very, *very* wicked to talk so, and that God wouldn't let him live if he did. James was beside himself with rage ; and catching up a chair, threw it at the child, telling him, he'd teach him to stop his impudence.

But the frightened mother had snatched him away ; and, withdrawing with her children into the small bed room, she wept as if her heart would break. She looked back one week, and thought of the happy peaceful life she then lead, with her children by her side, and her dear Jamie learning so fast to read, that she was looking forward to the time when he would be able to read a chapter in the large Bible, which had been her mother's, and which had been so carefully preserved. But Jane wept still more bitterly as she thought of that blessed mother's advice to her, not to marry a man who did not fear God ; and she felt that her punishment, though long delayed, had now come ; for though she had not married in positive disobedience of her mother's commands ; yet she knew that she had done so, contrary to her often expressed advice and warning. The very wretchedness, her mother feared, had now fallen to her lot. Poor Jane knelt and prayed anew for wisdom and strength to bear the affliction which her own wilfulness had brought upon her. Truly she had need of strength ; for now that his family had witnessed his degradation, James seldom came home sober ; and when intoxicated, his wife and children soon learned that their only safety was in flight. Sometimes, however, they could not

escape him, and the children would scream with fright as their father cruelly beat their dear mother, or threw her heavily to the side of the room.

Once Jamie started from his hiding place under the table, and stood directly before his angry father, and said "Papa, you musn't beat my mama so, I can't let you, it's very wicked."

It was a strange sight to see the angry man with a chair or stool raised over his head to strike. But he was arrested by the voice of his child pleading for his mother. Sometimes the plea would succeed; and he would mutter angrily to himself and slink away to bed. But at other times he would seize the boy by his arm or leg, and throw him to the other side of the room. At such seasons Mrs. McDonald suffered far more on account of her children than for herself. She began to consider what she ought to do, for the security of their lives and persons. Some of the neighbors, hearing of the troubles of their esteemed friend, came to advise her to complain to the public authorities, and to have him taken up.

But it so happened that the day on which the kind neighbor visited her, James had returned home from the village sober. He had obtained a job of work, and had brought to the cottage some food for his family. Jane now thought her prayers were answered; and her heart was buoyed up with hope of brighter days. "Oh!" said she, "It's not now that I would have the heart to complain of him, and he so kind the day." She related to her sympathizing neighbors the unusual kindness of her husband. For a day or two, until the job was finished, James continued quite sober; but then intending to make up for lost time, he came home so furious, that Mrs. McDonald, catching her children in her arms, fled down the cliff toward the sea, and there hiding with them behind a sheltering rock, she gave way to the most passionate grief.

All her bright hopes were again dashed to the ground. Unconscious of the lateness of the hour, she still sat until she found herself in a great chill. She instantly arose, and stealing like a criminal beneath her own roof, she found her husband, as she had expected, lying unconscious on the bed. She took in the children, and giving them their supper, she heard them say

their prayers, and put them into bed and lay down beside them. Jamie seemed unusually wakeful, and tried to comfort his mother.

"Mama," he asked, "Don't I grow some every day?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, soon I shall be a man, and I'll take you away where papa can't come, and then we'll be happy again just as we were before he came home; only mama, I wish we could live here. It's so pleasant to hear the loud sea. What makes papa be so wicked and beat us so?"

"It's rum, Jamie; *it's rum*, does it all. Before he drank rum he was very kind to us."

Jamie crept closer to his mother, and said in a husky voice, "Mama, you won't drink any; will you? What could sissy and I do without you?"

Poor Jane comforted her boy with the promise that she would never taste of it; and then she told him as she often had done before of that bright world where there is no drunkenness, no sorrow nor crying; but where all tears will be wiped from every eye. Jamie asked God to please take them all to heaven. Oh! how often did the heart-broken mother think of that earnest prayer.

After some time the poor weary wife lost the remembrance of her sorrow in sleep. But not long. She was suddenly awakened by a shrill cough; and she started at once to her feet. She well knew the sound, and sprang to relieve her sick child. She administered to him such remedies as she had at hand, but to no effect. She then tried to rouse her senseless husband. "Jamie is dying! *Jamie is dying*," she cried in his ears! But she was obliged to leave him repeatedly to go to her suffocating boy, when he would instantly fall back into unconsciousness.

One remedy after another she tried, and wrung her hands to see how ineffectually for his relief. At length, rendered desperate by despair, she succeeded in awakening James. She implored him to lose no time in bringing the Doctor. James was really frightened at the distress of his child, and willingly started off on his errand.

When the Doctor arrived, the poor little fellow was somewhat relieved; but was still dangerously ill. The physician

remained with him until morning, when he left his patient asleep.

But to the croup succeeded an attack of lung fever ; and the Doctor was, before many days, obliged to acknowledge to the heart-broken mother, that her Jamie, her first born, must soon leave her. The sweet boy himself was aware of this, and calling his mother to the bed-side, he held out his burning hand and said, " Mama, I'm going to die ; and I'm not sorry except for you. But who will take care of you when I am gone ? If papa comes home angry who will tell him it's wicked ? "

Poor Jane could only answer with tears. James soon came in and the little finger beckoned him to a seat at the bed-side.

" Papa," said he in a feeble voice, " You know I'm going to God ; I can't stay here any longer, because He calls me to go ; but I want you to be good when I'm gone, so that mama will have somebody to take care of her."

James could not resist the pleading of his dying boy, he began to weep, drawing his coarse sleeve across his eyes.

Seeing his father weep, the dear child continued, " Dear Papa, won't you be good and not beat mama any more ? Every bodies' father don't beat every bodies' mother."

James cried aloud.

" Don't, Papa," said Jamie, " please don't cry so, because I have a great deal to say to you." But the poor child began to cough so violently that he could say no more at that time. Mrs. McDonald took him in her arms, and rocked him gently after having administered his medicine. He soon fell asleep, while James went out before the door, and sitting upon the step, wept long and bitterly because he was about to lose his boy. Thoughts of other days came crowding into his mind, and he struck his head with his hard hand, wishing he had never left his fatherland. Here he sat alternately weeping and thinking, until his wife called him to supper.

After tea, he took a seat near the bed, and sat looking with great tenderness upon his suffering boy. He was not wholly hardened by years of profaneness and crime.

Jamie slowly opened his eyes to see his father gaze tearfully upon him.

"Dear Papa," said the little fellow, "I would not have slept, if I had known you were here. Will you please to take me up, I want to talk, and it don't hurt me so much when I am up."

James with unwonted tenderness put the comforter around the sick boy, as he had seen his mother do and sat down with the child in his arms. Poor Jamie missed the tender arms of his gentle mother, but he said nothing. His little heart was bent on doing his father good, and bringing happiness back to the home he was so soon to leave.

"Papa," said he, laying his hand back on his father's arm so that he could look him in the face, "Mama says you were kind to her, and loved her very much, and when you came home she used to run out to meet you, instead of hiding away. She says its only rum, *naughty wicked rum*, that makes you beat us all, and say such awful words. Now papa, I'm going away from here, and you won't have any little Jamie; and mama won't have any body to take care of her. Dear papa," continued the child, putting up his hand to brush away the tears that were pouring like rain down his father's cheeks, "won't you please to be good to her as you used to be, and never drink any more rum? Then when you die you can go to heaven and see me there, and I'll show you where Jesus is, because I shall be there a great while perhaps before you go. *Will you, dear papa?*" The last word could hardly be distinguished. The pale sufferer lay with closed eyes and throbbing breast, entirely exhausted.

He looked so much like death that James in affright called out, "Jane, come quick; Jamie's going!"

His mother was instantly at his side. Indeed she had not been far away. She had fallen into a seat back of the rocking chair; and there she sat eagerly listening to every word, her swelling heart echoing a fervent *amen* for every wish of her darling child, while she tried to smother her sobs in her apron.

Without removing him from his father's arms, Jane held camphor to the nostrils of her dying boy; and when he slowly opened his eyes, wet his parched lips with drink which the Doctor had left him.

In his earnest desires for his father, the boy had exhausted his remaining strength, and lay panting for breath. Just at this

time the physician entered ; and taking his sweet little patient from his father, whose strong frame was so agitated and shaken with the violence of his feelings, as to prevent his proper care of the dear boy, laid him gently in bed, propping him up with pillows.

Mr. McDonald rose to leave the room ; but Jamie cried feebly, " Papa," and putting out his hand motioned for his father to sit by his side. Though not able to speak he looked at him with the utmost tenderness as the bowed head of his father was buried in the pillows, while his broad breast heaved and fell with the violence of his emotions.

After taking some medicine from the Doctor he was relieved ; and again turning to his father, said, " Did you say you would, papa ? "

The Doctor looked inquiringly. He saw that a scene of uncommon interest had taken place ; and he determined to await the result.

Poor James ! The fountain of his feelings was broken up. The hard shell which drunkenness, and profanity, and other crimes had formed around his soul was fractured, and an arrow from the divine quiver had penetrated it, though directed by the feeble hand of his infant child. As the words, " Did you say, you would papa," fell on his ear, a new purpose was formed within him.

He arose from his seat ; with a great effort he stifled his sobs, and falling on his knees said, " Jamie, my own dear boy, I will promise. May God help me to keep the vow I now make to my dying child, that I never, *never* more will taste of rum ! "

A fervent *amen* burst involuntarily from the Doctor, while Jane fell upon her knees to thank God for the unexpected answer to her prayers.

A heavenly smile played on the sweet countenance of the sufferer while he calmly folded his little hands on his breast as if in prayer. His work was done. He was now ready to be offered. A gasp, a sigh, drew them all quickly around the bed. The dying eyes passed lovingly from father to mother who stood holding his beloved sister in her arms, and then resting for a moment upon his kind physician they were slowly closed, never to be opened until the morning of the resurrection.

James McDonald arose from the bed-side of his Jamie a new man, with hopes and resolutions filling his soul to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and when in after years the home which Jamie had so loved became their own, and another little Jamie had been given to them, these parents never forgot when at night or morning they bowed before the family altar, to bless God for their dear first little Jamie who was now an angel in Heaven.

In a quiet little knoll, but a hundred yards above high water mark, lies the body of the little subject of this simple sketch, where the rolling waves which he so much loved are ever swelling a requiem to the memory of the departed.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PASSION FLOWER.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE PLATE.]

THIS is not one flower, but a family or genus of flowers. Paxton, Lindley and other florists, describe between thirty and forty species, some of which have been known and cultivated nearly two centuries. Among them are the yellow, blue, white, striped, purple, red, crimson, and variegated. Hybridization and other artificial and natural processes are constantly multiplying varieties. Several species produce an edible fruit, resembling the lime, with a succulent pulp, very fragrant, cooling and agreeable to the palate, slightly acid, and admirably suited to quench the thirst of the inhabitants of the torrid zone. It grows most abundantly and luxuriously in parts of Mexico, in the West Indies, Brazil, and the northern districts of South America.

The species, represented by the plate at the beginning of this number, is common and beautiful. It frequently appears on the flower-stands and in the collections in private dwellings. The generic name of the flower is *Passiflora*, a Latin word, derived from *passio*, passion, and *flos*, a flower, in allusion, it

is supposed, to the passion or suffering of Christ upon the cross. Plants of it are easily obtained from layers, or seeds ; also from cuttings taken from young shoots, planted in silicious soil, covered with a glass and supplied with requisite heat, air and water.

It is easy of cultivation, a free grower and well suited to the green-house and the flower-stand. With proper care, it produces an abundance of elegant blossoms ; but it does not fruit here with equal facility and perfection. It should be planted in a large pot, box or tub, filled with a mixture of loam and peat. Its shoots should be trained like those of the vine, parallel to the glass, and treated much like melon-vines. To increase the excellent qualities of the flower and fruit, the most vigorous shoots may be removed, as they do not commonly produce so abundantly as those of a medium or moderate size. At the season of flowering and fruiting which, in several varieties and in certain localities, continues from the fore part of summer to late in the autumn, or even to mid-winter, its plants require a large quantity of water. It fruits best by artificial impregnation. A few weeks after its fruits have been gathered, its stock or vine should be pruned back to within three or four eyes of the bottom ; and it should be repotted just before its subsequent activity and growth commence. A strong plant will yield forty specimens of fruit, and many times that number of perfect flowers.

CHARITY.

PROPORTION thy charity to the strength of thy estate, lest God proportion thy estate to the weakness of thy charity. Let the lips of the poor be the trumpet of thy gifts, lest in seeking applause thou lose thy reward. Nothing is more pleasing to God than an open hand and a closed mouth.

“ Rashly, nor oftentimes truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother ;
For he seeketh not the springs of the heart, nor heareth the reasons of the
mind.” — *Tupper*.

LINES TO THE PASSION FLOWER.

BY MRS. MEREDITH.

“ WELL art thou named — thou warm-hued Passion-Flower,
 Fit emblem of the ardor and caprice
 Of that wild passion, Love : — for thou dost change,
 Even like him, thy semblance; and thou art coy,
 Aye, as the fairest maiden whose young heart
 Thy namesake hath invaded. Coy, and proud,
 For thou, forsooth, must have the bright sun come,
 And wait, and gaze upon thy sleeping face,*
 Before thou wilt vouchsafe to ope thine eyes
 Of starry beauty to our wondering gaze.
 And then, ere long, the jealous petals close,
 And shut within their selfish clasp the gem
 They darken, not admire. And are there not
 Some other selfish things in this strange world,
 That do the like with flowers of lovelier growth ?

Oh ! ye are coy and proud — but beautiful —
 Wondrously beautiful in every one
 Among your varied tribes. Some of ye, pale,†
 That hang in rich profusion o'er the porch
 Of many a cottage in our own dear land,‡
 Clasping the Jessamine and the monthly Rose,
 As in affection, for that *they* are not
 The natives of our soil, but, like ye, deign
 To glad a clime less genial than their own.

And some of ye are bright as the young clouds
 That blush with joy to see the sun arise.
 Such was the flower,§ named after Her whose loss
 The isles long wept; alas ! too true a type
 That fair frail flower of early fading youth.

And how fantastic ye do sometimes go !
 With nect'ries like to hair that stands on end,
 And long lobed leaves, and tendrils curling close,
 Strongly upholding all the tangled mass.
 Oh ! to behold ye in your native homes,
 Ye strange and glorious creations ! There,

* The Passion-Flower expands only in sunshine.

† The White or Blue Passion-Flower grows abundantly about cottages in the South of England and in the Isle of Wight.

‡ England.

§ A brilliant Red Passion-Flower was introduced to England on the birth-day of Princess Charlotte, and hence called *Passiflora Princeps*.

Springing 'mong giant trees, whose soaring tops
Are roofed by the o'er-arching sky, ye climb,
And bloom, and flourish in uncultured pride,
Gorgeously beautiful. I close mine eyes,
And fancy paints a wilderness of wealth;
In those scarce-trodden wilds, and forests vast,
And sunny prairies, of the Western world,
Where birds on wings of every glittering dye
Flit in gay freedom through their forest homes,
And insects, sparkling in the sunlight, fill
The solitude with Nature's eloquence."

THE EFFECT OF THE BIBLE ON THE INTELLECT.

BY MISS M. A. O.

THE Bible is destined to a higher place in the world's esteem than it has ever yet held. It has been acknowledged the great means of producing holiness ; it has been esteemed for its effect on the heart, and through that, on all the daily intercourse of life ; but it is destined by God to have an effect on the intellect such as it has never yet produced.

In the fall of man, the intellect, as well as the heart, participated. We talk of the god-like capacities of the human mind ; and men have, in all ages, bowed at the shrine of intellectual greatness. It is right that talent should command respect ; but the mind of man, in its most exalted state, is but a wreck. It is noble, beautiful, sublime—even in ruins ; yet it is still a ruin. Our common father in Paradise, with all the unclouded splendor of his glorious faculties, was very different from Adam exiled from Eden, fallen, ruined, lost. Different not only in his eternal prospects, and his body, subjected to disease and decay, but in his mind ; this, too, was fallen !

Have we not lost much of the intellectual power with which our first parents were originally endowed ? Shall we ever regain it ? Shall we ever return to our primeval glory ? Never, probably, on earth. The superiority of the earthly and material, over the heavenly and spiritual, the mazes of error through which we must roam, in our search after truth, the prejudices which we must combat are so many obstacles to

mental improvement. Heaven will be a state of rest from sin and sorrow, a place where the mental faculties may expand beyond the utmost limits of our present conception. Meeting with none of the obstacles which impede us here — having before us a field of truth, all unmixed with error, our course will be onward: our souls will be perfectly holy, our bodies unfading, and our minds fitted for intimate communion with seraphs and with God.

Still, it cannot be doubted that even here, we might make far greater progress than we do. We live far below our privileges; below our birthright. Yet surely intellect is a talent for which we are accountable to God. How then shall we sharpen and employ it, so that we may make it more conducive to his glory? We have many philosophies of the mind; many rules, by which to cultivate and enlarge it. We are told to converse much with those who have attained to eminence in learning. We are directed to make friends of the mighty dead — those intellectual giants who have left in their works a transcript of their inner lives. We are told of the wonderful influence of mind on mind. We are reminded that a careful study of the best authors will enlarge our own mental energies and assimilate our own minds to the splendid geniuses with whom we thus hold communion.

Now, all these rules are good as far as they go; the fault is, that they do not go far enough. They leave out the Bible, which "would do more for the intellect of man than all other books, if it were once allowed to exert its legitimate influence on the mind." All the arguments which are adduced in favor of other works, will apply with ten-fold force to the book of God. If the productions of finite minds exert such power over the human understanding, what must be the influence of the Infinite mind — of communion with it, and of the study of its productions? The Bible is a transcript of God's mind.

I speak not now of it as the producer of holiness. That effect, all Christians will acknowledge. But I appeal to the learned and the intellectual, — to the talent and genius of the world, to all who aspire after greater knowledge and nobler power, whether the study of the Bible will not do more to enno-

ble and expand the intellect, and to refine the taste, than all the productions of finite minds can ever accomplish. It will be the influence of the Infinite on the finite, drawing and assimilating the latter to the former.

This is a subject which especially commends itself to parents. Those children who are familiar with Bible truth from their very infancy ; whose nursery tales are drawn from those hallowed records will grow up with minds more matured ; with more correct reasoning powers and with sounder judgments than those who have gone through the whole routine of a fashionable education, but to whom the Bible is a sealed and unstudied book. There is something so ennobling in the truths of the Bible, that the mind which is conversant with them is enlarged, and all its faculties expanded. A mind, always occupied about trifles, becomes narrow and contracted ; but one which is occupied with great thoughts and truths, itself becomes great and powerful.

Take, as an example, the knowledge of God. The child who is familiar with the idea of an ever-present, all-powerful, all-seeing Being has a far wider range of thought than one who has no definite conception of the divine existence. Though the archangel cannot fully comprehend the nature of God ; yet even a little child can grasp the thought, and though the idea may be imperfect, as it must needs be, even in the greatest of finite minds ; yet the very effort to take in such a thought will expand the intellect of that child as no human science could ever do. And if, as the child grows in stature, it grows in Bible knowledge, until every Scripture story is familiar as household words, and every truth is received with the undoubting confidence of childhood, think you, such a child, when grown to maturity, will easily reject those truths ? No, mother, if you would provide your children with the strongest possible safeguard against infidelity ; if you would have them unshaken as a rock amid the varied forms of error with which the world abounds ; if you would give them the best possible shield against temptation, let them be early, deeply imbued with a knowledge of Bible truth. Let these truths be linked with all the sweet associations of home and childhood, associations which

have the strongest influence on the whole life, and which are the last to be destroyed.

There is a great deal of superficial education. The round of sciences taught in our fashionable schools is so great, that there is only time for a smattering of each, and the memory is loaded at the expense of the other faculties. The consequence is, in many cases, a dwarfish intellect and an effeminate character. If you would have your children grow up to the intellectual stature of men, and form efficient and energetic characters, let the Bible be their text-book in the beginning, middle, and end of their education.

Leaving wholly out of account their immortal destinies a subject of permanent importance with every mother; and thinking only of their well-being in this world, the Bible is the best adapted to promote their welfare. Error is now rife. Its forms are so vivid, its attacks so insidious, that one needs to be thoroughly grounded, lest faith be shipwrecked in such an archipelago. If you would have your children steer safely between Scylla and Charybdis, let them be thoroughly familiar with that unerring chart—the Bible. If you would have them wise as serpents, and would enable them to detect the thousand forms of their Protean antagonist, let revealed truth be thoroughly imbedded in their hearts in the susceptible years of childhood.

If you would have them grow up renowned for extensive learning, for intellect and for refined literary taste, carry them early to this fountain. A statesman, renowned for eloquence, once said, that the book of Deuteronomy was the finest model of eloquence of which he had any knowledge. Poets have drawn their choicest inspiration from the Bible; painters have found in it the most thrilling subjects for the canvas—and though so simple that the little child may understand and “the wayfaring man though a fool need not ere therein,” it is yet so profound that the mightiest intellect cannot perfectly fathom it.

It is a constantly received maxim, that a correct taste can be formed only by familiarity with the best models. Therefore, if you would have your child acquire a correct literary taste, let him be early familiar with the poetry of David and Isaiah—

with the sublime strains of the old Hebrew prophets — with the sententious maxims of Solomon — with the simplicity of the narrative portions of the Bible — and with the sound reasoning of Paul. How was John Bunyan, the illiterate tinker of Bedford, enabled to write a book which has been translated into many foreign languages, and is, to this day, the delight of old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned? His familiarity with the common English Bible rendered him capable of that work without the advantages of education in other respects. When the precious Bible became the man of his counsel, the chosen guide of his life, his naturally strong mind matured and expanded rapidly.

The real strength of an edifice depends much on its basis. If your child's education have a broad, firm and Scriptural foundation, then you may expect it will rise in symmetry and beauty. Let no branch of knowledge be neglected; but give the Bible the prominence to which its superiority and divine origin justly entitle it — first in importance, first in the heart and first in the life.

THE TOILS OF MERCY.

BY E. PORTER DYER.

(Mark, 1st chap., 32d — 35th.)

BEHIND the hills of Galilee
The evening sun is set: —
But Jesus has a work to do,
And therefore lingers yet.

In faith beneath the dusky sky,
Along the crowded street,
Are brought the sick, on osier beds,
And laid at Jesus' feet.

On suffering forms his hands are laid,
The sore-diseased are healed: —
And maladies of fearful name
To his dominion yield.

So wondrous grows his healing fame,
That all, or rich, or poor,
Or high, or low, or young, or old,
Are gathered at the door.

The devils, trembling as they flee,
Dare not his favor seek ;
He awes them with his stern rebuke,
Nor suffers them to speak.

O what an evening hour was that,
To toils of mercy given,
By Him who on the Throne once sat,
And will return to Heaven !

What wonder if his human form
Fatigued at evening's close,
Should sink to sleep in Simon's house
In deep, prolonged repose ?

But no ! though weary, worn with toil,
He rises ere the day,
And seeks a distant solitude,
And kneels him down to pray.

Dear Saviour, let me imitate
The pattern thou has given,
And follow all my evening toil
With early prayer to Heaven.

GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF BABY.—“God will take care of baby.” A beautiful infant had been taught to say this, and it could say little else. “God will take care of baby.” It was seized with sickness, at a time when both parents were just recovering from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up to die.

Almost agonized, the mother begged to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in reaching the apartment, just as it was thought the baby had breathed its last. The mother wept aloud, when once more the little creature opened its eyes, looking lovingly up in her face, smiled, moved its lips, and in a faint voice said, “God will take care of baby.” Sweet consoling words ! They had hardly ceased when the infant spirit was in heaven.”

We have seldom read a more delightful illustration of an infant's trusting in God, and of filial devotion, than this, which we copy from *Forresters' Magazine*.

Editor's Miscellany.

PASSING EVENTS — FOREIGN.

The Pope. — On the 24th of October, the Pope announced a jubilee, to commence on the 1st of November and to continue through the month of January, the object of which is two-fold,—to obtain divine illumination on the subject of the immaculate conception of Christ—and to aid him in repelling from the Papacy the systematic attacks of those who have bound themselves in secret conclave against her by the most flagitious oaths.

If we were better acquainted with his royal Highness, we would point him to the Gospel of Luke, 1: 34, 35, on the former of these topics; and if he had any doubt respecting their real meaning, we would recommend him to inquire of some of the scholars in our Sunday schools: and for relief on the second of these topics, we would recommend him to join the Know Nothings.

Ireland. — Light is dawning upon *Ireland*, down-trodden, poor, miserable, Papal Ireland; but once the emporium of letters, an asylum for fugitive kings, and the mistress of the world. We rejoice in her emancipation and re-illumination. A Protestant reformation has been spreading among her Papal subjects, who now read, think, resolve and act for themselves. Thousands have seceded from the Catholic Church, and have been organized into reformed churches; and other thousands have emigrated to this country, and Protestant settlers from Scotland occupy their places. The work goes on; intelligence increased; newspapers multiply. Of these periodicals, she already has more than ninety, a large proportion of them Protestant, with eighty-one thousand subscribers. “Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.”

Jews. — Dr. Cohen lately returned to England from his mission to the Jews of Turkey, Egypt and Palestine, and has secured the co-operation of the Rothschilds and other Jewish capitalists, and the

principal Rabbies, for the amelioration of their brethren of like faith, in the Holy Land. It is said that the war of Turkey and the Allied Powers with Russia, has driven, and is still driving, large numbers of the descendants of Abraham from the latter country, who take refuge in Constantinople, London, and other cities, where they become acquainted with Christianity. As the fulness of the Gentiles comes in, we ought to expect such movements among the Jews toward reformation and salvation by Christ.

The War.—This bloody tragedy progresses. The loss, both to Russia and the Allied powers since the commencement of the siege of Sebastopol, is unparalleled in the history of modern warfare. When our neighbor falls dead by our side, and we take up his body and bury it, we think of him, of his family and friends, of his last moments and of their sorrow and suffering; but when we read of fifty thousand or more killed in the seige of one city, and think of the work of death still progressing, we are overwhelmed by the magnitude of the conception. In vain we endeavor to picture to ourselves the scene of wretchedness, or to watch the flood-tide of this distress as its black waves roll to the shore, for we are soon lost in a vast abyss. For weeks, we have not been able to read or meditate on this subject without rejoicing that the Lord God Omnipotent reigns and delights to bring good out of evil. He knows what result he intends to produce by this dreadful scourge of nations, and what spring to touch to develop that result and by it to reveal his wisdom, power and love.

DOMESTIC.

There appears to be much suffering among some of the emigrants and settlers in Kansas and Nebraska, for want of proper food, clothing, dwellings and other necessaries of life. But supplies are on the way, and will soon reach them.

It costs the city of Boston \$250,000 a year to support public worship — a large sum indeed; but it would cost her *ten times that sum to do without it.*

The cry of hard times is heard all over the land; but some appear to forget that hard times are *good times.* They are in the commer-

cial world what thunder-storms are in the natural kingdom; they remove many hurtful agents, and in the end produce health and strength. But the cloud is passing, let us look for the bow of promise.

Before our next issue, new governments will be organized in this Commonwealth, and in many of its cities. Honor and success to their new magistrates.

LITERARY RECORD.

BANCROFT'S ORATION.

The New York Historical Society celebrated its semi-centennial on Monday, the twentieth of December, in Niblo's Theatre, which was filled with a large and intelligent audience. Hon. George Bancroft, the Historian, delivered the Oration, which was in style more beautiful, in argument more logical and powerful, and in philosophy, morals and religion more evangelical, than any previous production of his pen, it has been our happiness to examine. His theme was, “*The necessity, reality, and promise of the progress of the race.*”

We shall attempt neither a report nor an abstract of this eloquent address; but shall give our readers a short extract, taken from a respectable periodical of that city, to evince the truth of what we have said of it, and to sharpen their appetite for it.

Speaking of progress in its relation to God and divine things as its proper source, he said, “If events do, as I believe, correspond to the Divine idea; if God is the fountain of all goodness — the inspirer of true affection — the source of all intelligence — there is nothing of so great moment to the race as the conception of his existence; and a true apprehension of his relations to man, must constitute a turning point in the progress of the world. And it has been so. A better knowledge of his nature is the dividing line that separates ancient history from modern — the old time from the new. The thought of Divine unity, as an absolute cause, was familiar to antiquity; but the undivided testimony of the records of all cultivated nations shows that it took no hold of the popular affections. Philosophers might conceive this divine unity as purest action, unmixed with matter; as fate, holding the universe in its invisible,

unrelenting grasp ; as reason, going forth to the work of creation ; as the primal source of the ideal archetypes, according to which the world was fashioned ; as boundless power, careless of boundless existence ; as the infinite one slumbering unconsciously in the infinite all. Nothing of this could take hold of the common mind, or make

‘Peor or Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,’

or throw down the altars of superstition.

For the regeneration of the world, it was requisite that the Divine Being should enter into the abodes and hearts of men, and dwell there ; that an idea of Him should arise, which should include all truth respecting his essence ; that he should be known, not only as an abstract, and absolute cause, but as a perfect Being, from whose perfect nature the universe is an effluence ; not as a distant Providence of infinite power, or uncertain or inactive will, but as God present in the flesh ; not as an absolute law-giver, holding the material world, and all moral and intelligent existence, in the chains of necessity ; but as a creative spirit, indwelling in man — his fellow-worker and guide.

When the Divine Being was thus presented to the soul, He touched, at once, man’s aspirations, affections and intelligence, and faith in Him sunk into the inmost heart of humanity. In vain did the proud and ambitious Arius seek to overlay *spiritual truth* with the fabulous conceptions of heathenism, to paganize Christianity, and to subordinate its enfranchising power to *false worship* and to despotism. Reason asserted its right of supremacy, and the party of *superstition* was driven from the field. Then Mooned Ashtaroth was eclipsed, and Osiris was seen no more in the Memphian Grove ; then might have been heard the crash of the falling temples of Polytheism ; and instead of them, came that harmony which holds Heaven and Earth in happiest union.

Amid all the deep sorrows of humanity during the sad conflict which was protracted through centuries, for the overthrow of the past, and the reconstruction of society, the idea of an incarnate God carried peace into the bosom of mankind. That faith emancipated the slave, redeemed the captive, elevated the low, lifted up the oppressed, consoled the wretched, inspired alike the heroes of thought and the countless masses. The down-trodden nations clung to it as to the certainty of their future emancipation ; and it so filled the heart of the greatest poet of the Middle Ages — perhaps

the greatest poet of all time — that he had no prayer so earnest as to behold, in the profound and clear substance of the eternal light, that circling of reflected light, which showed the image of man.

From the time this truth of the Triune God was clearly announced, he was no longer dimly conceived as a remote and shadowy casualty, but appeared as all that is good, and beautiful, and true ; as goodness itself, incarnate, and interceding, redeeming and inspiring ; the union of liberty, love and light ; the Infinite Cause, the Infinite Mediator, the Infinite in and with the universe, as the Paraclete and the Comforter. The doctrine, once communicated to man, was not to be eradicated. It spread as widely, as swiftly, and as silently as light ; and the idea of God with us dwelt and dwells in every system of thought that can pretend to vitality ; in every oppressed nation whose struggles have the promise of success ; in every soul that sighs for redemption."

CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF PUBLICATION.— We have just received the Catalogue, Report and other documents of this voluntary association, whose publications are represented in our Advertiser at the end of this number. It has been in operation several years ; and its object is to reprint the volumes of our Puritan Fathers, and to publish other works of more recent date, but of kindred sentiments, an object which must commend itself to all of like precious faith, and to those of a different religious belief who appreciate the labors and characters of these venerable men, and who would occupy, in American literature, the important place which their works have filled. Its depository is at No. 15 Tremont Temple, Boston, where its faithful and indefatigable Secretary, Rev. Sewell Harding, may be found. There are in two beautiful octavo volumes, the works of *Billamy*, the most discriminating of American divines, whose style is direct, beautiful and forceable, a model for the pulpit in our own age, and whose logic, fired with the eloquence of truth and the unction of the Spirit, bears down all before it, and, willing or unwilling, carries his readers to his conclusions.

There are the works, in two similar volumes, of *the younger Edwards*, a son upon whose shoulder the mantle of the father, Jonathan Edwards the elder and the great, rested, whose works are a good exposition of certain passages in the writings of the other, and who left his mark upon his generation and the religious literature of his country. These volumes are edited by Rev. Tryon Edwards, D. D.

Then come the works of *John Robinson*, pastor of our Puritan

fathers in Europe, who organized them into a church, infused into them his spirit, counselled them and commended them to God before their embarkation, and who laid the foundation on which we build the temples of liberty and of Christ.

Next appear, in three octavo volumes, the works of *Hopkins*, the father of the Hopkinsians, an abolitionist before the birth of abolitionism, a profound reasoner, an astute metaphysician, an able divine, a faithful pastor and a devoted Christian.

The memoir of *Nettleton* in a duodecimo volume, stands next on the list, that best of revivalists, that pure-minded, devout Christian and eloquent preacher to whom so many on earth and in heaven, under God, owe their conversion, and of whom we hope to give our readers a more full account hereafter. Other works of this Board will be noticed in our next number.

“THE APOCATASTASIS.” — “What can that be?” some of our readers may ask. A hard word, truly, but a very significant title of a most excellent book. It was not sent to us to notice; but we have read it with attention and cannot be denied the pleasure of giving an account of it. Its title is of Greek origin and literally denotes “a position retaken,” or, as the author translates it with some degree of license, “progress backwards.” The term is applicable to more of what are called modern improvements and inventions, than most people imagine. To one familiar with ancient arts and their productions, it is often not a little amusing to read the laudations found occasionally in advertisements of articles *new*, useful and wonderful, which are in fact hoary and stiff with the frost of ages.

Such is the discovery of which this book treats. Its subject is *spiritualism*, in the latest, and somewhat perverted, sense of that word. It treats in a style refined and classical, but keen and satirical, all of what passes under the designation of spirit-rapping, chair-moving, table-turning, involuntary writing, fortune-telling and all the pseudo-miraculous wonders performed at the sittings of spiritualists. These are regarded by some as the last step in the march of improvement, as the chief wonder of the age.

But the author of this book shows that these, and even greater wonders, were performed in ancient times by the Roman mysteries, by the Greek oracles, by Egyptian magicians, by necromancers and witches. God, he proves, has set revealed religion and the institutions of his gospel over against the whole of them, and has required his people to be separate from them. But if any who are called

Christians cannot be, persuaded, and, impelled by curiosity, must run after these *novelties*, falsely so called, he warns them of the tendency of such arts to scepticism and infidelity, and exhorts them to beware of the consequences to themselves and their children. It is indeed "a tract for the times;" and we hope that our readers may thoroughly study it, before they admit these curious and useless arts into their families.

"PROCEEDINGS OF THE THIRD SESSION OF THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY."—This volume, not yet published, but printing for the use of members, is to embody the transactions of one of the most important of our national associations, having for its object the improvement of American fruits. It has been in operation a number of years, and has already contributed largely toward the attainment of its praise-worthy end. The forth-coming volume, which we have examined in sheets, reports the business performed at its meeting last autumn in Boston, where pomologists were present from all parts of the country. It has, in addition, Mr. Wilder's Scientific Address, an elaborate production of great value to fruit-growers, also reports from various state fruit-committees on the condition of this art in their respective districts, the learned discussions of the assembly, an account of the President's levee at the Revere House, a report of some of the diseases and insects affecting fruit-trees and vines, by Dr. Harris, a catalogue of American fruits well classified and arranged with a list of officers and members. Hon. Marshall P. Wilder is President; it has a Vice-President in each State of the Union, a Secretary, Treasurer, and various committees. The work issues from "The Franklin Printing House," and is executed in a style so creditable to that far-famed establishment that we doubt whether it could be improved, if the old philosopher and prince of printers himself had been alive to superintend the whole.

FRUITS FOR GENERAL CULTIVATION.

We leave space only for its catalogue of fruits worthy of general cultivation, of some, if not all of which, we hope hereafter to present our readers with an account illustrated by drawings, as a source of instruction and happiness in families.

APPLES—*for general cultivation.*—American Summer Pearmain, Baldwin, Bullock's Pippin, Danvers Winter Sweet, Early Harvest, Early Strawberry, Fall Pippin, Fameuse, Gravenstein, Hubbardston Nonesuch, Lady Apple, Ladies' Sweet, Large Yellow Bough, Melon, Minister, Porter, Red Astrachan, Rhode Island Greening, Roxbury Russet, Summer Rose, Swaar, Vandvere, White Seek-no-Further, William's Favorite (except for light soils,) Wine Apple, or Hays, Winesap.

PEARS.—Ananas d'Eté, Andrews, Belle Lucrative, or Fondante d'Automne, Beurré d'Anjou, Beurré d'Acemburg, Beurré Diel, Beurré Bosc, Bloodgood, Buffum, Dearborn's Seedling, Doyenne d'Eté, Flemish Beauty, Fulton, Golden Beurré of

Bilboa, Lawrence, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Maleline, Manning's Elizabeth, Paradise d'Automne, Rostiezer, Seckel, Tyson, Urbaniste, Uvedale's St. Germain (for baking,) Vicar of Winkfield, Williams's Bon Chretien or Bartlett, Winter Nelis.

PEARS.—*for cultivation on Quince Stocks.*—Belle Luerative, Beurré d'Amalis, Beurré d'Anjou, Beurré d'Aremberg, Beurré Diel, Catillac, Duchesse d'Angouléme, Easter Beurré, Figue d'Alencon, Gout Morceau, Long Green of Cox, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Napoleon Nouveau Poireau, Rostiezer, Beurré Langelier, Soldat Laboreur, St. Michael Archangel, Triomphe de Jododigne, Urbaniste, Uvedale's St. Germain, or Belle Angevine (for baking,) Vicar of Winkfield, White Doyenne.

PLUMS.—Bleeker's Gage, Coe's Golden Drop, Frost Gage, Green Gage, Jefferson, Lawrence's Favorite, McLaughlin, Purple Gage, Purple Favorite, Reine Claude de Bavay, Smith's Orleans, Washington.

CHERRIES.—Belle Magnifique, Black Eagle, Black Tartarian, Downer's Late, Downton, Elton, Early Richmond (for cooking,) Graffion, or Bigarreau, Knight's Early Black, May Duke.

APRICOTS.—Breda, Large Early, Moorpark.

NECTARINES.—Downton, Early Violet, Elrige.

PEACHES.—Bergen's Yellow, Cooledge's Favorite, Crawford's Late, Early York serrated, Early York, large, George IV., Goose Mignonne, Morris White, Old Mixon Free.

GRAPES—*under glass.*—Black Hamburg, Black Frontignan, Black Prince Chasselas de Fontainebleau, Grizzley Frontignan, White Frontignan, White Muscat of Alexandria.

GRAPES—*open culture.*—Cawtaba, Diana, Isabella.

RASPBERRIES.—Fastolf, Franconia, Knevet's Giant, Red Antwerp, Yellow Antwerp.

STRAWBERRIES.—Boston Pine, Hovey's Seedling, Large Early Scarlet.

CURRENTS.—Black Naples, May's Victoria, Red Dutch, White Dutch, White Grape.

GOOSEBERRIES.—Crown Bob, Early Sulphur, Greene Gage, Green Walnut Houghton's Seedling, Iron-Monger, Laurel, Red Champagne, Warrington, Woodward's White Smith.

BLACKBERRIES.—Lawson's New Rochelle.

PERIODICALS AND BOOKS.

PERIODICALS.

We have received the January numbers of "THE MOTHER'S JOURNAL AND FAMILY VISITANT," which, in addition to its usual quantity of good reading, contains one of the handsomest Scripture prints we ever saw, — of "THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE," with its treasures and illustrations, and with ten royal octavo pages of editorial gleanings, so rich and varied as to convince us that our editorial friend must have been in the field of more than one Boaz — and also of "THE LADIES' REPOSITORY," which affords similar evidence of editorial industry, fidelity and ability, and which contains a beutiful view of St. Louis, and an excellent likeness of Rev. Dr. Jynes. Success to our worthy coadjutors.

BOOKS.

"SOUTH-SIDE VIEW OF SLAVERY; or Three Months at the South in 1854.
By Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D. Boston; published by T. R. Marvin,
and B. B. Mussey & Co.

It is impossible for us to give *our view* of this volume in the ordinary space of a book-notice. The judgment of men upon it will vary much according to their opinion of the subject of which it treats. All candid readers, however, will, we think, unite with us in ascribing to the author the kindest and best of motives in its preparation and publication, and will admire his frankness and candor. The point of his instrument is sharp, but not bearded; he cuts, but never tears. Had we not known him and been assured of his hostility to American slavery as a system, its title might have suggested to us that the book must be an apology for slavery. Indeed, his expectations before he went South, and his first observations of slaves there were so unlike ours of about the same date, that we were not a little disappointed in reading the first few chapters; but the farther we advanced the more harmony we discovered between our impressions and those of the writer; and we arose from its perusal with the belief that its influence, north and south, and wherever it may be read, will be most salutary, by smoothing the asperities of party, by allaying sectional jealousies, and moderating the speech of men on this exciting subject. But justice to ourselves requires us to say that we saw somewhat more of the evils of slavery than appear to have fallen under his observation.

"LIFE SCENES OF THE MESSIAH," by Rev. Rufus W. Clark. Published by J. P. Jewett & Co.

This is a neat duodecimo volume of 330 pages by one favorably known in the republic of letters as the author of the Memoir of Mr. Emerson; Heaven and its Emblems; Lectures to Young Men, and other works. In this book he has described the most interesting scenes in the Saviour's life, and gives the moral and religious instruction which they impart in an impressive style. It is well suited to general circulation and for the use of the older members of Sabbath Schools. It will doubtless be presented as a New Years' gift by hundreds.

"THE SUN-BEAM," by an unknown author, is published by the same house. This 18 mo. consists of short stories for children, in poetry and prose, embellished by several handsome engravings. The home-scenes of which it speaks, have been acted in more families than one, and are described in a manner well adapted to entertain, instruct and improve the reader. Like a sun-beam, may it enlighten and bless many of the homes of our readers?

"THE KNOW NOTHING." These words, as the title of a book, or the distinctive name of a political party, appear to us liable to some exception. When an author writes a book, he is presumed to know *something*, and to tell *what* he knows. But here a writer meets us with the profession on his title page that he is *a know nothing*. Yet we think a perusal of his work will convince our readers that he is a gentleman of very respectable literary attainments, endowed with no ordinary invention and power of description. The plan of his tale is well conceived; the characters and interest ably sustained; and, we think, the moral impression may be salutary, though we are free to say that we would have benevolence and beneficence practised because they are right, demanded by conscience and its divine Author rather than because they happen to be enjoined by a secret order, or by any individual or association of men.

From the same enterprising house we have also received "THE BOSTON ALMANAC," and "THE LADY'S ALMANAC" for 1855, both very neat little volumes which, in addition to the usual astronomical calculations, calendar, etc., contain many engravings, blanks for memoranda, directions and instructions for

men of business and for ladies. Besides the first has an elegant and accurate map of the city, which must be a great convenience to strangers.

Published and sold by J. P. Jewett & Co., Boston.

IDA MAY. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This book is attracting much attention, the sale is large, and it has no doubt many readers, upon whom, we think, a deep impression will be made by the exciting incidents of the story. The aim of the writer seems to be against slavery as an institution of law, more than against persons engaged in it, or defenders of it. It is a work of great power, and is constructed by a skilful hand.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE. Published by F. & G. Rand, Boston.

There is a commendable desire among a large class of parents, to furnish what is, in every respect, suitable reading for their children. We most cheerfully recommend this attractive publication, as embodying in its interesting pages as many excellences as any other periodical for children of which we have any knowledge. Terms, \$1.00 per year.

POPULAR TALES.—Translated from the French, by Mrs. L. Burke. Boston: Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

This book is a collection of stories from the gifted pen of Madam Guizot, and is one of the very few French books which we can conscientiously recommend to our readers. Unlike too many, translated into our language, it appeals to the common sense and the conscience, and not to the passions of the reader. We cannot speak too highly of the one entitled, "*THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.*" Would that its holy lessons of maternal affection and filial devotion were impressed upon the hearts of every mother and daughter in our land.

A HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF FANNY GRAY.—Published by the same.

This is a very amusing entertainment for children. Its design is as original, as its execution is beautiful, and its appearance will make many a little heart beat faster, and bring the sunshine of joy to many a bright eye and rosy lip. It consists of six pictures to be placed in a wooden block, and shown to the child one after another, representing Fanny through the different phases of her history. Unlike the miserably designed and worse executed plates, too often inserted in books and games intended for children, they are very beautifully printed in oil colors. Accompanying it is a very pretty poem containing the life of Fanny, from the time she was a simple cottage girl, to the happy day when she was adopted by her rich uncle. Parents will find this to be a very pretty and acceptable present for Christmas or New Year.

CHILDREN'S TRIALS. Translated from the German, by Cranor Mantel. Published by the same.

This book is a series of tales designed to illustrate the trials often endured by children; the good and noble qualities exhibited, and their final triumph. It inculcates the all important lesson of patience and gentleness under trial and difficulties, and kindness and generosity toward the unfortunate. It is beautifully illustrated with colored engravings.

THOUGHTS TO HELP AND CHEER. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

This book consists of a passage from Scripture, and appropriate poetry and prose, for each day in the first six months of the year. The compiler says in the preface, that it was arranged with the hope of giving help and cheer through the labors of the day, and it is well calculated to perform its sacred mission.

HOME STORIES.—We have received from John P. Jewett & Co., of this city, the following series of "*HOME STORIES*," consisting of four volumes,

Henry Day learning to obey Bible Commands ; Henry Day's Story Book ; Mary Day forming good habits, and Mary Day's Story Book. These are charming little books for children. We strongly commend them to the notice of parents who wish to make additions to their libraries, either at home or in the Sabbath School.

LEAVES FROM THE TREE IGOBRASYL. By Martha Russell. Published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston.

This book is a collection of miscellaneous pieces. The author has rendered herself quite popular by her contributions to the periodicals of the day. Her characters are life-like, and her style very easy and natural, without degenerating either into coarseness or insipidity ; and the deep-toned religious principle which pervades her writings, renders them as instructive as they are interesting. We cordially recommend it to our readers.

INFLUENCE OF THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE UPON INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION. By William Whewell, D.D. Published by Gould & Lincoln,

This book is a lecture delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. The author is a very learned man, and has written some very learned and able books, yet we cannot but think that he has taken an extraordinary amount of pains to prove the self-evident fact, that scientific discovery has, and will continue to have a controlling influence upon our intellectual education.

MEMORIES OF A GRANDMOTHER. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

A very entertaining history of a "New England Grandmother." It is full of interesting and instructive incidents, and will be a rare treat to those, who, like us, love to read stories "of the olden time."

ROLLO'S TOUR IN EUROPE. In three volumes. By Jacob Abbot. Published by W. J. Reynolds & Co., Boston.

The Rollo books have become very popular, and these are, we believe, the best of the series. They relate the adventures of a boy while crossing the Atlantic, and travelling in France and Switzerland, and impart a great deal of useful information in a very interesting manner. It is handsomely illustrated, and we earnestly recommend them to parents who wish to select good books for their children.

We have received the following books from the Sabbath School Union. **IRISH AMY**, in which is related the history of a poor, ignorant Irish child, who was taken from wicked and abandoned parents to a christian home ; and the good resulting from that deed of mercy, not only to the girl, but to the family by whom she was accepted. **ALICE CLIFFORD AND HER DAY-DREAMS**, Which shows the importance and necessity of placing the strong check of religious principle upon the vain imaginations of youth, that are so apt to lead the heart astray. **LAURA'S IMPULSES, OR PRINCIPLE A SAFER GUIDE THAN FEELING**, which illustrates, in a very striking manner, the superiority of principle over impulse. Good books for children.

HYMNS AND OTHER POEMS FOR CHILDREN. By Hannah F. Gould. Published by the same, Boston.

The author of this little book needs no recommendation from us ; for adapting herself to the feelings and capacities of children, she has few equals. It blends amusement with instruction, and is written in her usually lively and happy style.

SAW UP AND SAW DOWN, one of the best books for Children that was ever written, inculcating the duty of perseverance by the example of a most worthy little boy. For sale at this Office.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Poetry by Mary Grace Halpine. — Music by L. H. Southard.

With Energy.

Re - joice, O earth! it is the glo - riou s morn
Which ush - ers in our Sa - viour's na - tal day;
Be - hold! the prom - ised Prince of Peace is born,
And jus - tice yields to mer - cy's gen - tle sway.

This is the day the King of glory came
From the bright splendor of his throne on high,
To live for us a life of grief and shame,
For us to suffer, and for us to die.

Amazing goodness, and stupendous love!
For us He laid his royal forehead low;
Glory and honor to our King above,
And peace and joy to all who dwell below.

MURDER OF THE BABES OF BETHLEHEM.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING: ALSO MATT 2: 16—18.]

BEHOLD that poor distracted mother! She has burst the enclosure of tyranny, the massive iron gate, and convulsively embracing her doomed infant, has descended by the stone steps from the temple of justice, and secreted herself and her offspring in a small recess by the side of the stair-way, in the vain hope of preserving her babe from the executioner's knife. Her countenance, wild with agony, is in strange contrast with that of her babe, resting on her breast and unconscious of danger.

Other mothers have pressed through the same open gate. They flee like a flock when a wolf suddenly darts upon an innocent lamb in the midst thereof. Oh, that their winged feet may bear their babes swiftly away from the destroyer—far away where he shall find them *never*; no, *NEVER!!* Gracious God, speed them in their flight, and support them under the mountain weight which presses the life-blood from their breasts!

Alas! the executioner with his bespattered turban and girdle, and with his gory blade in hand, closely pursues them. His every step is in the blood of murdered innocents. No wonder these mothers are horror-stricken at the sight of him, and flee at his approach! Who can look unmoved on the glare of his flashing eye, on the blood that stains his garments and drops from his reeking sword? Who can think without a tear of the awful scene of butchery within that baby-slaughter house from which they affrighted fly? These are fearful signs of the massacre going on within its walls, more horrid than that of olden time among the Jews, under the sanguinary decree of Ahasuerus—yea, than that in modern days among the Huguenots in France, whose blood ran down her streets like a river—

because here are defenceless and innocent babes whom, in the sacking of cities and the overthrow of kingdoms, nature commonly prompts the most relentless conquerors to spare. How appalling the scene! We sketched it, unaided by authentic history. We merely embody traditions, to which the usages of that time, place and people impart an air of probability; traditions from which the old masters drew their designs and transferred them to the canvass. From these our engraving is derived. We only fill up the outline, apply the shading, and give the whole expression.

These mothers, it is natural to suppose, were assembled in the government-house by the decree of Herod, which it was death to disregard, and which required the presence there not of themselves only, but also of "all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under."

The proclamation of the royal edict doubtless awakened various emotions among the inhabitants of that city; at first curiosity, then anticipation or apprehension. What can be the occasion of this decree? was the spontaneous inquiry of scores of mothers. "Is there to be another taxing? Why then, are our eldest sons, and especially our husbands and fathers omitted? Has the heart of our sovereign been moved with pity and generosity toward our boy-babies by the example of the presents of the wise men to the first-born of Mary and Joseph? Is he about to bestow on our offspring gifts more princely and magnificent to illustrate the superiority of Judea's king to all the sovereigns of the Magi? It may be so. But what if a second Haman has turned his heart against us, and this decree should conceal a plot for the destruction of ourselves and our children?"

As the time approached, their anxiety increased; and the tide which coursed through their minds dashed high its crested waves. On the night preceding that day, sleep fled from their eyes. How could they rest when they knew not whether the call which they had received was the invitation of friendship or the summons of death? In vain their husbands, who with difficulty suppressed the utterance of their own fears, endeavored to

comfort them and put a cheering and hopeful construction on the royal edict. Others thanked God that their children were daughters or sons whose age exempted them from appearing, at the time and place appointed, to await the revelation of the king's design.

The morning dawned. No cloud nor mist was visible. No breeze stirred the leaves of the fig, the olive, or the vine, nor waved the grass that grew on Rachel's tomb, or in the fields where David fed his father's sheep, or where the shepherds watched their flocks by night. A balmy fragrance filled the air, a beautiful serenity overspread the sky, and nature reposed in loveliness. Was it a favorable omen, or the stillness which precedes the earthquake? The sun arose, and poured his radiance on the city, the vale, and the surrounding hills. Those mothers, obedient to the call and attired in their best robes in honor of their king, took their babes, bade the loved ones at home farewell and went their way to the government house. Its gates stand wide open. They enter the inner court where are officers of state, and talk to each other of their hopes, but dare not express their fears.

When all are assembled, and the hour is fully come, the doors are shut, and closely barred. A deadly pallor steals over their countenances, and their blood chills in their veins as an officer of state presents himself surrounded by soldiers with sharp and glittering swords. He draws slowly from his belt and reads, in tone and manner like a military chieftain on the battle-field, the decree which consigns all these infants to immediate death. The signal is given; the horrid massacre begins, goes on, is finished.

At this distant time, it is impossible to tell how many dear children perished in that dreadful scene. The Greek calendar and some Oriental legends estimate the number as high as fourteen thousand; but Michaelis and other modern writers reduce it to a score or two. The truth probably lies between these extremes; for Bethlehem was then an inconsiderable town with a few thousand inhabitants. But only a small portion of the population of any place is under two years of age, an age below which the slaughter was limited, because the infant Saviour had

only completed his first year and past a few months of the second. But the original of the passage implies that it was farther restricted to *males*. He whose death it was designed to consummate was a prince, by birth “king of the Jews.” Hence there could be no motive to destroy the female children. Here begun the fulfilment of Simeon’s prophecy at the presentation of the infant Redeemer in the temple, “Behold this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel.”

Take the smallest probable number; suppose that only fifty were slain, and consider the misery which followed,—not merely from the dying agony of the innocents, and from the convulsive grief of their agonized mothers, but also from the sorrows of their fathers, brothers, and sisters, and of all their relatives, friends and neighbors. Wheresoever the heavy tidings flew, a stream of sorrow flowed. Doleful laments and wailings filled the air, as after the conquest of Jerusalem by Nibuzaradan, when the Jewish captives were assembled at Rama, near Bethlehem, and driven thence in chains into cruel bondage. Now as then, and here as there, the common mother of this tribe who had for centuries rested in her suburban tomb, is represented as moved with sympathy and pity for her suffering offspring; and her voice was heard, “lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not.” Was ever apostrophe more beautiful or expressive? Did ever a scene of sadness surpass this? It was like “the mourning in the valley of Hinnom, where there was no comforter.”

It was sad and cruel in the last degree. But such scenes are not without a parallel in history. Early in the present century, the Pacha of Egypt invited to his capital a tribe called the Mamelukes, and when they all had assembled without distrust or even suspicion, his executive officers slew the whole of them at his command.

But what awoke the malice of Herod against these innocents? Alas! the inquiry of the wise men, “Where is he that is born king of the Jews?” This it was that “troubled him and all Jerusalem with him.” This was the problem he submitted to the sanhedrim and required that august body to solve.

Guided by Micah (5 : 2) and other prophets, the Jewish council announce to Herod their decision, — “ in Bethlehem of Judea.” This, he bore to the wise men, and like other hypocrites, like the most deluded and unworthy members of the church, wrapped himself closer in the garb of piety that he might more successfully perpetrate his villany ; yea, he even strove to make them unwittingly the servants of his lust, the accomplices of his crime. He said to them, “ Go to Bethlehem, and search diligently for the young child ; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him.” Heavenly Father, deliver the church from such assassins ! Suffer not this murderer to approach Him who has come for Israel’s redemption, for the world’s salvation ! Preserve thine own dear Son from his concealed dagger !

The eye that seeth in secret read his murderous design, and after the wise men had opened their treasures, presented their gifts and rendered their devout thanksgivings, and when they were sleeping in security, God warned each and all of them by a dream “ not to return to Herod, but to depart into their own country another way.” They obeyed the heavenly message.

But when the king saw that they had refused to minister to his wishes and had mocked his jealous fear of his young Rival, his anger burned, and to crush this rising power, he resolved on the destruction not of him alone but of all the male children of that city of equal or inferior age. Forth his heralds ran ; his executioners followed them and consummated his cruel design.

Will a just God allow such iniquity to go unpunished ? It is written, murderers shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven. But can the perpetrator of such a crime reasonably expect to escape divine judgments in this world. Does not evil pursue the sinner in the present life ? Let us watch the natural retribution of God toward this guilty man. Already in return for his deception of the Magi, we have seen them elude, disappoint and mock him. But is that all ? Has retributive displeasure nothing in reserve for the murderer of these babes, for the man who slew three of his own children, who murdered Marianne the wife of his bosom, and committed so many crimes that Augustus said, “ In Herod’s house it were better to be a hog than a

child," evidently because his regard for Judaism restrained his hand from swine while neither religion nor natural affection could keep his murderous knife from those most closely allied to him, from the shedding of *their* blood whom he was most sacredly bound to protect.

When God's hand takes hold on vengeance, let tyrants tremble, and all the wicked fear. Even Josephus who passes this massacre in profound silence, perhaps to conceal the perfidy and cruelty of a man whom he delighted to honor, yet says that one Judas and a certain Matthias, two eloquent and mighty men stirred up sedition among the Jews, tore down and cut in pieces the Roman eagle and other works which Herod had set up and finished, while he himself was sick of a most loathsome disease, and that being summoned into his presence they openly and boldly insulted him. His disease grew worse ; parts of his body putrified and bred worms. In vain he invoked the aid of physicians ; he died in agony the most excruciating and in the ravings of his madness. History records no tears shed around his death-bed, or at his grave's side. Whose heart now mourns for him. "The name of the wicked shall rot." Herod is the abhorring of all flesh. We would not withdraw the veil that separates time from eternity, and witness his remorse ; but we would leave him in the hands of that God who saith "no murderer has eternal life abiding in him ;" and by his example we would warn the young, the old, persons of every age to beware of the envy, the jealousy, and the hatred which moved him to this massacre, and to most of his crimes, and in which his destruction commenced.

"But where is he that was born king of the Jews ?" Was he numbered among the massacred babes of Bethlehem ? Did the cruel steel which this murderer's envy unsheathed and aimed at him penetrate his heart ? Did the cradle of Christianity prove its coffin ? Did Herod thwart the designs of heaven, and throw the care of providence off the track of the divine purposes ? No ; "let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth ;" but "woe to him that striveth with his Maker !" "Who hath hardened himself against God, and prospered ?" Herod perished ; but God preserved his own son. "The angel of the

Lord appeared to Joseph" his foster-father "in a dream," perhaps at the self same hour in which the wise men were warned, and said, "Arise, take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him."

In obedience to the celestial messenger, he instantly arose, and fled to the land of the Pharoahs, and there abode till the same mysterious voice informed him of the death of that great man, (*great principally in crimes and judgments,*) and called on him to return to his fatherland. The most wonderful of the babes of Bethlehem, the very child whom this monster sought to destroy, lived, and died not, till in the manhood of his strength, and on the cross he freely poured out his blood like water, that "whosoever believed in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He who was the babe of Bethlehem, is now the king of glory.

Fathers, mothers, children, rejoice that you dwell in this delightful land, where the passions which murder innocents are restrained by civilization, law and religion, and commit yourselves to the Saviour, love and serve him, and hereafter you shall live, and reign, and sing, and shine with him for ever.

THE MURDER OF THE INNOCENTS.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

As gently as a wearied child upon its mother's breast,
Upon its crimson couch, the sun has softly sunk to rest.
Above the lofty forest-tops, the moon smiles soft and clear,
On the pleasant plains of Bethlehem, and the mountains of Judea.
With joy the Hebrew mother lays each household task aside,
And bending on her little ones a glance of joy and pride,
She strives with earnest heavenward eye to lead their thoughts above,
To Him, their Father and their King, the source of light and love.
He rescued Israel's chosen band from Egypt's cruel rod,
To Him alone the knee should bow, the true and living God.
She speaks of Isaac's fervent zeal, of Abraham's faith and trust,
Of captive Joseph's filial love, of Moses, meek and just;

Of David's mild, paternal rule, type of *His* mighty sway,
 Whose sceptre and whose glorious throne will never pass away.
 From Him, the ancient prophets told, a royal prince would spring,
 The hope of Jacob's erring sons, their Saviour and their King.
 Then gazing on their lifted brows, with sweetly serious face,
 She tells of Eli's wayward sons, of Samuel's infant grace;
 Seeking to press upon their hearts, in the first dawn of youth,
 The law of love and gentleness, of wisdom and of truth.
 Then drawing to her faithful breast their cherished forms more near,
 She breathed His high and holy name, whom Jew and Gentile fear,
 That His strong arm might guard them through the danger of the night,
 And grant that they with joy might hail the radiant morning bright.
 She folds the snowy covering above each little breast,
 And lulled by soothing melodies, they calmly sink to rest.

But hark ! whence comes those sounds of strife, which rend the tranquil air,
 That fearful shriek of agony, of horror and despair ?
 From many a fair and pleasant home, from many a calm retreat,
 Comes the fierce and hurried clash of arms, and the sound of trampling feet.
 Man's earnest and imploring tones are borne upon the gale,
 Mingled with woman's piercing cry, and childhood's plaintive wail.
 It is a sound of wild dismay of mingled fear and pain,
 Wrung from the tortured hearts of those who mourn their children slain..

Unto that mother's peaceful hearth those heavy steps draw near,
 Clasping her children to her breast with wild and sudden fear,
 She sees the Roman soldiery upon the threshold stand,
 The fearful instruments of death within each murderous hand ;
 Beneath the torches lurid glare their steel-clad breasts gleamed bright,
 Stained with the purple tide of life, oh, dark and fearful sight !
 In vain, with wild imploring cry, she lifts her hands to heaven,
 Through her dear infant's peaceful breast the cruel sword is driven ;
 The breast from which it drew life's stream, with blood is sprinkled o'er,
 And the arms in which it fondly laid, will clasp its form no more.
 Strange and mysterious are thy ways, oh, Merciful and Just !
 Before thy dread and awful throne, we feel we are but dust.
 Though dark this fearful providence, we lowly bend the knee,
 We may not murmur at thy will, or question thy decree ;
 We may not understand thy heart, yet surely we may know
 That kind and gentle is the hand, though heavy was the blow.
 With golden crown and little harp, those murdered infants stand
 Before heaven's high and glorious throne, a radiant angel-band ;
 There is upon their infant brows no trace of guilt or shame,
 Back to the spirit-land they went, as lately hence they came.

M. G. H.

THE SCRIPTURES.—The mine of Scripture is inexhaustible, and from the time at which it was first opened, till the time when faith shall be changed for sight, not one laborer who works therein, even from the most robust to the most feeble, will remain unrewarded by a participation of its wealth.

THE JEWS.

OH! who shall see the glorious day
When the throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend the veil away
Which blinds the nations now!
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of his rebuke shall lie;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye!

Then Judah! thou no more shall mourn,
Beneath the heathen's chain!
The days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost Exile home. — *Judah's Lion.*

JENNIE AND THE BABY.

BY COUSIN ELLA.

“ Jennie, do take the baby a little time, and see if you cannot quiet him. He is very restless, and I am so tired that I must lie down for a few minutes before tea.”

Mrs. Hunt did seem weary. Her thin face was completely colorless, and the long silken lashes drooped upon her pale cheek. Jennie said nothing, though her countenance very plainly expressed her dissatisfaction. She had just commenced the perusal of a new book, and had become deeply interested in its fascinating pages. With a clouded brow she took the child, and her mother, with a slow and weary step, left the room. Jennie placed the child on the floor, with a more cheerful countenance, for a bright thought had occurred to her. She surrounded him with cushions to prevent his falling, and gathering all his play-things together, she placed them within the cushioned enclosure. She watched him for a moment, and then, with great satisfaction, proceeded to take possession of her rocking-chair and book.

For half an hour perfect silence reigned. Jennie was immersed in her book, and had lost all consciousness of sur-

rounding objects. The baby, too, was deeply interested in his employment. The ominous quiet at last startled Jennie, and throwing her book upon the table, she hastened to her brother. The little rogue had crept to the table, on which lay a valuable book, and his mother's work-box. Both these articles he had taken into his own care. After strewing the fragments of the book about the room, he had commenced operations upon the work-box. Spools of thread, half unwound, were mingled with unfolded papers of needles, and the needles themselves were scattered upon the carpet, with scissors, silk, thimble and the other articles usually found in that receptacle. Jennie's patience was completely exhausted at this sight. In the first effervescence of her anger, she struck the child a severe blow, and leaving him to scream, applied herself assiduously to restoring order to the disarranged room. It was a work of time, and taken in conjunction with the baby's screams, she did little toward restoring her equanimity.

In the midst of her labor, her mother entered, with the same slow, weary step, with which she had departed. She paused at the door, and looked at the room, lately so neat and tidy. The fragments of the book and the contents of the work-box were scattered over the carpet. The pile of cushions occupied the centre of the floor. Baby lay screaming unregarded, while the rocking-chair and opened book, shewed what his sister's employment had been. Jennie's appearance was quite in unison with the objects around her. Her face was flushed and her hair in perfect disorder. Mrs. Hunt stood a moment in silence, then, in a low, sweet tone, she repeated those words which so often come into the mind of the harassed Christian, "Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." She then drew a chair to the fire-side, and taking the baby, endeavored to quiet it, while Jennie, with burning cheeks, pursued her task. Under the influence of Mrs. Hunt's pleasant smiles and soothing words, baby soon exchanged his noisy screams for a low, happy chirp; while beneath Jennie's nimble fingers, quickened, as they were, by a desire to remove the evil effects of her error, the room was soon restored to its usual neat and comfortable appearance. Mrs. Hunt said nothing to Jennie, but her conscience troubled her, as

she looked on her mother's pale cheek and white lips ; and sitting down beside her, she laid her head upon her knee, and in a low tone said, " I know I was wrong, dear mother, but what can I do ? "

" The book you received last Christmas will tell you better than I can," replied Mrs. Hunt. " Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest.' Had you attended to but one thing at a time, and done with your might what your hands found to do, we should not have had this trouble."

At this the door opened, and the children rushed in from school. Six little hands and as many feet must be rubbed and warmed ; outside garments must be removed, and put in their proper places. Jennie declared that one pair of hands was not a sufficient allowance for an older sister. She used what she had, however, right willingly, cheered by an approving glance from her mother, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the three children, each in their own peculiar chair, sitting round the warm fire, and watching mamma and the baby. They narrated their school experience to their patient listener, fully convinced of the paramount importance of each little item. With light step and nimble fingers, she prepared the simple supper, and, by the time her father came in, baby was in bed, supper ready, the children with clean faces and smooth hair, and Mrs. Hunt and Jennie at liberty to welcome him. Very pleasant to the weary man did his home appear, and with a truly thankful heart did he offer up his evening oblation of thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of all good. Jennie had learned a lesson, and her internal resolution henceforth to " do with her might what her hands found to do," was not suffered to fall to the ground.

The incalculable happiness which an elder daughter can bestow upon a family is not generally known. Let one of their number, though fully conscious of her own failures in duty, admonish her sisters to " do with their might what their hands find to do," since we must soon be called to give an account both of our own actions, and of the influence which we exert upon others.

THE THREE SONS.

BY REV. J. MOULTRIE.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
 With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould.
 They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
 That my child is grave, and wise of heart, beyond his childish years.
 I cannot say how this may be, yet I know his face is fair;
 And still his sweetest comeliness is his meek and serious air.
 I know his heart is kind and fond; I know he loveth me;
 But loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency;
 But that which others most admire is *the thoughts* that fill his mind,
 The food for grave inquiring search, he everywhere doth find.
 Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk;
 He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.
 Nor cares he much for childish sports, doats not on bat or ball,
 But looks on manhoods ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
 His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
 With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
 He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches him to pray;
 And strange and sweet and solemn then, are the words which he will say.
 Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
 A holier and a wiser man, I trust that he will be.
 And when I look into his eyes and stroke his thoughtful brow,
 I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a *second* son, a simple child of three,
 I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be;
 How silver sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee.
 I do not think his light blue eye is like his brother's, keen;
 Nor his brow so full of childish thoughts as his has ever been.
 But his little heart's a fountain pure, of kind and tender feeling,
 And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
 When he walks with me, the country folks who pass us in the street,
 Will shout for joy and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
 A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
 Will sing his happy song of love when left to sport alone.
 His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
 To comfort us in all our grief and sweeten all our mirth.
 Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
 As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love;
 And if beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
 God comfort us for all the love that we should lose in him.

I have a son, a *third* sweet son, his age I cannot tell,
 For they reckon not by months and years where he has gone to dwell.
 To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
 And then he bid farewell to earth and went to live in heaven.
 I cannot tell what form is his; what looks he weareth now;
 Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
 The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
 Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.

But I know, for God hath told me this, that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants are, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more, this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy forever fresh ;
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of heaven's divinest things,
I know that we shall meet our babe (his mother dear and I,)
Where God, for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brothers twain, his bliss shall never cease,
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles, their souls from bliss will sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
When we think of, what our darling is and what we still must be ;
When we muse on that world's perfect bliss and this world's misery,
When we groan beneath this load of sin and feel this grief and pain,
Oh ! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him back again.

FOR THE YOUNG.

BENEVOLENCE.

BY MRS. PIPER.

I propose, in this article, my young friends, if approved by the editors of this valuable magazine, to give you a short, but true sketch of scenes which have fallen under my personal observation. They will illustrate traits of character to be imitated or avoided. The names only are fictitious.

It was a winter afternoon, cold and dreary. The frost was abroad, and made its presence felt by the keen pinches which it gave to the persons whom necessity or business compelled to be in the streets as night approached. A young girl with a very lovely countenance stood at the window of a spacious and comfortable dwelling in —— street, watching the passers by.

“ Mother,” said she, “ I wish father had given me a few more dollars for the dress I am to wear at Charlotte Abbott’s party. I shall not look nearly as well as the rest of the girls. I wish you would tease him for me ; he always confides in your judgment, and if you say that I need more money, I shall have it.”

Mrs. Carlton replied, “ I cannot consistently do as you wish, my child. How many there are, even within a stone’s throw of us, who are suffering for the comforts which are so common with us that we scarcely give them a thought ! I felt, when

your father gave you the money for your dress, that your new and comfortable merino would have answered well to have worn to your friend's party. I will relate to you a scene which I witnessed yesterday, and then, perhaps, you will understand my scruples about your spending more money for your dress. You will remember that I was absent several hours yesterday; and you were impatient to learn the cause which detained me. I will tell you. I had arranged my business, and was returning in joy at the prospect of a warm home and an affectionate welcome, when my attention was attracted by a female figure so slight, and so thinly clad, that I felt that poverty alone, or an extreme need of food could have sent the poor girl from her home (if she had any) at such a time and under such circumstances. I hastened my steps, and soon overtook her. As I approached, she turned her eyes toward me; they were filled with tears, running in streams down her pale cheeks.

I soon learned that she had once dwelt in a *happy* and *comfortable home*, and had been surrounded with friends. But her father, formerly a wealthy merchant, had met with heavy losses, and had sought to drown his sorrows in the wine cup. This only made his condition and that of his family worse. Property, friends and all that made life desirable had been squandered by his drunkenness. He died, leaving his wife in feeble health, with a daughter dependent upon her for support. Years passed on; the mother's wasted frame was rapidly sinking into the grave; and her child will soon be left in this selfish world without a protector.

“ My daughter, when I stood by the bedside of that mother, and felt the chill blasts of January as they whistled through the miserable room where she lay, I realized somewhat the folly and wickedness of spending money for elegant and costly dresses, to be once worn and then thrown aside. How much good you could do, Anne, with the money which you desired me to give you to prepare for your friend's party! ”

My young friend, Anne went to the party, but she wore the merino dress; and the money which was to have been spent for her new and more costly suit, was devoted toward making more comfortable the last hours of the widow and of the future orphan.

Now, probably, that mother, then so poor and distressed, is an angel, but her last words were those of thankfulness and blessing in respect to the friends whom God had raised up for her in her hour of need. The orphan has found a dwelling-place in the homes and hearts of those who have long since learned that it is far "more bless'd to give than to receive."

Shall not we go and do likewise? It is surely in the power of all to do something toward alleviating the woes of others.

"Then we'll sleep the death-sleep calmly
And our hearts will cease from pain."

LOVE OF HOME.

Goldsmith speaks in the following lines of the universality of this sentiment, this love of home, that needs but a place which it can call home, irrespective of its merits or demerits, then sighs to be there, and is miserable when away :

"The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone,
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease;
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country ever is at home."

It is worthy of remark, that the inhabitants of dreary, desolate, and barren, of high, bleak, mountainous, and picturesque countries, seem more attached to their native land than those whose homes are in more favored sections of the world. One reason for this may be found in the fact that equality of rights is more general in countries of the former description. Luxury enervates the rich, whom nature thus makes physically the equals of the poor, while these latter seem instinct with a spirit of liberty, which the mountain heights of their country are particularly calculated to foster; and their robust constitutions, invigorated by climbing the heights and breathing the pure atmosphere of the everlasting hills, increase this same spirit by heightening the buoyancy and elevating the tone of mind, and giving it that elasticity which perfect health imparts, and in which independence finds those conditions requisite for maintenance and perpetuity. — *N. Y. Courier.*

LIGHTLY TREAD.

BY H. HAMBLIN.

The Principal of the Quincy Grammar School, Boston, having requested his pupils to write an imitation of the song "Lightly Row," the next morning this original song was presented to him by one of his pupils and sent to us for publication. We hope it will be sung in hundreds of schools.—*Life Illustrated*.

Lightly tread—
 Lightly tread,
 So our teachers oft have said;
 Softly go—
 Softly go,
 'Tis the law we know,
 Lightly tread the echoing floor,
 Lightly shut the slamming door.
 Lightly all—
 Lightly all,
 Let our footsteps fall.

Childhood here—
 Childhood here,
 Comes to learn, obey and fear—
 Fear the wrong—
 Fear the wrong,
 This our strife and song.
 Mingle with our studies here.
 Pressing on—
 Pressing on,
 Youth will soon be gone.

Far away—
 Far away,
 We may run, and jump, and play,
 Laugh and shout—
 Laugh and shout,
 Childhood ringing out;
 But assembled here in school,
 Let us all obey the rule.
 Lightly go—
 Lightly go,
 Thus our love we show.

Study now,—
 Study now,
 Happy heart and healthy brow,
 This the time—
 This the time,
 Now in youthful prime.
 Wisdom, goodness, honor, all,
 Childhood to obedience call.
 Let us all—
 Let us all,
 Listen to the call.

LIZZIE ATHERTON,

OR THE UNCONGENIAL MARRIAGE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

PART I.

A bright, beautiful, and happy creature was Lizzie May. She was the darling of a widowed mother, and the pride and pet of two grown-up brothers, who thought there was nothing in the world half so pretty as "sister Lizzie." Wild, wayward, and impulsive as she was, few could look upon that frank, sunny face without loving her, or feeling that she was worthy of being loved. She was the light, the joy of the whole household ; and a sad day it was for them when they yielded her up to the sunlight of another.

But who won sweet Lizzie May, the wild flower of Arnmore ? It was not the young doctor, who so often drove by her door in his smart gig in order to display to her admiring eyes his fine person and exquisite horsemanship.* It was not the handsome young carpenter, who never failed, rain or shine, to post himself by the Church door, arranged in his "Sunday's best," to escort her home from meeting. It was not the grave and dignified school-master, who swayed the birchen sceptre over some score of white-headed, unruly urchins, and who was heard once to say, that "whoever won Miss Lizzie would win a treasure."

Neither was it the smart, young clerk, whose fine speeches, and flattering attentions might have turned a far stronger brain ! No, it was neither of these. To the surprise of all, and the chagrin of many, who fancied that she would ultimately choose one of her numerous suitors, and settle down among her old friends, she gave her hand to Frederic Atherton, a comparative stranger, and several years her senior.

There was little known in regard to him, except that he was rich,—owned a beautiful place in ——, and came down to Arnmord for the benefit of his health, where he saw, wooed and won sweet Lizzie May, carrying her off in triumph from a number of competitors. He was not over communicative, and his somewhat stern and haughty air prevented the inquiries of impertinent curiosity. But the clergyman with whom he stayed, spoke warmly in his favor. His manners were prepossessing, and his sentiments and actions those of a Christian and gentleman, and there was little room for fear. But it was a hard thing for the widow May to commit her only daughter to a comparative stranger, and her heart shrank from the trial.

“Lizzie is too young, Frederic,” she said, in reply to his earnest entreaties for an immediate marriage. “She is nothing but a child, utterly unfit for the duties and responsibilities of a wife. Wait, at least, till she is eighteen.”

“We may both be dead by that time,” was his impatient response. “I don’t call sixteen very young; many marry still younger. Besides, my sister will relieve her from all care and responsibility for the present. She will only exchange your home for mine. Why should you hesitate? You surely do not doubt my love for her.”

“I do not doubt but that you love her now,” was Mrs. May’s reply, “but I very much doubt whether you possess the gentleness and patience requisite in dealing with one so wild and impulsive as Lizzie. Wait until time has imparted the strength of body and mind necessary to enable her to discharge the duties which will devolve upon her with honor to herself and to those around her. And then, if you still desire it, I will throw no obstacle in the way.”

Opposition, however, served only to arouse the strong will and redouble the ardor of Atherton, and he determined at all hazards to have his own way. His influence over the young susceptible heart of Lizzie was almost unbounded. The new-born love awakened in her heart for the stranger was stronger than that she bore those who had known and loved her from childhood. At last, wearied by the importunities of Atherton, and still more moved by the silent, but all powerful appeal of

the tears of Lizzie, Mrs. May yielded a reluctant consent. Yet, while the gentleness and tenderness of his manner prepossessed her in his favor, occasional glimpses of the natural imperiousness of his temper made her tremble for the happiness of her daughter.

They were to be married in Church, and then to proceed immediately to his residence. It was a beautiful sight ; he, so tall and stately, and she, looking even smaller and more childish than usual, attired as she was in white muslin, her clustering curls of gold looped back with a single string of pearls, with no other ornaments around them save a wreath of white roses. Nothing could equal the expression of perfect and almost child-like confidence with which she placed her hand in his and pronounced the words which made them one forever.

“ Be very gentle with her, Frederic,” said Mrs. May through her tears, as they were about to separate, “ Lizzie has never heard a harsh word from my lips ; let her never hear one from thine. She is very wild and thoughtless, and will, I fear, try your patience. But she has a warm, loving heart ; be very gentle with her.”

It was not till the carriage which was to convey her to her new home drove to the door that Lizzie realized she was about to leave, perhaps forever, the home of her childhood, and the companions of her youth. Then she clung to her mother and brothers as though she could never be separated ; and the old cottage, with its simple furniture, its clustering vines and flowers seemed dearer to her than ever. It was with the utmost difficulty that her husband could prevail upon her to enter the carriage, and when she did so, she threw herself back, and burying her face in its rich velvet cushions, sobbed as though her very heart would break.

For some time Atherton endeavored to comfort his young wife. But at last, wearied by her tears, and finding all he could say of but little avail, he exclaimed impatiently, “ This is utter folly, Lizzie ; you surely did not expect to live with your mother always !”

At these words, Lizzie raised her head, and fixing her eyes upon her husband with a half grieved, half wandering look, said

timidly, "Now you are offended with me, Frederic. Do not be angry with me, I have now no one but you to love me. I have never previously been away from home, and I thought, that, perhaps, I should never see it again." Here her lips quivered and her eyes filled again with tears.

"I am not offended with you, dearest," replied Atherton, touched by the beseeching look and pleading tones of his gentle wife. "It is very natural that you should feel sad on leaving your friends. But remember you are not now a child, but a wife, with new duties and responsibilities. Did you ever think of this, Lizzie."

A puzzled and perplexed expression came over the countenance of the young wife as she listened. "I thought," she returned artlessly, "now that we are married, we should be always together, and we should be very happy, shall we not?"

"I think so; nay, I am quite sure of it," replied Atherton, warmly pressing the little hand laid so confidingly in his. "But Lizzie," he added earnestly, "life has its duties as well as its pleasures; and if we do not discharge the former we cannot expect to enjoy the latter. My happiness will depend in a great measure upon you."

Awed by the grave and earnest manner of her husband, Lizzie remained silent. Atherton, perceiving this, changed the subject, striving to interest her by describing the home to which he was taking her. "I fear you will be disappointed in my sister," he said gently, in reply to some question of Lizzie's respecting her. "She is ten years older than I am, and somewhat peculiar in her ideas and appearance. But she has a good heart, and I am sure you will like her in time."

The sun had nearly touched the western horizon, throwing its rich crimson rays across the grand old woods which surrounded the dwelling, when the newly married pair reached their destination. It was a fine old mansion, situated on an eminence, with broad marble steps leading to the chief entrance, on the top of which stood Miss Prudence Atherton. Frederic opened the carriage door, and Lizzie sprang lightly out.

"Oh! Frederic," she exclaimed, "see that dog! how like he is to old Ponto." With these words, she darted forward, and

brushing past her husband's sister, who stood ready to receive her, arrayed in all the dignity of rustling silk and starched muslin, she stooped to caress a large noble looking hound that lay stretched across the hall door.

"Lizzie! Lizzie!" exclaimed her husband in consternation, as he seized her hand, "Lizzie, this is sister Prudence of whom you have heard me speak."

"Is it," returned Lizzie, throwing her arms around the neck of the astonished spinster. "How do you do? I am very glad to see you;" and, hardly pausing for a reply, she called the dog to her, and began to feed him with a piece of seed cake she found in her reticule.

Vexed and mortified as Atherton was, at this exhibition of childish folly on the part of his young wife, he could hardly avoid smiling at the air of offended dignity with which his sister adjusted her cap, and smoothed her ruffled collar, and the look of wonder with which she regarded her.

"Perhaps Mrs. Atherton would like to be shown to her room," said Miss Prudence, turning to her brother.

"I think she would," he replied quickly. "She is somewhat fatigued by her journey, and he added in a lower tone, is hardly herself by reason of excitement and fatigue."

Prudence Atherton was the half sister of Frederic, a kindly well-meaning lady, whose disposition and character but ill-fitted her to become the companion of one possessing Lizzie's ardent, excitable temperament. The dignity of her family, of which her brother was the sole representative, was her chief hobby, and she looked with disapprobation upon a marriage which she thought so little calculated to advance the family honor.

"You cannot help loving Lizzie," said Atherton a few weeks after this as he and his sister were discussing the subject of his marriage. "She is so warm hearted and affectionate."

"I do not doubt it," his sister replied coldly, "but she is hardly such a person as I should have supposed my brother would have chosen to become the mistress of Atherton Hall. See her," she added, drawing him to the window. Glad to escape from the restraint of the drawing-room, Lizzie, with no other companion, save a large dog, had sought the garden,

and weary of rambling about, had taken the flowers she had gathered, and, making them into a garland, twined them around the dog's neck ; and, placing her gipsey hat upon his head, stood laughing in childish merriment at the droll figure he made.

But she looked very beautiful as the summer breeze tossed back her bright curls and displayed a brow pure and white as an infant's, while her dimpled cheeks glowed with exercise, and her eyes sparkled with animation.

"She is very young," said Atherton excusingly, yet gazing admiringly upon the animated countenance of his wife. "And Prudence, we must be very patient with her. She has been much indulged at home, and is, I own, somewhat wild and thoughtless. But she is very tractable," and, he added smilingly, "under your careful tuition, will, I doubt not, do honor to my choice and family."

When Atherton and his young bride were alone, he remonstrated with her on the impropriety of her rambling out so much unattended, and gently, but firmly made known his wishes with regard to it. Unaccustomed to restraint her proud spirit rebelled. Irritated by this, he spoke harshly and sternly, sharply reproofing her for her childish folly.

A feeling of remorse touched the heart of Atherton that night as he bent over the form of his sleeping wife. There were traces of tears on the cheek, and ever and anon, the stifled sob, and deep drawn sigh told how deep was the wound inflicted on her gentle heart. Whose fault was it ? He had taken her from kind friends and from her happy home, and had brought her among strangers to be the mistress of his proud Hall. He placed upon her youthful shoulders a burthen they were ill-fitted to sustain. And because in her childish ignorance she erred, he had grieved her spirit with harsh words. He had taken for a companion a mere child. Did he expect to find in her the thoughtfulness and dignity which belong to mature womanhood. He inwardly resolved that he would in future deal more gently with her ; and for some weeks he kept this resolve.

But, regarding her as a child, with whom it was folly to reason, his quick and imperious temper exacted from her a blind submission she was ill-prepared and unwilling to render. This

was the cause of many altercations between them, gradually alienating his affections from her, and causing him to treat her with a coldness more wounding to her sensitive heart than a sharp rebuke?

But Lizzie loved her husband too well to brook his displeasure; and the opposition, commenced on her part so resolutely, ended at last in her unconditional submission. She seemed to be a mere instrument in Atherton's hand; or, if she had any preference or will of her own, she ceased to manifest it in the presence of her husband and his sister.

Miss Atherton still retained her position as house-keeper, She made this sacrifice, as she told one of her dear friends, "for Frederic's sake, since his wife knows no more about household affairs than an infant." Thus, the envied wife of the master of Atherton Hall, was only its nominal mistress, a mere cypher in her husband's house.

(To be Continued.)

HONOR YOUR PARENTS.

BY REV. W. WARREN.

PART II.

This, my young reader, is in accordance with a law of your nature. Nothing can be more unnatural than a feeling of independence and insubordination on the part of children. What if beams of light should refuse to honor the fountain from which they spring, and should cut themselves off from the sun! What would follow but darkness and self-annihilation! What if the rain-drops should disdain to own their origin from the cloud, and should conspire to separate themselves from the great ocean above and beneath! The earth would be turned into iron, and the heavens into brass! Or what if the rivers should proudly break themselves off from their fountain springs, and set out to

flow by their own strength ! How soon would their beautiful *falls* cease to murmur, and the cattle graze in their green beds ! Or what if the plant or tree should separate itself from its roots, disdaining dependence thereon ! How soon would the leaf thereof wither, the fruit perish, and the lofty branches lie ruined upon the ground ! All this is plain, and natural, and inevitable : but it only illustrates what would follow the rashness of inexperienced youth and children disdaining parental instruction and restraint, and setting up for independence of their parents ! The Author of all who imparts to every creature the nature and instincts that are most befitting its circumstances, has not overlooked the necessities of the young. A sense of dependence upon parents, a feeling of filial obligation and regard, — a disposition to look upon natural parents with reverence and honor, are among the best safe-guards of childhood, and the brightest ornaments of youth. He who despises his parents, or treats them with disrespect or disdain, does violence to the best instincts of his nature, and prepares himself for early ruin. God hath inclined us in our mental and social constitution, to this most essential duty ; and it is literally monstrous in a child to set itself up against parental authority, and in the young to treat the opinions and principles of their superiors with disrespect.

To honor your parents is an *excellence* in itself. 'It is beautiful in morality, as well as a fixed law of youthful instinct. What can be more charming than to witness the emulation of children in showing kindness and respect to their parents. Such an exhibition of social and filial virtue would be interesting to the angels. It would even commend itself to the admiration and conscience of a barbarian. Much as men differ upon questions of expediency and inexpediency, I believe the universal voice of mankind would be in favor of this virtue. There is no language upon earth ; there is no philosophy, nor principles, nor creed, in which the mere statement of the opposite sentiment would not be absolutely absurd and shocking. Indeed the advocacy of this virtue seems like the repetition of truisms, or the needless statement of moral axioms. The *Scriptures* everywhere commend reverence to parents, and respect to superiors. They put this virtue upon the high ground of obligation and

right. "Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is *right*." The curse of God is recorded against stubborn and rebellious households. Saith Agar, "the eye that mocketh at his father, and refuseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The fixed arrangements of God are realized in their perfection, only by the proper subordination of households to their proper head and the due rendering of filial obedience and affection on the part of children to those under whom God hath placed them.

The first step toward *submission to God*, in fact the very first lessons in religion, are taught in the institution of the family. How can it be expected that children will yield obedience to their Creator if they have not learned to obey their parents? Honor cannot be rendered to the heavenly, till it is first rendered to the earthly. Subjection to the earthly is preparatory, and indispensable to proper subordination to the heavenly. We only regard the family as a kind of probationary paradise upon earth. When our first parents were driven out from Eden, from its trees and brooks, its flowers and birds, they were still left to enjoy this paradise of household endearments and attractions. We are introduced into this garden of joys in our feeble and unconscious infancy, and are placed under the gentle sceptre of paternal kindness and decision, to develope temperament, and to form our characters, yea to prepare us for, and initiate us into the higher, broader, vaster sphere of moral responsibility. And if there is rebellion in this Eden; if the child resists the authority of the parent, how poorly prepared will he be to submit to God his Heavenly Father? The first moral lesson of obedience is learnt in the family: the first correct idea of true religion, the first perverse idea of it is commonly gained there. The first step in an endless career is taken in the nursery. Filial obedience cultivates the moral sentiments on which religion may flourish, and strike deeper and stronger its roots. On the other hand, if the habit is framed in childhood, of resisting parental authority, religion is rendered difficult, and well-nigh impossible. Here, then, we have an argument in favor of this virtue. It inclines us to a course or habit that will be altogether favorable to our future welfare. It is a plant that will not have to

be uprooted when religion commences. It is a fresh and healthy stalk, well-grown and prepared, upon which the scion of heavenly grace may be safely inserted. Very much that is in the course of natural growth and habit has to be uprooted at conversion, as wholly unprofitable and pernicious. But the verdant plant of this essential virtue is not only *permitted* to stand; but it cannot be spared. It is indispensable to the growth and maturity of the future Christian graces.

But, again. *Gratitude* to our parents should prompt us to do them honor. Who has done and suffered for us what they have? What affection can compare with a mother's love, or a father's tenderness? No other prompts to such care and hardships, or encounters such anxiety and anguish. None prompts to so many prayers, or awakens so many tears. What will not a parent do or suffer for his child? What ease or pleasure will he not forego? Children are bound to remember this, and to feel that such affection and disinterestedness ought to be requited. How can they reflect on the labors, privations and pains of their earthly parents, without deep emotions of gratitude, such as will impel them to filial obedience and respect.

There are great *advantages* in this virtue. God has connected our duty with our interest and happiness in this world. Reward follows faithful effort and self-denying toil. I may safely challenge you to bring from the whole field of providential and retributive dispensations, clearer illustrations of this principle than can be found in the family; either where children have been properly trained, or have grown up in disobedience and rebellion. A career of earthly prosperity seems inevitably to follow a course of filial obedience and respect. The exceptions only confirm the rule, and are to be accounted for on other principles. The comfort it must afford the parents, the harmony it produces in households, the peace it dispenses to society, and the sweet reflex returns of joy and health to the conscience and heart, are a few earthly handfulls, reaped from this source. But this is not all. For what though the child who had honored his parents, the youth that had yielded noble and high minded submission to the domestic authority, should perchance fail to realize all their hopes in the externals of prosperity? What

though the same cold winds blow upon him, the same rough storms beat around him, and the same fierce lightnings flash about him ! It is a false standard that measures real prosperity by temporal circumstances, or that graduates life's tides, and those of the ocean by the same scale. There are *two* worlds here, as well, as hereafter. And he who begins life aright,—who strikes its key-note in harmony with Heaven's song, has started in a career of prosperity which all outward and adverse circumstances will only tend to heighten.

But if it be duty to honor *earthly* parents, how much more to honor God ! Can you measure the ingratitude of not honoring and loving your Heavenly Father ? Just suppose that your earthly parents had done for you what your Heavenly Father has done, that they had made for you this beautiful world, intersected it with mountains, and rivers, and valleys ; carpeted it with green, and adorned it with fields and flowers ! Yea, they had made the heavens—so bright and so beautiful. Suppose they had provided for your eye and taste, all that the air and earth and waters afford. *More*—that they had even done for your welfare in the next world, what your Father in Heaven has done ! How great a debt of gratitude and love would you owe such parents ? But this is just what God has done for you, and will he hold you guiltless, if you withhold from him your hearts ?

TRUST IN GOD.

“ ‘Tis a world of wrong ! Oh, is it not ?
Of fault and indiscretion ;
And every where has error stamped
Her own uncouth impression.

‘Tis true that those who wait on God,
And seek of Him direction,
Will walk unscathed amid the flames,
Through his Divine protection.

And *they are blest*. Whate'er betide,
They dread not hopeless sorrow,
Who humbly work for God to-day,
And trust him for to-morrow.”

ANON.

THE ANXIOUS WATCHER.

BY E. PORTER DYER.

THE night is brooding darkly
On the earth and in the sky,
While a weary, woful watcher,
All alone, to-night, am I!

All the village lights have faded,
To await the blush of morn,
But the lamp that lights my chamber,
Through the live-long night must burn.

Here I sit and sadly ponder;
For my darling's crimsom cheek,
And her loud and rapid breathing,
And her lips which scarce can speak,

Only murmuring, faintly, "*water*,"
Bid me think of that deep gloom,
Which will shroud our happy dwelling,
Should we bear her to the tomb!

'Tis with grief I give these powders,
For I know they cause her pain;
But my hope and prayer are fervent,
She will yet be well again.

O! this dreadful Scarletina
Has so marred her little face,
That her friends would scarcely know her,
So distressful is her case!

Yet I sit a willing watcher
By the sick bed of our child,
And I think of all our pleasure,
When the little maiden smiled.

Now she sleeps. But her best slumber
Is quite fitful, you must think,
For the times I cannot number
That she wakes and asks for "*drink*."

If the Lord be pleased to take her
While her life is scarce begun,
We will bow with meek submission,
Saying, "*Lord, Thy will be done!*"

But, Lord, if thou canst spare her,
To rejoice our weeping eyes,
Hear our prayers and bless our efforts ;
Bid the little maid "*arise!*"

And, in token of our gladness,
We will train her up for Thee,
That our Saviour one more trophy
Of his travail-pain may see.

A BEREAVED MOTHER—SORROWFUL, YET REJOICING.

THE paradoxes of the Scriptures are incomprehensible to the unsanctified mind ; but the Christian knows, from his own experience, what it is to save his life when he loses it, to be strong when he is weak, and to rejoice when he is sorrowful.

The following letter, written by a Christian mother, who, in addition to other afflictions, was called, in a western city, a few weeks since to surrender to that terrible disease, cholera, a dearly loved and noble boy of six years of age, exhibits a touching illustration of the beauty of Christian resignation—the moral sublimity of a saint trusting in God, though slain, singing at once of mercy and of judgment.

I doubt not but that many a mother among the readers of "**THE ASSITTANT**," who has been called to hide a little treasure beneath the coffin-lid, will take a melancholy satisfaction in reading this letter, and will find an echo to its sentiments in her inmost heart.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Sept. 17th, 1854.

My Beloved Brother and Sister,—Do not think me ungrateful for your affectionate letters of sympathy, because so long unacknowledged.

When the waves and billows of sorrow began to flow over my soul, to no human source of consolation did I turn more confidingly, than to your dear hearts, for I felt that you knew a parent's love, and would know the depth of my sorrow. I have written but few letters since the flower fell, for the mechanical part of writing is attended with some effort and suffering to one in my feeble state; and then my heart, my poor lacerated heart, seems to bleed more deeply, as I recall and recount the scene when so unexpectedly I was deprived of one of my dearest, earthly dependencies. Yet do not think I would murmur, or bring back again the darling spirit which I feel has been safely moored beyond the storms of this tempest-tossed life. Oh, no! Has not my darling boy attained what we are all reaching forward to grasp—the purity and joy of the redeemed?

Your words, my dear brother, which fell upon my ears in the first hours of my loss, when the work of the spoiler was so terrific to my weak faith, did much to soothe and comfort me. Your comfortings were sweet, for they turned my thoughts to the blessed belief that death is only a servant, and that our Redeemer who gave himself to its power for a short time, will take our choicest treasures from its stern grasp, and guard them safely in his bosom. Did I not love my first deceased child, my sweet little Mary? And did not my heart also cling to my enthusiastic, confiding Willie? Oh, how could I then have seen my precious children struggle and gasp in those last convulsive agonies, but for my faith that a mightier, tenderer arm bore away their gentle spirits beyond the reach and the sting of death? How could I consign those loved caskets, which, by a mother's woes alone, can be estimated, to the darkness and silence of the tomb, did I not believe Christ is the victory?

You know how much of hope and joy, in my earthly future, must have passed away with that sweet life; but oh, shall I repine, if my poor sinful heart is thus drawn still more within the vail, beyond which my loved lambs are folded? Shall we not thank our merciful Father for all the chastisements which, though they bruise and break our spirits, draw us away from time and sense and elevate us to the spiritual world?

When I saw my sweet Willie, under the power of that monster, cholera, close his eyes upon this world, I felt as if it would be very easy for me to lie down and sleep the long sleep of death with him. But I knew this was wrong, and I rallied every energy. My mission is not yet finished ; and, for the sake of my dear husband and Jamie, my lone jeweled child, I would still live, though the path seems starless, when I think of the lights which once illumined it, but which are now withdrawn.

I often think of your trio group of olives, and remember that such a cluster once graced our Vermont cottage-home. I know with what feelings you press that last, best daughter-gift to your hearts. Oh, may you be spared our blighted experience ! How thankful should we be, that a God of wisdom and love reigns and ordains life, or death for us and for our precious ones ! I know you have consecrated your jewels to your Saviour's crown, and, whether sparkling here, or above, may you rejoice in the offering !

I hope sometime to be able to write you more particulars than I now dare trust myself to dwell upon, of the last days of my transplanted one, and of the consolations which fill my heart with peace. I am most thankful, my brother, that you so recently saw my now sainted Willie, for you can know better my loss, and what a sweet offering I have made at my Master's bidding.

Do both write to us again soon, and pray for us ; and may God let us still love, till on high we join the household band of our precious, redeemed parents and children in a world of love.

Most affectionately, your fond sister,

A.

LOVE.

"In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed ;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed ;
In halls, in gay attire is seen ;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above ;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

THE WIDOW'S CHARGE AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

DEAL gently, thou, whose hand has won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where careless, 'neath a vernal sun,
She gaily caroled day by day—
The haunt is lone,—the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar;
They pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her,—thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told;
And like a lamb from fountain clear,
She turns, confiding to the fold;
She round thy sweet, domestic bower,
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when, far away,
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay
The soul of woman lives in love;
And should'st thou, wondering, mark a tear
Unconscious from her eyelid break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That's man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—
She places 'neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasured hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the widow's child.

It is said the late Dr. Spurzheim, in selecting a companion for life, made choice of a lady who had passed through uncommon scenes of calamity. He considered great mental suffering necessary to the formation of human character and to the development of the highest and purest qualities of the soul. There is philosophy in the idea, as well as prudent calculation.

MY HUSBAND'S PATIENTS.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

NO. II.

“I must work . . . while it is day.”

IN a house situated on the principal street of a populous town in Massachusetts, lived a family by the name of Carter. They were in reduced circumstances at the time of my first acquaintance with them, Mr. Carter being enfeebled in health, and not able to do much toward the support of his family. This consisted of father, mother, and three children, Katy, Rebecca, and Samuel. Katy the eldest was ten, Rebecca six, and Samuel four years of age. Mrs. Carter had been blessed in her youth with pious parents, who had not failed to teach her the whole counsel of God, as set forth in his Holy Word. These instructions had been blessed to her soul, and now she earnestly endeavored to impress the same upon the minds of her young children.

Mr. Carter failed not to do the utmost in his power to aid his wife in her efforts for the little ones committed to her care ; and when, as was often the case, he could not rise from his bed, he assisted them in preparing their lesson for the Sabbath school, or heard them repeat the Catechism. The latter exercise, he simplified and illustrated to suit the comprehension of his little class. He rendered it so interesting to them, that they longed for the time when “father would catechise them.”

Katy was a very modest, lovely girl. She was loved not only by the members of her own family, but by all her companions, and particularly by her teachers. She was the first-born, and had early been dedicated to God in baptism. She was the child of many prayers, and her mother had humbly hoped for more than two years, that her dear Katy was a lamb in the fold

of the good Shepherd. Gentle and quiet in her manners, this dear child exercised a great, though silent influence over her younger, but noisy and volatile sister.

Rebecca was naturally irritable and violent in temper. She used often to put Katy's love and patience to the test, when she and Samuel were left in the charge of their staid and faithful sister. But Katy never was angry; when tried beyond her strength, she would sometimes weep, and say, "Oh Rebecca! why will you do so, when I'm trying to keep you still, and father is sick?" Often Rebecca would be moved by this appeal, and kissing her sister, say, "Now, Katy I'll do just as you tell me." Then they would play school, or meeting; and even little Samuel knew he must be very quiet and still, while "sissy made the prayer."

Month after month passed away, and Mrs. Carter was at length obliged to acknowledge to herself, that with her utmost efforts she could not take proper care of her sick husband and do sewing enough to supply her family with food and fuel for the coming winter. How was she then to purchase dresses and shoes, which had become absolute necessities for the children?

The distressed mother lay awake night after night revolving in her mind some plan by which she might reasonably expect to obtain money. But though in her midnight tossings something occurred to her, yet the light of day would dispel the illusion, and leave her as much distressed as before.

One day, early in the fall, a biting frost was succeeded by very mild pleasant weather. Katy and Rebecca, who had been detained from Sabbath school the previous Sabbath for want of suitable clothing, were playing merrily in the small enclosure attached to their house, when Miss Winslow, the Sabbath school teacher of the former, passed by.

She stopped on seeing them, and immediately inquired, "Were you ill last Sabbath, Katy? I missed you from the class."

"No, Ma'am," replied the child, blushing and looking down.

"Why, then, didn't you attend school, my dear?"

Poor Katy tried very hard to keep from crying, as she answered, "I have no clothes to wear."

Miss Winslow turned to enter the house. She saw that the

children were barefoot; and she well knew that Mrs. Carter prized their religious privileges too highly to allow them to be absent, unless pressed by necessity.

I have already said that Katy was beloved by her teacher. No child in the class was more regular in her attendance, or prompt in her lessons. But what had more than all, gained the love of Miss Winslow, was the interest the child manifested in the appeals made to the class, to love their Saviour and give themselves to Him. The moistened eye, and the flushed cheek bore witness for little Katy that these were appeals to which her heart responded.

When Miss Winslow, taking a hand of each of the little girls, entered the humble dwelling, she found their mother busily engaged on some coarse sewing, while her countenance expressed great despondency. Mr. Carter sat in a rocking chair, which his wife had drawn up near the wood box. With his feet on a piece of braided mat, the sick man sat, feebly trying to whittle some splinters to kindle the fire.

Mrs. Carter rose, set a chair for her visitor, and resumed her sewing.

"You hardly appear able to do that," said the young lady, as the poor man wiped his forehead, which was wet from the exertion he had made.

"Our wood is very green," he replied, "and wife has such hard work to get the fire to burning; I thought I might help her a little."

Katy ran to her father, saying, "If you will let me try once more, I will promise not to cut myself if I can help it." They all smiled at her guarded promise; Miss Winslow was thinking of some way in which she could offer to assist Mrs. Carter without wounding her feelings. The kind lady knew that this was not a common case of poverty. Mrs. Carter had been respectably educated, and until her husband's sickness, he had provided well for his family.

"I missed my little scholar, last Sabbath, and feared she was ill."

Without raising her eyes from her work, Mrs. Carter answered with a sigh, "I am afraid my children will not be able

to attend school this winter; I cannot provide them clothes." Katy hid her face behind her father's chair and burst into tears.

"If that is all the objection, I think I can easily obviate it; with your consent. Indeed, I don't know how I can spare Katy from the class :" and she smiled lovingly at her little pupil, who had looked up at the sound of her cheering voice.

"You are very kind," was all the reply Mrs. Carter could make.

I have a plaid dress, continued the teacher, which, with a piece of new like it, will, I think, make two neat dresses for the little girls; and then they will need warm shawls and hoods. If you will allow them to come and spend Saturday afternoon with me, I think I can promise myself the pleasure of seeing at least Katy, in her place in the class."

Mrs. Carter dropped her work, and hiding her face in her apron, sobbed aloud. The sick man, seeing Miss Winslow looked distressed, said, with suppressed emotion, "Wife has got clear discouraged, and it is kind of sudden to her to hear any one speak so kindly as you do. May God reward you for it," he continued, after a moment's pause, as he wiped his eyes with the sleeve of his wrapper.

When the good mother composed herself sufficiently to speak, she said, "I gratefully accept your kindness. It was the thought of keeping the children from the Sabbath school and day school, which had troubled me more than every thing else."

"I cannot conceive," exclaimed Miss Winslow, "how you can support your family, by this coarse sewing," taking up a specimen from a pile of wheat bags, lying on the table.

"I should be very glad of more profitable work," resumed the poor woman with a sigh, "but I ought to be grateful that I can get this, and have my pay for it."

"I remember," said Miss Winslow, "hearing a lady express the wish, that some one would make up a quantity of woolen jackets, that were to be given in charity to some poor laborers, and I will try at once to obtain the work for you, if you wish it."

Mrs. Carter looked quite cheerful, as she replied, "I once learned to be a tailoress, and if you can give me the size, I can cut, as well as make them."

"So much the better," replied the lady, rising, "I will go and see her directly; and don't forget my invitation to Katy and Rebecca." The little girls looked as if they thought there was not much danger of their forgetting, as she kindly shook hands with them, and took her leave.

The next morning, as Mrs. Carter was busily occupied in finishing a pile of bags, for Katy to take to her employer, a knock was heard at the door of their room. Rebecca, who had been waiting upon her father, while her sister had washed the breakfast dishes, now ran to open the door, and a boy walked in bringing a bundle nearly as large as himself. Mrs. Carter rose, took it from him, and laid it upon the table. He then proceeded to take a note from his pocket, and to pass it to her.

Katy passed a chair for their visitor, while her mother proceeded to read the note, which was from Miss Winslow. In it, that kind friend informed her that it would be a great favor to the benevolent ladies, if she would cut the jackets, as she had proposed, and that they were willing to pay her the same as they should pay the tailor. The note closed with an offer from the ladies to pay her for the work in advance, if it would be any accommodation to her.

The children looked anxiously at their mother as tear after tear trickled down her cheeks. They little realized the feelings of joy and gratitude swelling in her heart, and causing the fountain of her emotions to overflow. She soon, however, wiped away her tears, and thanking the boy for bringing the bundle, asked him if he should see Miss Winslow on his return.

"I shall see her when I go home from school. She's my sister," said the boy. He was now regarded with fresh interest as being related to their kind friend. He soon rose, and said it was time for school; and Mrs. Carter desired him to say to his sister, that she could not find words to tell her what a relief her kindness had been.

Katy had just taken her broom to sweep, before she went with the bags, when the boy ran back and opened the door, saying, "Sister said she wanted your little girls to come to our house directly after dinner on Saturday;" and away he went. Mrs. Carter then told the little girls to sit down for a few mo-

ments, as she wished to talk with them. Then taking Samuel on her knee, she said, "My dear children, I am going to tell you something which I hope you will always remember, and learn from it to trust in your Heavenly Father. You, Rebecca, little knew, this morning, when you asked why I prayed so long, that I was pleading for a spirit of trust and confidence in God. I feared that we should have to leave our home, and I knew not where we should find a shelter.

Our landlord came last evening and told me, that unless I paid the rent punctually to the very day, he should let our house to another tenant, who had offered him a higher price for it. He said, as we had been quiet tenants, and had hitherto paid well, he should not increase our rent; but we must be very prompt. I should have told him that your father was now confined to the bed, and that I had nothing but the labor of my hands to depend upon, but this he knew already. I hardly closed my eyes all night. I was almost in despair. I had all along been hoping that, as Mr. Howard knew of our distress, he would be willing to wait for his rent.

But with the first ray of light a feeling of hope and trust in my Maker, began to fill my soul. I came down, and prepared our simple breakfast. Every thing was cold and cheerless, and I asked myself what reason I had to feel so quiet and happy, when the words of Scripture came to my mind,—"For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat."—From that moment, I determined, let come what would, to trust in God. Now I will read you this note from a friend, sent us in this hour of distress by One who has been watching over us, and who knows all our need."

When she had finished reading, she said, "Now Katy and Rebecca, and you too, my little Sammy, I want you all to learn from this, how safe it is to trust in God. If we ask, He will answer. He knows the poverty and troubles of all His children, and He says, "Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that hear him." Through the kindness of your good teacher, Katy, I have profitable work for several weeks, and if blessed with health as I have been heretofore, I

see my way clear, not only to pay our rent, but to purchase fuel and food.

When Mrs. Carter arose to resume her sewing, she left her little audience weeping, Mr. Carter and Katy from gratitude, Rebecca and Sammy from sympathy with them.

Saturday afternoon was drawing to a close. Mrs. Carter sat cheerfully at her work, and said, "I can't tell what I should do without Katy. She's grown to be such a help. She can get tea, and wash up the dishes as well as I can. But I suppose I must get it to-night, as she is not here."

The last words were hardly spoken before there came a rush against the door, and two little rosy cheeked girls came bounding into the room. The inmates looked up with surprise, not instantly recognizing in the gaily dressed misses their own Katy and her sister. Not a word was spoken by the children; their hearts were too full for that, but they stood before their mother slowly turning themselves about, that she might have the full advantage of their neat appearance.

At length Rebecca burst out, "An't we nice little girls, mother? I'm glad my cloak is prettier than Martha Jackson's, 'cause she can't laugh at me any more."

"I can't understand how your kind teacher could have accomplished so much, in so short a time," said the mother, surveying them from head to foot.

Katy went to the door, pulled in two bundles, and then said, "Oh, Miss Winslow had a great party, and almost all the Sabbath school teachers were there; and they all sewed on our clothes, and our bonnets, and a great deal of our cloaks and dresses were made before, only they made the waists." Here the excited child stopped to recover her breath.

"And we've had a real good supper too," said Rebecca, beginning to recover her speech, and jumping up and down, "and I've got something nice for Sammy in my pocket."

They had now pulled off their cloaks, and exhibited warm woolen dresses, and pretty calico aprons.

"We've got every thing new," said Katy, turning up her dress to show a warm quilted skirt, "and Rebecca's is the same. I sewed on the waist to mine, and she hemmed a pocket handkerchief for herself."

"Here it is!" shouted Rebecca, "and here's Sammy's cake."

"Oh," said Katy, "how I did want to put my cake in my pocket for you, mother, but I didn't think 'twould look well, when she had given us so much."

"No, my dear," replied the grateful mother, "you did perfectly right."

"Here are our clothes, we wore," added Katy, untying the bundle. "Oh! mother," she shouted with delight, "see what else! I didn't know these were in, or I wouldn't have thrown them down at the door," and she pulled out a number of second hand articles of clothing, such as Mrs. Carter saw at a glance would be of great use in her rising family.

Among them, Rebecca was delighted to find a suit for a little boy. Sammy had never worn boy's clothes, as it had been more convenient and economical to have him take those, his sisters had out-grown. But now he was speedily dressed, and his happy sisters declared, as they danced around him, "he looks like a real boy."

As for the young gentleman, he hardly knew how to conduct himself in his new apparel, and seemed to have business enough for the present, in walking back and forth majestically across the room, with one hand in each pocket.

Mr. Carter laughed till he cried, at the airs the little fellow assumed, and altogether the family had never passed a merrier hour, than the one which followed.

But at length quiet was restored, and Katy made the fire anew, and prepared supper for her father and mother, while Rebecca reminded her at least half a dozen times, "You know, Katy, you needn't get any for us, we've had ours, and I a'nt a bit hungry."

We must pass over many months in the history of our young friends. Spring had come with its balmy air, its buds and flowers. Many a silver coin had found its way into Mrs. Carter's purse, by the industry of her little girls, in selling dandelions to their neighbors.

But Katy could no longer be spared from home, and Rebecca with Sammy went regularly to school. The warm days which had operated so favorably on Mrs. Carter and her children, had

exhausted the little strength which remained to the husband and father. He felt that his days on earth were numbered, and he prayerfully endeavored to prepare himself for his great and last change. He suffered little pain, and it was difficult for the children to realize that he was so soon to leave them.

Mrs. Carter, however, perceived that he grew daily more feeble, and sent Katy to request the doctor to call. His physician, who had not visited him for several weeks, now saw at a glance that he was near his end. Sitting down by the bed side, he endeavored to prepare the mind of his patient for the intelligence that death was near.

He soon found, that the dying man perfectly understood his condition, and was only awaiting his summons to depart.

"I can give them all up into His hands," he answered, in reply to a remark of the doctor's. "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice. I feel safe in leaving wife and children with Him. At the request of the invalid, the physician prayed with them before he left, and promised to ask their pastor to call.

It was the Sabbath eve. The day had been uncomfortably warm and sultry, and now not a breeze stirred the air. Mr. Carter lay panting for breath, while a kind neighbor stood by him with a fan. The afflicted wife sat holding her dying husband by the hand, while her face was buried in his pillow, to smother the sobs which she could not restrain, and which she feared would disturb the last moments of the poor sufferer.

Katy sat near her mother, with her face hidden behind her little brother, whom she held in her lap. Sammy looked in wonder from one to another, and was awe stricken by the sight of their grief. Rebecca was seated in the lap of Miss Winslow, who had come in, on her way from church.

Mr. Carter has spoken his last words of love and tenderness to his wife and children. He had reminded the former of the time when her faith was tried to the utmost, and her Heavenly Father had appeared for her relief; and he besought her to remember the many promises He had made to be the widow's God, and a Father to the fatherless. He had taken each of his little flock, and had told them in a way suited to their years that

he was going to the mansion Jesus had prepared for him, and that if they wished to meet him in that bright world, they must repent of all their sins, and give their hearts to Christ, who had died for them, and who had said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Now he had done with earth, and was already beginning to taste the joys of heaven. A bright celestial smile lit up his countenance, as he whispered, "Dear — Jesus — come — oh ! Come quickly!" A slight shudder for one instant agitated his frame, and his freed spirit ascended to his dear Saviour, with whom he longed to dwell.

A solemn stillness reigned in the room, as the kind neighbor bent her head to listen for another breath. "He is gone!" said she, in a whisper, which however was heard by all in the room. The newly made widow bent over the body, pressing her lips passionately to his cold brow, while her sobs burst forth afresh. It was a long time before her kind friends could persuade her to leave the cold clay, which no longer contained the soul of him she loved.

At length, Miss Winslow whispered to Katy, who went to her mother, and taking her hand begged her to retire with them.

But I must pass over the grief of the widow and orphans ; the affecting scenes of the funeral and sepulchre of the departed, and hasten on to the conclusion of my history. In fulfilment of His gracious promises, God had raised up friends on every side, and the widow found herself in possession of many comforts, to which she had long been a stranger.

Dear Katy grew every day more of a companion and comfort to her afflicted mother, who hoped much from her influence upon her brother and sister. There was at times a look of such earnest thought, and such maturity in her expressions upon religious subjects as sent a chill through the mother's heart. She noticed that Katy often took her sister and brother into the bed room, especially upon the Sabbath, and when all in the room was quiet, she had heard her infant voice raised in prayer to God.

Summer wore on, and Katy continued to enjoy perfect health,

while Rebecca lay prostrate upon a sick bed. When the immediate danger had passed, Katy begged her mother to allow her to pick berries to sell, as many of her schoolmates were doing, during the vacation. She told so earnestly how much one and another had made, and what comforts she could procure for her sick sister, that her mother at length consented, and Katy joined her companions in great glee.

Wednesday and Thursday passed, and at the close of each day, Katy returned, weary and hungry to be sure, but with quite a little handful of silver and copper coin, which she was so happy to pour into her mother's lap, and to watch the start of surprise which it called forth.

"Mother," said she, after she had eaten her supper, "if it don't rain to-morrow, we're going to a new place, where the whortleberries are very thick. Ellen Jones says, you can pick them off, by the handful; but she doesn't pick hers clean. Mrs. Winslow said she'd take all I could pick, because they are so clean. She don't have to pick them over. "Mother," she continued, after a thoughtful pause, "I wan't to ask you two things, and I hope you'll please to let me do them. Will you?"

"I can't say, my dear, until I know what you wish."

"Well, the first one is, I wan't to know if I may take your purse, because I am afraid all the time I shall lose the money."

Encouraged by her mother's smile, Katy went on. "I don't care so much about that. The other thing is what I want most, and I hope," said she, looking lovingly up into her mother's face, "I hope you'll let me do it."

"What is it, dear?"

"Well, I want," said the child, heaving a deep sigh, on account of the importance of the subject, "I want to pick out a quart of my nicest berries, and make them a present to my teacher, because she's been so very kind to me, may I?"

"Certainly, I shall be glad to have you, and I think your little offering will please her."

"Oh, mother, I'm so glad! and may I take your best basket? I'll put currant leaves all round it, and all over the top. Won't it look beautifully!" and Katy forgot all her weariness, in her delight that she should be able to show her gratitude to her beloved teacher.

That night before Mrs. Carter retired to rest, she held the light so that it would shine upon the face of her bedfellow ; so happy did she look in her innocent sleep. "Strange," said she to herself, "that I keep gazing at her so," and she turned to the couch of Rebecca, who was now rapidly recovering. Alas ! alas ! ! Before another setting sun, she knew *too well*.—But I must not anticipate.

The next morning, Katy was up with the lark, and went through her morning duties with a velocity that surprised her mother. "I'm so happy," said she, "I feel like singing all the time." But in her hurry to join her companions, the dear child did not forget her morning prayer. She asked God to take care of her all day, and help her to be good, so that she could go to heaven with her dear father, and live with Jesus forever and ever.

It was near eleven o'clock, when Mrs. Carter was surprised to see her return with a large pail of berries. She had not generally returned until past noon.

"Oh, mother!" she said, joyfully, "I've got beautiful ones.—I want to measure out a quart quick, and carry them before dinner. May I?"

"Yes, my child ; but you had better fill the basket."

Katy ran joyfully into the small garden, and picked the largest and finest of the currant leaves. Having washed them, she laid them in the basket, and poured in the berries. She found there were nearly two quarts. Then she laid a few of the fresh leaves over the top, and ran to prepare herself for her important visit.

In a few minutes she returned, with a clean apron, having a rosy face and smooth hair, when she presented herself to her mother for a kiss.

"These in the pail are to sell, and these are for my dear teacher," she kept repeating. She reached the gate, when she suddenly turned, came into the house, and again kissed her mother, sister and brother.

In reply to a smile on her mother's face, she said, "I'm so happy, I couldn't help it ! I love every body !"

And these were the last words they ever heard from the lips

of my husband's sweet little patient. She carried her humble offering to her teacher, who fully appreciated the grateful heart which prompts it. She sold the remainder to Mrs. Winslow, and with a sunny face started for home, holding lightly in her hand the purse she had obtained leave to carry.

Passing quickly along, she was suddenly startled by a loud noise behind her, and looking around, saw that a horse broken away from his driver, and attached to a carriage, was dashing furiously along the street. In her fright, she had only time to run close to the fence by the sidewalk, when the screaming and shouting of the crowd drove the infuriated animal directly toward her. She never knew what hurt her, for though she lived till midnight, during which time her physician did not leave her, she was not conscious a moment.

Katy's last prayer was quickly answered. Her young heart was filled with love, and Jesus called her to swell the anthem of love and adoration before his throne.

The afflicted mother never regretted the prayers she had offered for her beloved child. She did not feel that she had begun too early to point her to the Saviour, as the One who could forgive all her sins and prepare her for an eternal heaven. Neither did her Sabbath school teacher regret, who had proved herself so worthy of the name of friend, that she had from time to time, Sabbath after Sabbath, instructed her pupil in the things which belonged to her everlasting peace. They had now their reward. Katy was an angel in Heaven, and would bear witness to their faithfulness and zeal in their Master's work.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

My mother's voice! how often creeps
 Its cadence on my lonely hours!
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
 Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
I might forget her melting prayer,
 While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air
 Her gentle tones come stealing by,
 And years of sin and manhood flee,
 And leave me at my mother's knee.

N. P. WILLIS.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

[SEE MUSIC AT THE END OF THIS NUMBER.]

“ She stands amidst the glinting crowd,
 The same in form and face,
 As when at first her sweet cheek glowed,
 Even in this very place.
 The same bright tresses hid her brow,
 The same rich pearls, her hair ;
 Her lip is just as roseate now,
 Her hand as soft and fair.

She looks the same young radiant bride
 As when we saw her first,
 When in her flush of happiest pride
 Upon our eyes she burst.
 And even now she leans as then
 Upon her husband's arm ;
 Yes, 'tis the very same again,
 With every faultless charm.

Yet there's a change — her eyes are still
 Most beautiful and bright ;
 But they seem within their lids to fill,
 With softer, tenderer light.
 Her voice is sweet, and rich and low,
 And just as musical ;
 But 'tis grown more like a river's flow,
 Than a fountain's laughing fall,

Still, still she smiles as radiantly,
 When friends are speaking near ;
 But in her smile there's less of glee,
 And more of bliss sincere.
 'Tis not the brilliant scene around,
 That her quiet heart beguiles ;
 In her pure spirit may be found,
 The fountain of her smiles.

Now, ever and anon, her eye
 Is fixed on vacancy,
 And she seems to listen earnestly ;
 For midst the revelry,
 In fancy comes an infant's wail,
 Or its murmuring in its sleep ;
 And the splendid hall seems cold and pale,
 When such visions o'er her creep.

And though the scene is very fair,
She wearies for her home,
And thinks the hour to take her there,
Will never, *never* come!
She who once watched time in pain,
That would too quickly flow
Oh! sure she might be *gayer* then,
But she is *happier* now."

FAMILY DEVOTION.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYBR.

A Christian merchant relates that when he commenced business he was very strict in the observance of family prayer. He required every member of his household to be present at the exercise—clerks, domestics, all. He felt that the blessing of God would abide upon him just in proportion to his fidelity in this regard. For a long time he continued faithful at the family altar, and the Lord prospered him in every enterprise. His reputation, influence, wealth, all increased from year to year. At length, however, his business became so extensive as to make slight drafts upon the time usually devoted to morning prayers. He was led to hurry through the exercise, in order that his clerks might be at their place of business betimes. In this way the tempter caused him to relax his Puritanic strictness, and finally to fall away into a wicked negligence of duty. He persuaded himself that he might omit the morning devotions in his family with impunity, now that his business was so pressing. Besides, he could pray with his companion before leaving their chamber, and this, surely, would answer. So morning prayers were omitted in the household, and the clerks hurried away to their business as soon as they swallowed their early breakfast.

Some months after this sad change in the family, Mr. — received a letter from a former clerk, one who was a member of his family when morning prayers were observed. In that letter he said, "Oh, my dear master, never, *never* shall I be able suffi-

ciently to thank you for the precious privilege with which you indulged me in your family devotions! O, sir, eternity will be too short too praise my God for what I learned there! It was there, I first beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner; it was there, I first knew the way of salvation, and there, I first experienced the preciousness of Christ formed in me, the hope of glory! O, sir, permit me to say, never, *never* neglect those precious services! You have still a family and other apprentices! May your house be the birth-place of their souls?"

The reader can easily imagine what were the merchant's feelings as he pondered this letter. He said, "I trembled, and I was alarmed lest the blood of my children and apprentices should be demanded at my soul-murdering hands. . . . , I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present I have been faithful, and have determined that whenever my business becomes so large as to interrupt family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotions."

The above incident is replete with instruction. Nor is it a solitary case of the kind. It may be a marked example, but kindred cases are very common. Multitudes of Christian fathers allow their daily business to interfere with family devotions. They may not become so worldly as entirely to omit the exercise, but they hurry through it in such a manner as to render it well nigh a solemn mockery. The Scriptures are read in great haste, perhaps with half the interest and feeling that the record of a rail-road accident is perused in a daily paper; and then the prayer is uttered in the same driving, impatient, hurrying way; and off goes the suppliant to his trade or office, having read and prayed in the shortest possible time. The hasty way of doing business at the present day enters altogether too much into our devotions. Thousands cannot spare time to pray with their families, except in a hurry. They are as avaricious in respect to time as money, making the most of the former in order to make more of the latter. There is a serious defect in many Christian families, and it affords one reason why so few happy results flow from family devotions. That this exercise may be the medium of great blessings to the household is evident from the power of prayer and from facts.

Dr. Scott lived to see his numerous family of children converted to God ; and he ever regarded their conversion to be the result of family devotion. A short time before his death, he said, " I look back upon my conduct in this respect with peculiar gratitude, as one grand means of my uncommon measure of domestic comfort, and of bringing down upon my children the blessings which God has been pleased to bestow upon them."

Says a minister of Christ, " My heart turns to the family altar where first I knelt by a mother's side, and a father lifted his voice in supplication. Impressions were then made which time has never effaced. With the first hour of waking, and the last hour before repose, the breath of prayer mingled. It arrested our youthful feet at the close of each day, and lingered on our ear, as we laid our heads on the pillow. Like the still, calm light, it blessed the dawn and the twilight."

Such testimony to the value of family prayer might be almost indefinitely multiplied ; but this is sufficient. In all such examples of its blessed influence it will be found that much time and attention were devoted to the exercise. It was made a primary, and not a secondary, duty of each day. The Bible was not merely read, but expounded. Prayer was not merely said, a dull, dead formality, but offered as a genuine sacrifice of the heart.

(To be continued.)

THE BARTLETT PEAR.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE PLATE AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS NUMBER.]

Take from our homes all the pleasures immediately or remotely dependent upon fruit, and how large a portion of their happiness would depart ! We shall account it an honor, if we can multiply and diffuse these pleasures, if we can awaken in any of our fruit-growing readers, a warmer gratitude to the Author of all our mercies for such a source of enjoyment, if we can quicken their zeal in this department of labor, or if we can persuade others to plant trees, that they and their families may eat the fruit thereof.

For this purpose, we intend to insert occasionally in our pages, plates of the best varieties of fruit, accompanied with historical sketches, descriptions and remarks on the arts of their cultivation. In this department, we expect the aid of some of the best pomologists in the country.

We commence with the pear, because it is our favorite fruit; and we have selected the Bartlett, for if we had but one variety, it should be this. It is well known and universally popular. The Horticulturalist pronounces it "every way worthy to be placed at the head of the list. No other variety has stood the test of so many climates and localities. It is cultivated throughout the country, and is a special favorite in New England.

It originated in Berkshire, England, about the year 1770, and was introduced by a Mr. Williams, a nurseryman, near London, and there called, '*William's Bon Chretien*' by which name it is still known in that country. In the French and Belgian catalogues it is called '*Williams*', or '*Poire Guillaume*'; latterly they add, '*Bartlett of the Americans*.' The name Bartlett, by which it is almost universally known in this country, was originally given to it in consequence of its being imported and first grown here by ENOCH BARTLETT, of Roxbury, Mass., who lost the name under which it was sent to him. It was forwarded to him from England, about the year 1799, so that it has been now upwards of half a century in this country; but it has not been widely known more than half of this period.

The fruit is large; on young, vigorous trees, often *very* large, in some cases weighing a pound. Its form is pyramidal, irregular; its surface, quite uneven; its skin, smooth, and light yellow, with a delicate blush frequently on the sunny side; its stalk, stout and fleshy, an inch to an inch and a-half long, and but slightly sunk; its calyx, open and shallow; its basin, very slightly plaited; its flesh, white, fine grained and buttery, with a rich, musky perfume, not wholly agreeable to many tastes. It ripens throughout the month of September. Few pears admit of being picked so soon as the *Bartlett*, for they ripen well when gathered, even before they are fully grown; and this quality is of great value, as it allows them to be picked and transmit-

ted to markets at a considerable distance. The tree is a handsome, erect grower, vigorous, and exceedingly productive, bearing quite young, both on pear and quince bottoms. It is readily distinguished by its narrow folded leaves and yellowish shoots. It takes and grows well on the quince, but is so disposed to fruitfulness, as to become very soon enfeebled, unless pruned pretty closely annually, and the soil about its roots kept in a condition to afford abundant nourishment. The reason why this pear is short-lived on the quince, is, that the course of management is not adapted to its habits."

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

"MELCHISEDEC," "LIKE UNTO THE SON OF GOD."—Heb. 7 1 ... 3.

They were alike in name, the first being called King of Righteousness, King of Peace; and the second, Branch of Righteousness, Sun of Righteousness, Prince of Peace.

They were alike in office, both being royal priests. Melchisedec was priest of the most High God and King of Salem; and Christ was High Priest and King of kings. Neither was illustrious by birth. Melchisedec was "without father, without mother, without descent," that is, of ignoble parentage. Of such a person Livy says, he was "born without father;" and Horace, he was "born without ancestors." So Philo calls Sarah motherless, meaning that her name appeared not in the national records or sacred genealogies. The Arabs now say of such a person, she has no mother, no father. Melchisedec was not enrolled in the catalogue of priests and had no lineal successor in that office, "having neither beginning of days nor end of life;" that is, either his birth and death are unknown in history or his priestly office, unlike that of the sons of Aaron which was entered upon at thirty and terminated at fifty years of age, had no prescribed limits. So Christ was born of poor and unrenowned parents, of Joseph and Mary, who were not of the children of Aaron, and

therefore neither they nor their son had any natural claim to the title and immunities of the priesthood. Was Melchisedec's priesthood more durable than that of Aaron? So was Christ's; he "abideth a priest continually." Did Melchisedec receive tithes of Abraham? Christ was lifted up that he might draw all men unto him, the low and high, vassals and crowned heads. "Such an High Priest became us," "made higher than the heavens,"—"holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners,"—to whom "every knee should bow, and every tongue confess," and whom heaven adores. Seeing that we have such a royal High Priest, "let us come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

PASSING EVENTS.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

In our last, we spoke of the only event of this kind, believed by Protestants, to have occurred in the history of the world. But the officials of the Roman church have lately extended the idea, expressed by these words, to the origin of the mother of Jesus, as well as to that of her son. But the action was not unanimous; out of five hundred and seventy-six, thirty-two questioned its propriety, and four protested against the dogma. Rumor says that many serious and sensible Roman Catholics are much disturbed by this addition to their creed. If their church is infallible in its adoption, did she not err egregiously before she received it? Has absolution been dispensed for that sin of omission?

The question on which this decision has been pronounced was not whether Mary, like Jesus, was conceived supernaturally; not, what saith the Bible, for the Scriptures are silent on the subject; but whether the mother of our Lord in her inception was infected with original sin?

On this question Roman Catholics have been divided, from the days of Paschase Radbert, the real father of the doctrine of the immaculate conception of Mary, as well as of that of transubstantiation, a man who found a powerful opponent in St. Bernard, in 1140 A. D. The Dominicans followed one, and the Franciscans the other. The controversy has descended in the Papacy from age to age; neither will this decision terminate it. One party maintains that Mary was conceived free from the taint of original sin; the other, that she

was originally infected therewith, but was marvellously delivered from it before her birth. Let Pius IX. and his council decide this question, and let all their followers who will, believe their decision ; we are content to restrict the terms *immaculate conception* to the origin of the human nature of our blessed Lord, because so far the Scriptures are explicit ; but farther than this, they give us no knowledge. As Protestants we take the *Bible* as we have it in king James' version, *the whole Bible, and nothing else*, for our perfect religious guide.

The Mormons.—The king of Prussia not long ago sent to his ministers of state in Washington, D. C. and in London, for all the publications of this religious sect issued by the American and English presses. This, that denomination regarded as an indication of his royal favor toward them and their sentiments. Elated and flattered by the prospect of coronation and enthronement, they speedily resolved on a deputation to acknowledge the compliment and to encourage what they supposed, his designs. But when the commissioners reached Berlin, instead of being saluted and welcomed by his Highness, they were met by policemen and armed soldiers, who arrested them, and conducted them to the inferior court, where they were critically examined and ordered to leave the city and kingdom the next morning. One more leap is requisite, ye followers of Joe Smith, to reach the throne. Before you attempt another such mission, would it not be well to consult your prophet by some of the spiritual mediums about its practicability and probable success ?

The War.—No decisive engagement has yet transpired between the belligerent powers in the Crimea, since the sanguinary battle of Inkermann, on the *Sabbath*, the fifth of November, a battle in which the Russian soldiers were excited by drink, each carrying a bottle as well as a cartridge-box. Report says that Russia and the Allies are recovering from that terrible irruption of the war-spirit, recruiting their armies, and preparing for other conflicts, of which the printing press and daguerreotype saloon connected with the camp of the Allies will undoubtedly give us accounts and pictures. The allied forces are estimated as high as two hundred thousand men, and the Russian cannot be much less. Austria, it is said, has assumed the defence of the Principalities, and relieves the Turkish troops. A treaty between this power and England and France, exactly defining previous stipulations for peace, has been drawn up, signed by their commissioners, and sent to the Czar. How long shall the voice of

these nations be for war and the rest of Christendom offer no general and united plea for peace? Is it not time to stay this stream of blood? We rejoice to hear young America talking about peace, mediation and the like.

The Jews. — God delights to bring good out of evil. The war in Russia has driven many of the children of Abraham into England. The Abrahamic Society in the latter country reports grants to one hundred and twenty-three Jewish Converts.

Large subscriptions have been made by wealthy Jews in Austria, Prussia and other European countries, to enable some of the most intelligent and enterprising of their Jewish brethren in Asia to travel westward and learn the arts of a more perfect civilization. May the prayers of Christians open their ears to hear of Him whom their fathers crucified!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Japan. — America first leaped her walls; but England follows the example. The overland mail has brought to London the news of a treaty between the British Government and Japan, by which two of the ports of the latter are to be open to the vessels and trade of the former.

China. — Letters as late as the last of October or the fore part of November report disorder and fanatacism among the revolutionists. At this, doubtless, some unbelievers will carp, while fearful and unintelligent disciples will fear the worst consequences. But it would be well for both to inquire, what great moral revolution has ever been exempt from such extravagances? When a thunder-cloud breaks, scuds and vapors must be expected before the serene sky appears. Ashes, cinders and smoke are to be looked for after such an eruption.

Africa. — The Mendi Mission enjoyed an interesting work of grace the last season.

Rome. — The formal declaration of the immaculate conception of Mary and the coronation of the virgin took place in St. Peters, Sabbath morning, January 8th, with the pageantry and pomp for which the papacy enjoys an unenviable reputation. Her functionaries as-

sembled in council with the pope at their head, have published a form of prayer for the conversion of the Greek church to their faith and offer to all who repeat the same devoutly indulgence for three hundred days, and plenary indulgence to all who repeat it daily for a month, and then come to confession. Do they need *confession* for repeating the prayer?

Sweden. — The officers of this government have been ordered to seize the children of her Baptist subjects, and to cause the rite of infant baptism to be administered to them. We have thought and written upon this ordinance; but we never expected to live to see it administered at the point of the bayonet, nor become a baptism of fire.

Spain. — The bloody wave of revolution has dashed over this country, but the Queen survives the shock, and is regaining her sceptre and her throne amidst the discontent, murmurings and threats of a portion of her subjects.

England and France. — The councils of these nations are in session, deliberating about the prosecution of the war with Russia. To us who have seen them in other days fight each other like tigers, it is a little amusing to hear their mutual laudations and to read their resolutions complimentary to their respective armies. We sincerely hope that they may be affianced for life, and when this war terminates, may prove themselves equally zealous in the division of spoils, in the amicable settlement of their accounts, and in the cultivation of the arts of peace. But we have our fears as well as our hopes in respect to their future.

The British parliament has passed a bill authorizing the recruiting officers to enlist in her army German and Swiss soldiers. She needs some of the thousands of her Irish subjects whom she has sent to this country. By immigration alone her population decreased during three months last summer, more than forty thousand. She now feels her want of them, not only to recruit her army, but also to limit the rise in the price of labor, to run her manufactories, to cultivate her soil, and to prosecute other arts of life. We are not sure whether this want of England or the Native American sentiment and party of our own country will do more to stay or turn back the tide of immigration which has been so long rising, dashing over our hills, and rushing through our vallies.

Kossuth is assistant-editor of the London Times, an excellent po-

sition for him to occupy in order to wait and watch for the redemption of his beloved Hungary.

Poland.—We see it reported that the Czar has ordered a hundred thousand additional troops to this dependence of his vast empire. The scene in the great European drama, now acting, is yet to be displayed when these two down-trodden and oppressed servants of autocratic tyranny, Poland and Hungary, shall rise from their degraded vassalage, and appear upon the stage free, fair and powerful. The time for this development is not yet; but we hope, and pray, and believe that it will come.

Switzerland.—Her Federal Council forbids any of her soldiers to enlist in the army of other nations or to engage in the war of the Crimea.

Judea still fruitful.—After the reports of certain travellers and naturalists, respecting the present barrenness of the land of Judea, it is gratifying to read the following in the report of one sent to examine the country in this particular:—“I saw quince trees with four hundred specimens of fruit; vines with a hundred large bunches of grapes, some of them three feet long with berries, each three inches in circumference; Indian corn eleven feet high; watermelons weighing twenty, thirty and forty pounds apiece.” Infidels who laugh at the Scriptural account of the grapes of Eshcol, should ponder such statements. Nor is there any real contradiction between this report and that of travellers who speak of its barrenness; doubtless parts of it are as barren as they represent, while other parts possess the fertility here spoken of.

Sardinia.—These States which had previously expelled the Jesuits, have introduced into their present parliament a bill for the suppression of all monastic institutions, except those for public instruction and charity. We shall watch the course of this bill with lively interest, and should rejoice to see it pass into a law, and extend its influence through Italy.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Another flood threatened.—An appeal to the women in the State of New York, has been issued by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in behalf of the Woman’s Rights Convention, calling for petitions from

every County in the Empire State to its Legislature, in furtherance of the objects of the Convention. The address concludes with this terrible threat —

“ But should there be any county so benighted that a petition cannot be circulated throughout its length and breadth, giving to every man and woman an opportunity to sign their names, then we pray . . . that the ‘Napoleons’ of this movement will *flood* it with Woman’s Rights Tracts and Missionaries.” — Get your ark ready!

Tide of Immigration turning. — We were not a little surprised and grieved by perceiving, some weeks ago, an article in the Edinburgh Review, on the management and disposal of the criminal population of that country, by the recommendation to send the same to the United States; and we were rejoiced to learn from a recent number of the Journal of Commerce, that a ship load of this kind of surplus from Belgium, has been sent from New York back to the port from which it came. Fifteen thousand were sent back from that city alone, between the first of May and the fifteenth of November. Success to every such enterprise!

New Governments. — Since our last issue, new governments have been constituted in many of our cities and States. Mayor Wood, of New York, has taken hold of the plough of reform with a strong hand; and those best acquainted with him, entertain no fears of his looking back.

Gov. Gardner has made his debut on the stage of Native Americanism in the Old Bay State, by a somewhat questionable exercise of the power of the Executive over the Militia of this Commonwealth, disbanding several companies of foreigners.

Massachusetts Senator. — Gen. Wilson, of Natick, was elected to the United States Senate by the House of Representatives, on the twenty-second, and by the Senate on the thirty-first of January, for the unexpired term of Hon. Edward Everett, resigned, and of Hon. Julius Rockwell, appointed by the Executive.

Kansas. — The report in our last, of scarcity in that territory, was derived from various exchanges. A gentleman, who has recently returned from that district, thinks it needs qualification. [See *Kansas and Nebraska*, under book notices.] From all that we have read and heard on this subject, and from the history of most new settlements, it appears to us probable, that while plenty may bless

some companies of the settlers, scarcity may distress others; and this may account for apparent discrepancies in the reports.

We are exceedingly happy to learn that the territorial governor and his subalterns are making vigorous efforts to take the census of the territory, and by registration, to prevent the corruption of elections before the choice of a territorial legislature, which may decide the question whether it shall seek admission into the Union as a free State.

Congress. — Mr. Barry, of Miss., made an attack, in the House of Representatives, upon the Native American, or Know Nothing party, to which Mr. Banks, of Mass. replied, charging the Pope and the Papacy with political designs and with interference with government. Mr. Chandler, of Pennsylvania, denied the charge, and maintained that Catholicism is not a politico-religious system; and if it should attempt to exercise civil power in this country, or to interfere with politics, the members of that communion would be among the first to cry out against the usurpation. Do you believe it?

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Revivals. — It is pleasant to discover, in our numerous exchanges, evidence that God has not forsaken his people. We notice reports of refreshings from his presence in Houston, Mooresville, Vincennes, Raglesville, Kokoino, Manilla, Camden, Selma, Gilboa, New Washington, Jonesville, Hartford, Ia.; in Dunbarton, Westerville, Waterville, Springfield, Etna, Seioto, Ohio; in Glasgow, Iowa; in Mulberry Grove, Ill.; in Palestine, Va.; in Danville, Vt.; in Wakefield, R. I.; in Sacramento, Stockton, Jane Valley, and Columbia, Cal., and in several other places. The Lord multiply these showers of grace, till the whole earth shall have been refreshed!

The Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions has issued an appeal to its patrons for additional aid to relieve present embarrassments, and to enable it to prosecute its worthy enterprise with increased efficiency, and to extend the sphere of its action.

The Am. B. C. F. Missions. — The Prudential Committee of this body have recently appropriated three hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars to the various stations under its care for the current

year. Its last annual report speaks of its missions generally, as prosperous, and of the field as white and ready for the harvest.

LITERARY RECORD.

The New England Historical Genealogical Society. — The object of this association is to collect, preserve and disseminate the local and general history of New England and the genealogy of New England families. Its rooms are on Tremont Street, and its valuable library is kept by Rev. Luther Farnham. Its mission is important, and its labors therein abundant and of inestimable value to individuals and families, to the State and the Church. Its annual meeting was on the third of January.

THE BIBLICAL REPERTORY. — All the articles of this number are of a high order; we were particularly gratified with the third, fifth, and seventh. The first is on the studies and discipline of the Preacher; the second, on the plan and purpose of Patriarchal History; the third, on the Exigesis of Heb. vi. 4 — 8; the fourth, on the World in the Middle Ages; the fifth, on Recent Works upon Mental Philosophy; the sixth, on Naham's Prophecy concerning Nineveh; the seventh, on the Memoir of Dr. Archibald Alexander; the eighth, notices of books; and ninth, Literary Intelligence.

Monthlies — Harpers', Peterson's, Graham's, the Ladies' Repository, The National Magazine, The Ladies' Wreath, The Mother's Journal, The Monthly Jubilee, The Genesee Farmer, and the United States Magazine, have been received and their contents examined with interest and pleasure.

Weeklies. — The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, by Mayor Smith, with several scores of newspapers, have come to hand, and from them we have gleaned our summary of foreign and domestic intelligence.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES. — That in Princeton has one hundred and nine in the regular course of study; that in New York City has ninety-six; and that in Andover has one hundred and five.

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN EUROPE. — Thirty students from our own country are this season attending lectures in the University in

Berlin. When will America afford such opportunities to her scholars, as will supercede the necessity of their going to Europe to complete their education or their literary works?

BOOK NOTICES.

KANZAS AND NEBRASKA.—This is the title of a duodecimo of 256 pages, by Edward E. Hale, from that enterprising publishing house, Phillips, Sampson & Co., of this city. It contains the history, geographical and physical characteristics, and political position of those territories, with an account of the Emigrant Aid Companies and directions to emigrants. It has a map drawn from the latest surveys. This work is very seasonable, written with no labored ornaments of style, but so far as we can judge a clear and faithful expression of the truth on a subject upon which thousands desire information. It will well reward its reader. We cordially commend it to public attention.

‘THE CHEERFUL HEART,’ ‘THE ANGEL CHILDREN,’ ‘COUNTRY LIFE,’ and ‘THE CHARM,’ are from the same firm, four small volumes for children, elegantly printed and bound, and illustrated with pictures, well adapted to instruct and delight them, not of a very positively religious character, yet of a good social and moral tendency, well adapted for gift-books.

NEW MUSIC, published by O. Ditson, Boston, 115 Washington Street: —
Midnight, by H. E. Dow; — New London City Guards March; — Short Melodies for the ORGAN; — Casket of Jewels, 5, by J. Rocca; — La Grace Mazurke; — Greeting to Rogersville, for the Piano forte; — One smile from thee; — The Redowa, for Piano forte; — The Slave Mother; — The Old Familiar Faces; — Songs of Ireland; — White Swallow and Favorite Waltz; — Cascade and Reindeer Polkas, composed for the Piano.

THE WARDROBE AND FASHIONS.

For Gentlemen.—Surtouts are made with short waists, and long skirts, and Frock-coats in similar style with large sleeves stitched about the edges. The fashion of sacks continues as in preceding months. Dress-coats should be made with short waists, skirts of medium length, and lined with silk or satin, sleeves without cuffs, and collars rolling. Pantaloons are cut quite long with spring bottoms.

For Boys.—Roundabout jackets with collar turned down with bow in front, and pants are still in vogue; some wear cloaks and capes.

For Ladies.—There is nothing new, says Peterson, in the general style of ladies dresses this month. Basques are still very much worn, though they are slowly going out of fashion. They are not seen at all in evening dress. Jackets of white and black lace are much worn. They are appropriate for public assemblies and for a style of evening costume somewhat more simple than what is usually understood by full dress. A jacket of a very elegant kind has been made of rows of needlework and lace insertion, ranged alternately and in a slanting direction from the shoulders to the waist. The basque, which is somewhat longer than those previously worn, and the rows of lace and needle-work run straight—that is to say, the ends are carried up so as to make those in front round instead of regular. The sleeves are finished by a deep fall of

lace, and are gathered up by rows of satin ribbon with long flowing ends. The same style of jacket has been made in black lace and velvet, the rows of lace consisting of guipure insertion. Another has been made entirely of black chantilly, the pattern being enriched by the addition of black velvet *application*, and the trimming being cut velvet.

Sleeves, intended for full evening dress, consist merely of full puffings of tulle, confined by bands of white satin ribbon, or of ribbon in accordance with the dress, finished by bows with flowing ends. Sometimes the tulle banillons are covered by falls of blonde or Honiton lace.

Lace Scarfs are also very much worn in evening dress, but as these are exceedingly expensive when of a fine quality, scarfs of illusion often take their place, and are generally more becoming, particularly to a youthful face and figure, as they have a most airy lightness of appearance.

FUN AND FROLIC.

Under this head, we intend to give such specimens of wit and humor falling under our observation as we think, will entertain our readers,—also such healthful sports and recreations as every wise parent occasionally desires, if not for himself, yet certainly for his children. But our pages are full, and we must defer our debut in this department till our next issue.

HOUSEWIFERY.

Kitchen Economy.—Never waste anything, but have places and purposes for all articles in your keeping. Habits of economy are easily acquired, and the cook would do well to consider how much more valuable she must be to her employer, and how much more she will be respected, if she be careful and make the most of the property intrusted to her charge, than if she uses it wastefully.—*The Genesee Farmer*.

Love the first law of the Household.—With love constantly cherished, cultivated and manifested by all the members of a family, the humblest dwelling may become like a delightful and productive garden, full of beauty and sweet-ness; but without the affections which each owes the other, the most princely habitation will become like a hedge of thorns wounding all who enter it.

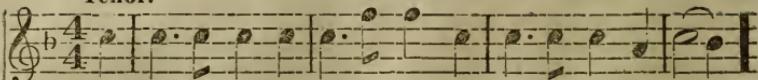
THE FLOWER STAND AND CONSERVATORY.

These are now presenting us fine specimens of the beauty of the Floral kingdom; Camellias, Roses, Ericas and Epacris, Verbenas, Accacias, Lawrus-tinus, Azaleas, Habrothamnus, Geraniums, Tropeolums, Orange, Lemons, Eupatoriums, Heliotropes, Daphnes and Perpetual Pinks. These are found in the bouquets in the flower-stores of this city: They adorn the festive board, diffuse a balmy fragrance in the house of mourning, and make the bridal face of beauty smile. *Flowers!* Who does not love them? Let every young lady have her flower-stand, and every young gentleman his garden; and what is more and better, let them take care of them and delight in them, and they may expect health, intelligence and virtue.

THE HAPPY HOME.

Poetry by Mary Grace Halpine. — Music by J. C. Johnson.

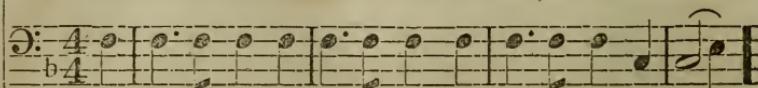
Tenor.



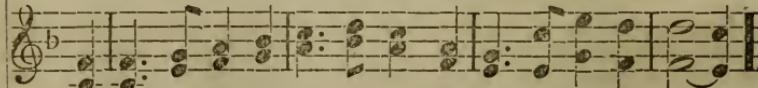
When our full soul is tempest-torn, All wea-ry and op-pressed,
'Tis where the cheerful fire burns high, Our dear and hap-py home;



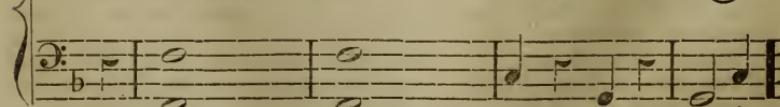
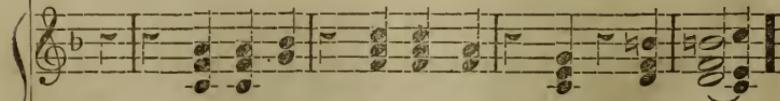
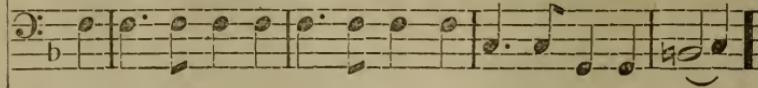
The cherished friends of ear-ly youth, How beau-ti-ful they seem!



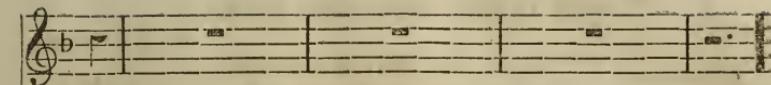
Where is the place to which we turn, The spot we love the best?
To it we turn a wish-ful eye, Where'er our foot-steps roam.



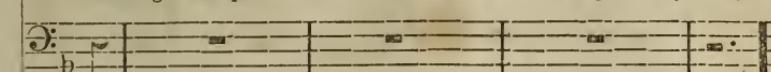
How sweet, in their un-sul-lied truth! How peaceful and se-rene!



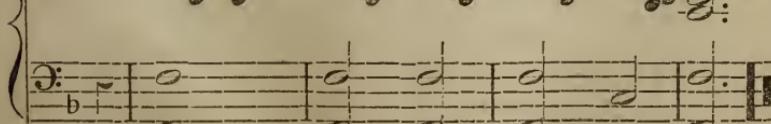
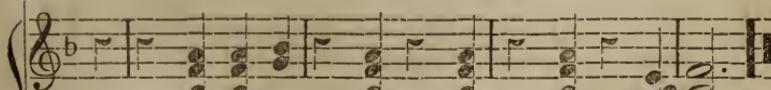
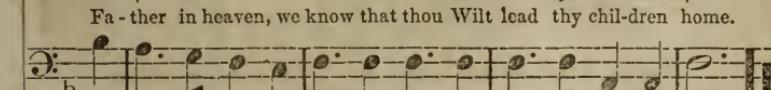
THE HAPPY HOME.



"Tis not the gifts that for-tune brings, Which make that place so fair;



Nor yet the light that grandeur flings; *The friends we love are there—*



“Soft is the Morning Dew.”

DUETT.

BY G. J. WEBB.

POETRY BY MRS. MARY H. MAXWELL.

Andantino.

Soft is the morning dew Resting on flowers; Gentle the
balmy breath, 'Mid summer bowers; Green is the moss-couch
Spread to re - - pose; Sweet o'er the heather hill The wild flower blows.
Sweet o'er the heather hill The wild flower blows.

2.
Dew on the bright flowers
Soon glides away;
Calm breath of Summer
Speeds on its way—
Yellow the moss-bed,
Bleak is the hill—
•| Gone are the silver buds, |:
•| Hushed is the rill.

3.
Days without number,
Thus on the wing,
Fly as the shadow
Glides o'er the hill;

Star of the morning,
Gilding our bloom,
•| Lights up at evening
Our path to the tomb. |:

4.
Not this our Eden home,
Rocked by the blast—
Not this our beacon star,
Fading so fast;
Dark though the stormy hours,
Fleeting and short—
•| Bark of our pilgrimage |:
•| Soon is at part |:



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DAPHNE ODORA VARIETY RUBRA



THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING, ALSO I SAMUEL III.]

It was a season of extreme degeneracy in Israel. Sacrificial rites were mere formalities, and corruption reigned with undisputed sway. God had given no ambiguous intimations of his displeasure, by the silence of his oracular voice in the sanctuary. It was long since he had spoken to his people by Urim or Thummim, by dreams or visions. "The word of the Lord was precious in those days ; there was no open vision."

The ancient tabernacle, "made according to the pattern shewed to Moses" at Sinai, still stood on mount Moriah. It was a quadrangular structure, forty-five feet by fifteen. It was divided into two apartments ; one fifteen feet square called the holy of holies ; and the other thirty by fifteen, called the holy place, or sanctuary. These rooms were separated by the veil which was rent from top to bottom at the death of the Son of God. In the smaller of these sacred rooms was the ark, a little chest four feet long by two and a half in width and the same in height ; and within it were the two tables of the law, a small pot or jar of manna, and Aaron's rod that budded. Its lid, overlaid with gold, was the mercy-seat on which the high priest annually sprinkled the blood of the sacrifice, on the day of atonement, and toward the ends of which stood two carved figures of angels, called cherubim, overshadowing it with their wings, while a resplendent light, like the holy fire which Moses saw in the bush, shone between them. This was called the Shechinah, and was a visible symbol of God's presence. Into this apartment no person except the high priest could enter. In the larger of these rooms were the altar of incense, the table of shew-bread, crowned with twelve loaves, and the golden candlestick with its branches in which lights still burned, while night's sable curtain rested on all without.

On the sides of the tabernacle were smaller rooms, some of which opened into the sanctuary and were designed for the accommodation of the priests, their pupils and servants,—rooms in which were stored pontifical robes, sacrificial instruments and other sacred utensils of Judaism, together with family-genealogies and national records. They were the dormitories and dressing-rooms of the officiating priest. It was probably in one of these private apartments that the scene here described occurred.

In imagination, let us draw near and behold it. The hour of midnight is passing. Darkness like a heavy pall rests on the tabernacle, and the thousands of Jerusalem are sleeping in security. We enter the sanctuary where “the lamp of God” still reveals to us the sublime objects above specified. We pass through a side entrance into the priest’s chamber where the light of a taper glimmers on the walls. Approach softly that couch in the corner of the room, upon which rests a man whose bald head, grey beard and furrowed cheeks tell us that the tide of his life is ebbing. It is Eli the high priest, whose eyes are dim with age, and who sleeps securely despite the manifestations of divine wrath about him, the warnings which prophecy has pronounced, and the reiterated complaints which the godly in Zion have poured on his ear. Alas, that he should sleep so soundly beneath impending judgments! Oh that he appreciated the forbearance which has spared him four and a half scores of years! Look on him and receive instruction. He is a descendant of Aaron by his son Ithamar, and the first of that line who has filled this high and sacred office, previously conferred on the posterity of Eleazar. His natural sleep is a significant emblem of his moral insensibility.

Turn from him and pass into an adjoining room. There upon a pallet rests a lovely boy in the peaceful slumber of innocence. The smile which plays about his lip betokens a heart at peace with his Maker. His countenance is fair and beautiful, and his hair lies in graceful tresses upon his neck and shoulders. His twelfth year has not yet completed its course, though five years have passed since his fond mother presented him here and placed him under this master in Israel. Here he has trimmed the lamps, opened and shut the doors of the tabernacle, taken

care of the priest's chamber and other apartments, studied the sacred records, and grown in divine knowledge. Secreted from observation, let us watch his awaking.

Behold, a supernatural light appears, and a mysterious voice speaks, "Samuel!"

He answers, "Here am I,"—running to Eli, repeating the declaration, and adding, "Thou didst call me."

The venerable priest replies, "I called not; lie down again."

The lovely boy obeys; but soon as he has resumed his slumbers the same light re-appears, and the same voice calls again, "Samuel!"

He arises as before, hastens to his aged teacher, and receives from him the same reply. Be not surprised that the divine origin of the call escapes the perception of the boy and also the understanding of the priest, for we are told that "Samuel did not yet know the Lord; neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him,"—and we should remember that the spiritual discernment of Eli had been impaired, if not by age, yet certainly, by his participation in the religious declension of his countrymen and by the long silence of the oracular voice of an offended God.

But upon the third announcement the priest awakes to the reality that this voice is from God. Therefore he says to the lad, "Go, lie down; and it shall be, if he call thee, thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

Straight the boy obeys. But how can he sleep in momentary expectation of the visible symbol of the divine presence, and of the audible sound of the Almighty's voice? Again the cry is heard, "Samuel! *Samuel!!*"

In obedience to his instructions, he says, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." God then reveals to him the sad fate of Eli and of his house; the light vanishes; and silence reigns.

Such was the call; and such, the inauguration of this young prophet. How similar it was to that of Moses to be the deliverer and ruler of Israel (Ex. iii,) and also to that of Saul of Tarsus to be the apostle of Christ to the Gentiles (Acts ix)! Dreadful indeed was the first prophetic message with which he was charged. It made the ears of every one that heard it tin-

gle. We can readily conceive that it must have driven sleep affrighted from his eye-lids, been the theme of his meditation the remainder of the night and have inspired his earnest prayer for strength from on high to obey it. But the lessons which his devoted mother had taught him, his consecration to the divine service and that personal piety which gave his whole character completeness and beauty, fixed his decision. He resolved upon implicit obedience as soon as a favorable opportunity presented.

Morning dawned. He arose, and according to his custom "opened the doors of the house of the Lord," and put all things in order for the sacred employments of the day and the place. He was overheard by his venerable master whose solicitude about the nature and import of these night visions disturbed his sleep and constrained him to cry, "Samuel, my son!"

The dutiful boy presented himself and answered "Here am I."

Eli arose upon his couch while the dear youth stood before him in the manner represented in the plate, and said, "What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee? I pray thee hide it not from me." He would know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Therefore he put him under a kind of oath, saying "God do so to thee and more also, if thou hide any thing from me of all the things which he said unto thee."

Samuel told him "every whit;" how that God was about to fulfil the threatenings pronounced against him, his sons and people by a man of God, sent to him twenty years earlier (1 Samuel ii: 27—36), that he would soon raise up a more faithful priest to minister in the place of himself and his posterity, and that he would reduce to extreme poverty and distress such of his descendants as survived the approaching storm of displeasure. Not one jot or title of that prophecy failed; all was fulfilled. He announced not only their doom, but also their iniquity which had procured it, and assured them that a long-suffering God had at length filled up the measure of his forbearance, and therefore that neither forgiveness nor reformation could avert from them impending judgments. Their guilt was

of so deep a dye, and so indurated that the flint of their hearts could not be converted to flesh nor their iniquity purged "with sacrifice or offering." They must surely die.

We cannot at present speak minutely of the history which records the fulfilment of this prophecy—of that aged priest whose neck broke under the stroke of God's avenging rod—of his sons weltering and dying on their gory bed upon the battle-field—of Israel discomfited and fleeing before her enemies—of the ark of God taken by the Philistines—of Abimelech his great grand-son and eighty four priests of his house slain in one day by Doeg the Edomite—of others in great numbers who perished by the hand of Saul that slew the Lord's priests—and that spared among his descendants only Abiathar. Him, he reduced to the greatest extremity, and by his death the race of this too indulgent father and conniving priest terminated. Sufficient for us if this brief of that history be received and heeded as a warning against the sins which made this magazine of wrath burst upon their guilty heads, and which, if we avoid them not, will bring ruin upon *us* with equal certainty.

Our fears respecting the future state of Eli find relief from his submission to the divine will. He said "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." No wonder, the fame of this vision and of these predictions flew over the land from Dan to Beersheba, and that Samuel was henceforth reckoned among the prophets. Like the Saviour, he grew in stature and in wisdom, in favor with God and men. To him, the Lord continued to reveal himself in Shiloh by the word and spirit of prophecy. These revelations and others which succeeded them and the fulfilment of the whole soon established his authority as a prophet in Israel.

The future course of this master in Israel was as auspicious as its beginning. On the death of Eli, his influence and popularity increased, so that he next appears in sacred history, after a lapse of twenty years, as a great reformer, assembling the tribes at Mizpeh, where he was acknowledged their prophetic judge, and where he prevailed against their enemies by prayer and close alliance to the Lord of hosts. In these days of politi-

cal chicanery, it is delightful to think of him, seated in the high place of power,—not by artifice and bargain,—not by the fortuitous triumph of a party, nor by military courage, but by his great personal worth,—by the excellent spirit that was in him,—by his intrepidity, integrity, and true piety. Thrice happy people whose ruler possesses such qualifications! The gift of prophecy is not necessary to foretell their prosperity. These awaken the expectation of peace within their own borders, and of their victory over their enemies (1. Sam. vii: 14.) He was a circuit-judge, holding courts in the four quarters of his dominions—at Ramah, in Bethel, Gilgal, and Mizpeh; for the seat of the Jewish theocracy was removed from Shiloh on the death of Eli, and was not re-established there till the government assumed a regal form. In him commenced a prophetic line which continued till the advent of the Son of God. He founded the schools of the prophets, the theological seminaries of that age and country, which exerted a powerful and salutary influence upon the morals and religion of the nation. His two sons, whom he appointed deputy-judges, inherited but little of his spirit (1 Sam. viii: 3,) and their perversion of public justice was among the causes which led the people to assemble at Ramah, and ask him to appoint a king over them. He anointed Saul, who carried the triumph of Jewish arms through the provinces of Israel which had been seized by the Philistines and the Amalakites, but who consulted him and acted by his advice in his administration, showing the superiority of his personal influence, even in his old age, to the regal power. He died in advanced life, universally lamented.

He was great and illustrious. But where lay his strength? What were the elements of his success? For these, we must revert to the antecedents of his youth and childhood. Who bid this star of a brighter day in Israel arise? Who prayed, and waited, and watched for its appearing? It was Elkanah and Hannah; it was emphatically the latter who received this son of her prayers and vows from God, in answer to her earnest, believing, and prevalent supplications,—who gave him a name significant of that fact, “asked of God,”—who at his consecration poured forth the pious reflections and aspirations of her

soul in a strain of Hebrew poetry of unsurpassed beauty and force (Sam. ii: 1-10,)—and who, in the concluding words of her song, looked with an eye of faith from this child which God had so marvellously given her, to Him who was to be her future King, the Anointed of God, the promised Messiah.

It is not probable that he was under her special tutilage and care more than seven years. Yet what a commendation of her physical education of him during that period do we read in his manly figure, in his healthful and blooming countenance!—of her moral and religious nurture of him, in his habit of early rising, in his industry, and his delight in the service of the tabernacle,—in his resistance of the power of the corrupt example of Hophini and Phinehas,—in his prompt and cheerful obedience of Eli, which prepared him to yield himself wholly unto God and to hearken to his voice,—in every quality of his character, formed after the Scriptural, and therefore the only true, model,—and in his whole history, luminous with the light of God's countenance!

Fathers and mothers, if you would rear such children, you must be like Elkanah and Hannah, amiable, intelligent, consistent, and devoted. You yourselves must possess and exhibit the characters, dispositions and habits which you desire them to form. Be yourselves what you wish them to become; and if you would have them surpass you in all that is lovely and of good report, your faith and pious counsel must help them to travel on in the line of advancement far beyond the measure of your personal attainments and worth.

Children, if you would be like Samuel, you must think, feel, speak, and act as he did; in a word, you must live as he lived; you must love and serve the same God; then will your life be useful and happy, your death triumphant, and your eternity blessed.

I tremble with solicitude when I think of the awards which await you,—honorable service, an illustrious name and the divine favor in this world if you are virtuous and holy, and in the world to come life everlasting,—but disgrace and misery, both here and hereafter, if you follow the sons of Eli to do evil.

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

When Eli's vile and guilty sons, Jehovah's name profaned,
And with unholy sacrifice his sacred altar stained,
Eli, with sad, reproachful brow, unto their side drew near,
"Nay, nay," he mildly said, "it is no good report I hear
From those who throng the courts of God, impatient murmuring come.
Ye make the people to transgress. Why do ye so, my sons?"
They honored not their father's face, they heeded not his prayer,
But cast the blight of grief and shame upon his hoary hair.
From all his warning words they stood contemptuously aloof,
They scorned his gentle government, and mocked his mild reproof,
Nor turned their wild and wayward feet from folly's path aside,
But raised their standard 'gainst the Lord with bold and impious pride.

With Eli lived a gentle boy, a fair and lovely child,
With wise, discerning heart and lips, with falsehood undefiled,
Who in the holy temple dwelt, and daily served the Lord ;
Who feared to disobey his law, and loved to hear his word.
One quiet night, with guileless heart, and calm and tranquil breast,
Young Samuel upon his couch, had laid him down to rest.
Just as his closing eyes with sleep and weariness grew dim,
He heard a low and pleasant voice call earnestly to him.
Three times did wondering Samuel haste to aged Eli's side,
"Go back, I called thee not, my son," the holy priest replied ;
"Go, haste thee to thy chamber, boy, and humbly bend the knee,
And if it comes to pass that voice shall speak again to thee,
Breathe thou these words, 'Speak, Lord, I hear, and hear but to obey ;
And if it answers, hearken well to what that voice shall say.'"
Young Samuel, with willing heart, that wise command obeyed ;
And as with mingled fear and awe, all low his head he laid,
A voice said low, "Fear not, I am thy Father and thy Friend,
Raise thou thy forehead from the dust, and to my words attend.
I will no longer favor those who have my power defied,
Nor will I prosper those who do my holy laws deride ;
From out mine holy book I will the sons of Eli blot,
Because, when they profaned my name, his hand restrained them not.
My spirit shall descend on one who will my voice obey,
And the might of priestly power shall pass from Eli's house away.

I've known thy every thought, and seen, mid all that doth allure
The youthful heart to sin, that thou hast kept thy spirit pure,
And I this day have chosen thee my high commands to bear,
To speak my wise and holy words, my purpose to declare ;
Upon thy head shall rest a more than kingly majesty,
Thou chosen prophet of the Lord ! thou priest of the most High !
I am the living God ! of heaven and earth the righful Lord !
Doubt not, fear not, for it shall be according to my word."

The eastern sky was glowing with the fervid blush of day,
When to the aged prophet's room he took his quiet way.
" Samuel, my son," the Patriarch said, " come hither to my side,
The words the Lord hath spoke to thee, thou canst not, must not hide.
Let me his righteous purpose know ; God do much more to thee,
If thou refuse my earnest prayer, and keep the truth from me."
The boy gazed anxiously upon the prophet's earnest brow,
And from his trembling lips the words fell mournfully and low ;
It pained his gentle loving heart to speak the bitter truth,
To him whose love had cherished him e'en from his early youth,
Deep anguish pierced the father's soul, yet all unmoved he stood,
" It is the Lord," he murmured low, " to him it seemeth good ;
Although my pride, my cherished hopes are humbled to the dust,
E'en mid this fearful agony, I feel that it is just." M. G. H.

SABBATH AT THE HAPPY HOME.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

IT was a cold, dreary day in November. The wind had been bleak and chilly, and most of the leaves had disappeared from the trees, which looked sere and desolate. It was still early ; the sun had not risen, and from the dismal appearance of the clouds, it was a matter of doubt whether his cheerful face would not be clouded for the day. Fanny Payson opened her eyes, then sat up in bed, and after ascertaining that it really was morning, she arose quietly, without awaking her sister.

The air was so frosty that for one moment she stood hesitating whether she should not jump into the warm bed and wait until the heat should come up from the furnace, before she took her daily bath ; but it was only for one moment. Fanny knew

she had much to accomplish that morning. She felt that she had undertaken great responsibilities, and she must sustain them. So she advanced fearlessly to her dressing-room, and soon felt abundantly rewarded for her resolution by the warmth and glow which followed her cold ablution. Fanny had finished her morning toilet, and was ready for her devotions before Maria awoke. But she laid aside her Bible, and taking her dear little sissy from the bed, washed, dressed, and sent her below. The room had now become warm, and she took the inspired book, and sat down to read and to meditate. This was an eventful day for Fanny, and her heart beat high with hopes of usefulness. For a number of weeks, she had been collecting poor children from the highways and hedges, with the hope of forming them into a Sabbath School. The arrangements were now completed ; a room had been hired in a quiet cottage, and this morning the school was to be opened.

Turning aside from her place in course of reading, Fanny read a few verses from the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, and then implored help from above. She prayed that she might have an eye single to the glory of God in all that she undertook. When she arose from prayer, she seemed to have an assurance that she was heard, and that her heavenly Father would bless her efforts for the good of the poor ignorant children by whom she was surrounded. She then descended to the dining hall, where she found her father and mother waiting for the breakfast which Bessy was at that moment setting upon the table. After giving her parents her usual morning kiss, she fastened the napkin about Maria's neck, and set her in the high chair near her.

"Rather a dull day, my daughter," said Mr. Payson, "for you to commence operations. Do you feel no misgiving?"

Fanny looked up with a bright smile as she replied, "No, father, I had not even noticed the dreary appearance of the sky. I shall start early, and call for such of my pupils as live on the way to Mrs. Moore's, as I promised."

"You must not be discouraged, my dear", said Mrs. Payson kindly, "if you do not find all those ready who promised to attend the school. This is a new thing, and the parents do not yet realize all the blessings of instruction to their children".

Fanny blushed slightly as she cast down her eyes and replied, "I have considered all that, mamma, and have endeavored to leave the event with Him who governs the hearts of all".

A tear glistened in the eye of Mr. Payson. as he listened to his beloved child ; but he said no more. She soon arose, and striking a small bell, directed Bessy to take the tray, and return to family prayers, and then removed Maria toward the cheerful fire which blazed on the hearth.

Betty soon returned in company with Mrs. Stearns, the cook, and a boy of twelve years of age, who formed a part of their family, when Mr. Payson read the portion of Scripture for the day. After this, Fanny went to the organ, saying, " I suppose, father, I shall play and sing your favorite hymn, " Welcome, sweet day of rest ".

" Yes, my daughter, that best expresses my feelings ".

After all had joined in the familiar hymn, Mr. Payson poured out from a full heart his thanks for mercies received, humbly confessed their sins, and implored the continuance of the divine favor.

When the servants were retiring from the room, Fanny noticed that Thomas lingered, and seeing that he wished to ask something, but was prevented by bashfulness, she kindly stepped toward him, saying, " Do you want anything of me, Thomas ? "

The boy held down his head, but after a moment's hesitation, he looked up as he asked, " If I can get ready, may I go to the new Sunday school ? Miss Stearns said, like as not you'd let me, and so I made bold to ask ".

" Certainly, " said Fanny, smiling at the boy's earnest manner, " you may go, and get all you can to accompany you ".

" Oh, Miss Payson ", resumed Thomas, delighted at her ready consent, " I know of a great many who, I think, would be happy to join the school. Mistress gave me leave to go home last night, and I told mother, I hoped she would have all the children ready, because I was going to ask leave to join the school, and if she said " yes, " I'd call and take 'em along ".

" Well, Thomas, run and eat your breakfast, and get ready as soon as you can, so as to be dressed in season. You can, if you please, be a great assistance to me in the school ".

Thomas drew himself up at this encouraging speech, and walked quickly to the kitchen eager to report his success.

"Well, Thomas," said Bessy, "no need of asking what answer you got. You wouldn't look so smiling if she'd said, 'no.'"

"Sometimes I wonder," said the boy thoughtfully, "how it happens that I always have such good luck. Everybody is real kind to me. What do you think Miss Fanny said? why that if I've just a mind to, that I can be a great assistance to her in the school. If it depends on me", he added, his countenance brightening with a fixed resolve, "why, then *I shall be*, that's all. I mean to begin this very day to be a better boy".

"Thomas", said Mrs. Stearns, setting down her cup, and wiping her eyes, "you was always a good boy, ever since I've known you. But we might all of us be better. Every year I live in this blessed family, I feel more sure that if all professing Christians were like Mr. and Mrs. Payson, and Miss Fanny, there would be no need of dying to get to heaven.

After breakfast, Fanny proceeded to give her sister her usual morning lesson, which consisted of a verse from Scripture, a stanza from "Watts' Hymns for Infant Minds," and a short Bible story. She then dressed for church, and receiving the wishes of her parents for her success in her undertaking, she started for her school, which was to assemble in a house half a mile distant. We will not stop to describe the hour and a half she passed with her pupils; suffice it to say that on her arrival at the humble abode of Mrs. Moore, she found the neat kitchen filled to overflowing with children whose ages varied from five to fifteen years, and who were awaiting her with joyous anticipations. That the time she, from Sabbath to Sabbath, passed with them, was not spent in vain, can be learned from the fact that in after years, many of these children became eminent in goodness and usefulness, and that they ascribed all that they were enabled to accomplish, under God, to the persevering efforts of their beloved teacher.

It is of Fanny at home, that we would at this time speak. She met her parents at church, and after listening attentively to the sermon of her esteemed pastor, she returned with them to

their home. It was a rule with Mr. and Mrs. Payson, to have their Sabbath dinner prepared on the previous day, so that no one of their servants should be detained from church, and Mrs. Payson took especial care to provide something particularly agreeable and palatable, that every association connected with the holy Sabbath might be pleasant.

The intermission between the morning and afternoon services was usually passed in reading some book appropriate to the day, Fanny taking care to keep her sister near her, that her parents might not be interrupted. Sometimes the little girl would sit quietly in her lap, looking at her book of plates, or sister Fanny would sketch a church or school-house upon the tiny slate, and Maria would draw something which she called little boys and girls going with their parents to the house of God.

After their return from church, and a suitable time allowed for laying aside their outer garments, the family assembled in the parlor, where Thomas had raked open the glowing embers, and kindled a cheerful fire. This was considered by the family the pleasantest part of the day. It was the business of Maria, and what she dearly loved to do, to distribute the Bibles and hymn-books to every member of the household. Several chapters were read in turn, each one reading two verses, while all were at liberty to ask questions upon any part they did not understand. Then came the singing, when parents, children and servants had the privilege of selecting a favorite tune, or a few verses from a hymn, which were sung in regular order. After the singing, which occupied from half to three quarters of an hour, came the catechising. The commandments were repeated, and an abstract given of the sermons, which gave an opportunity for Mr. Payson to offer a few remarks, which had often proved to be "the word in season;" then the evening prayer in which every one was remembered, and blessings were implored in their behalf. At no time did Mr. Payson seem to realize the importance of the mercies he sought, as on the Sabbath eve. His soul was subdued by the sacred influences of the sanctuary, and he seemed borne to the gates of heaven. Long will those prayers be remembered.

While waiting for tea the family usually drew up near the

bright fire, and discoursed of such themes as befitted the sacredness of the day. On the evening in question, Fanny related the particulars connected with her school, and the desire for instruction which had been manifested by the scholars.

After the evening repast, Fanny "closed the shutters, wheeled the sofa round," and after a short story about Samuel or Joseph to her little sister, placed her in bed, and returned to the parlor to read to her parents for the remainder of the evening. At the usual hour for retiring, Fanny parted affectionately from her parents, thanking the God of the Sabbath for another holy day, and for her happy home; while they lifted their hearts in silent gratitude to their Heavenly Father for bestowing upon them so dutiful a child.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

"Down in a quiet, sun-lit valley,
Stands my low-roofed cottage home :
Rushing thoughts around it rally,
Thither wafted while I roam.

There, in summer, as of olden,
Waves the green-topped maple-tree ;
There, in autumn, sere and golden,
Shadows flit across the lea.

Still the streamlet cleaves the meadow,
Bordered by the mantling vine,
Where, beneath the tall oak's shadow,
Then I threw the hempen line.

Thoughtless childhood! happy childhood!
I would journey back to thee ;
Roam again the 'tangled wildwood,'
Sport beneath the maple-tree.

There no busy sorrows fashion
Phantoms in the path of youth,
No pale care nor purple passion
Taint the bloom of love and truth."

DAPHNE ODORA; VARIETY, RUBRA.

THE RED-FLOWERED, FRAGRANT DAPHNE.

Who has not seen and admired this sweet and beautiful flower? It adorns the head of beauty and diffuses its delightful odor in the conservatory. The plate of it at the beginning of this number is derived from "The British Flower Garden and Ornamental Shrubbery. It was originally prepared for that work from a plant in the collection of Mr. George Smith, nurseryman, in Islington, England, where it flowered early in the winter. It was imported into that country from China in 1832, and from the land of our fathers, it soon found its way to America, where it is at present quite common.

Its Linnean class and order are *octandria monogynia*; its genus is *daphne*, a word of Greek origin, from *daio*, to burn, and *phone*, sound, to indicate that the plant, when burning, crackles like thorns. Its specific name, *odora*, was given to it to represent its agreeable fragrance. This variety is called *Rubra*, with reference to its red color.

The following botanical description of the plant and its flower from the work referred to above, corresponds with our observation and will enable our readers critically to study it. It is an erect, evergreen, bushy shrub, about two feet in height, with glabrous branches, covered with a smooth brown bark. Its leaves are alternate, sessile, somewhat lanceolate, acute, entire, slightly recurved at the edges, coriaceous, glabrous, dark green and shining on the upper side, but on the lower side paler, with a prominent midrib, three or four inches long, one inch in breadth, and attenuated towards the base. The flowers are numerous, terminal, nearly sessile and bell-shaped. Their perianthium or outer covering is of a rich pink. The tube is sparingly clothed with silky hairs, three lines in length and is cylindrical. The flower has eight stamens, inserted into the tube. Its anthers are linear-oblong, with parallel cells, of an orange

color, and are attached to the inner surface of a pale-green and fleshy connective. Its ovary or seed receptacle is ovate, green, resting on a very short stalk, and surrounded at the base by a cup-shaped, entire disk. Its stigma, at the upper end of the style, is large, orbicular and nearly sessile.

You may obtain one of these beautiful and odoriferous plants from a cutting, which should be a young shoot about three inches long. Insert it two inches in wet sand or light peat and loam, with a moderate degree of bottom heat, and in a close, moist atmosphere, which you may regulate by placing over it an inverted tumbler or bell-glass. When its shoots appear strong and healthy, it will require repotting, in light peat and loam mixed in equal quantities. It needs but little pruning, and with judicious cultivation will produce an abundance of flowers, dark red in the bud, but paler and more glossy as they expand, and highly fragrant.

There are many other varieties and species differing in color, white, yellow and purple, in odor and adaptation to various localities and practical purposes. In the south of Europe and some other places, the *Daphne Guidium* is used for making a yellow dye for coloring wool and silks. The berries of the *Daphne Laureola* are poisonous to all animals except birds.

HUMILITY.

Go thy way, Christian, to thy God ; get thee to thy knees in the cloudy and dark day ; retire from all creatures, that thou mayest have thy full liberty with God, and there pour out thy heart before him, in free, full, and broken hearted confessions of sin, — justify God in all his smartest strokes, and beg him in this distress to put under thee the everlasting arms—entreat one smile, one gracious look to enlighten thy darkness, and cheer thy drooping spirit. Say with the Prophet Jeremiah, “ be not thou a terror to me ; thou art my hope in the day of evil ;” and try what relief such a course will afford thee. Surely, if thy heart be sincere in this course, thou shalt be able to say with that holy man, “ In the multitude of my thoughts which I had within me, thy comforts delighted my soul.” — *Flavel.*

LIZZIE ATHERTON,

OR THE UNCONGENIAL MARRIAGE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

PART II.

As time passed on, Atherton became more immersed in business ; and though he spared no expense in beautifying and adorning his splendid home, he spent little time there. He would have been highly indignant, if any one had told him that he neglected his wife, or treated her otherwise than kindly. He carefully supplied her every want, and surrounded her with every luxury, fondly imagining that by so doing he secured her happiness. But she missed the thoughtful tenderness, the ready sympathy of her early friends, the warm love-light which filled their humble but happy home. Poor child, amid all the splendor which surrounded her, how her lonely heart yearned for the loving glance, the winning smile of her gentle mother, and the warm, clasping hands of her noble brothers.

Business calling Atherton to Arnmore, he proposed that his wife should accompany him ; and Lizzie Atherton again stood in the home of her childhood, again felt the pressure of loving lips, the clasping of gentle hands. But how changed from the giddy light-hearted maiden, who stood there five years before !

“ I am sorry to see Lizzie look so feeble, Frederic ”, said Mrs. May, anxiously, as he proposed returning the ensuing day. “ Has she been long so ” ?

“ I don’t know ”, returned Atherton carelessly ; “ she hasn’t been very well since the birth of Alice. The child is sickly and troublesome, and she worries too much with it. If it had been earlier put out to nurse, it would have been much better, for both mother and child ”.

"But don't you think you had better leave her with me until she is a little stronger", said Mrs. May, hesitatingly.

"I don't see anything very alarming about the state of her health, madam", said Atherton, coldly. But provided there was, she would be as well cared for at my home as at yours. She can stay if she likes, my engagements will oblige me to be at Atherton to-morrow-night, without fail".

Lizzie cast an imploring glance at her mother; and Mrs. May made no reply.

Lizzie's heart sank within her as Atherton entered her room that night. His clouded brow, compressed lips, and restless eye told her that there was a storm gathering.

"Lizzie", he said abruptly, "if you wanted to stay here longer, why didn't you tell me so this morning, when I proposed returning"?

"You didn't ask me, Frederic", replied Lizzie, timidly; "besides I thought it would be inconvenient for you".

"Very considerate", returned her husband sarcastically. "But it seems that there has been enough said about it to other people. However, consult your own pleasure in regard to it; I leave Arnmore to-morrow".

"Dear Frederic", said Lizzie, gently, laying her hand upon his arm, "you mistake; it is not *my* will or pleasure, I wish to consult, but *yours*".

The meekness and gentleness of this reply touched Atherton's heart, and his stern brow relaxed as he said, "I don't want to distress you, Lizzie, but you see how it is, I shall not be able to leave my business to come for you, and I am not willing that you should undertake the journey alone. Still if you desire it—"

"I do not", interrupted Lizzie, eagerly, "I do not; only—" she added, laying her head upon his shoulders, and bursting into tears, "if you would but love me; if you would only speak kindly to me, Frederic"

This unwonted emotion on the part of his wife, surprised and affected Atherton. "Your feeble health makes you nervous and fanciful, Lizzie", he said, gently, passing his hand caressingly over her brow. "My business has harassed and troubled me

of late. But I encounter all its cares and perplexities willingly for the sake of you and our children, and yet you reproach me with not caring for you".

"But why should you be so anxious, Frederic"? asked Lizzie, earnestly ; "we have enough, and more than enough for all of the comforts of life".

"Women know nothing about money matters"! returned Atherton, impatiently ; "it takes more than the income of my estate at Atherton to support my present establishment".

Lizzie made no reply, but she sighed as she thought how much dearer to her heart was the light of her husband's smile, and the pleasure of his society than all the splendor of his proud hall.

Mrs. May knew Atherton's jealous disposition too well to interfere ; yet it was with a sad forbearing heart that she saw her daughter depart.

Mr. Atherton politely assured her that they should visit Arnmore again at his earliest convenience, and Lizzie, enlightened with the unusual gentleness of his manner toward her, bade adieu to her friends with a light heart.

"Lizzie", said Atherton to his wife a few weeks after their return from Arnmore, abruptly entering the room where she sat vainly striving to soothe to sleep a sickly irritable child, "Lizzie, do put down that child, and exert yourself so far as to see that my valise is properly packed ; I am going away".

Lizzie laid the screaming child in the arms of an attendant, and quietly left the room. "Where do you think of going"? she asked, on her return, as he took up his valise and turned to leave her.

"To W——", was his brief response.

"And when shall I expect you to return, Frederic"? she enquired, following him to the door.

"When you see me", was his brief and unfeeling rejoinder, as he stepped into the carriage.

Oh ! in after years, how did the remembrance of those thoughtless words pierce his soul ! How did the mute reproach in those soft, loving eyes haunt him !

Even then Atherton experienced a slight feeling of remorse.

But he quieted it by thinking that he would write to her as soon as he arrived at W——. But his business detained him longer than he expected, and he deferred writing until he could fix with certainty the period of his return.

One evening, nearly two weeks from the time of his arrival at W——, as he sat congratulating himself on the successful termination of his business, and his speedy return home, a letter was handed him. It was from his sister Prudence, conveying the joyful intelligence of the premature birth of another child, a son. The heart of Atherton swelled with pride and joy. His dearest wish was realized ; he had a son to bear his name, and inherit his wealth. His long slumbering tenderness revived toward the mother of his boy, and his heart smote him that he had not been near her in her hour of trial.

His sister wrote in conclusion, that though Mrs. Atherton was pronounced out of danger, still, as she was quite feeble, and had anxiously inquired after him, it might be as well for him to return.

Atherton, therefore, started for home the next morning, reaching Atherton Hall about noon. He ran lightly up the broad steps ; but as he entered the hall he was struck with the many strange faces he saw, and the strange airs of quiet which pervaded the house.

But without pausing to ask questions, he proceeded toward his wife's room, and met his proud stately sister at the entrance. But to his surprise, instead of greeting him as was her wont, she turned away and burst into tears.

“ What is the meaning of this, Prudence” ? said her brother, anxiously. “ How are Lizzie and the boy ? Are they well ” ?

“ The child is quite well, Frederic ” , replied Miss Atherton, struggling to regain her composure.

“ And Lizzie ” , said Atherton earnestly, “ is she here ” ?

“ Yes ” , replied his sister, “ but Frederic ” , she added, imploringly, as he was about to enter, laying her hand upon his arm, “ you must not go in now. Wait, I have something to say to you ” .

“ Woman ” , exclaimed Atherton, sternly, as he struck off her hand, “ how dare you detain me ? Who has a better right ? I

will know the meaning of all this", he added, and pushing open the door, he passed into the inner room with a quick step, and looked anxiously around.

There was no change in that pleasant room ; all was the same as it was when he left. The bed, with its snowy counterpane, still stood in one corner ; but the curtains were closely drawn. A nameless fear filled the heart of Atherton as he approached it ; and he stood for a moment irresolute. At last, he drew back its heavy folds ; and there, pale and motionless, lay Lizzie Atherton ! the wife of his bosom, the mother of his children !

"Dead! dead"!! exclaimed the horror-stricken husband. "But no, it cannot be ; she sleeps ! Lizzie! *Lizzie*!!" he said wildly, pressing his lips to her cheek and brow, "awake ! it is Frederic your husband that speaks." But the lip was mute ; the closed eye, the cold, pallid brow mocked his warm caress ; and, as the feeble wail of his new born babe smote upon his ear from an adjoining room, the heart of the bereaved father grew sick, and his brain dizzy with the soul harrowing consciousness that it had been purchased at the fearful price of its mother's life.

There was an expression of peace and tranquillity on Lizzie's pale countenance, that it had not worn in life, and if it had not been for the cold, unheaving breast, one would have supposed she slumbered. Sad memories came over Atherton as he gazed upon her. He thought of her as she stood beside him a happy bride, five years before ; of his harshness and sternness, her meekness and uncomplaining gentleness. And then, as he thought of their last interview, those cold, heartless words, the last he said to her, the iron entered deep into his soul, and covering his face with his hands, he groaned in the bitterness of his heart.

But we will now let the curtain fall. There is a holy and subduing power in the tears of woman ; but there is something awful, something terribly affecting in the tears and sobs wrung from the stern heart of manhood. It is a sight on which one would not care to look twice.

It was indeed true ; Lizzie Atherton had ceased to be. When Prudence wrote to her brother, Mrs. Atherton, though weak, appeared to be free from pain, and tranquil in mind, though she

expressed an earnest desire for her husband's return. But at half past eleven that night she was seized with strong convulsions, which continued without interruption until the dawn of day, from which she sank into a deep lethargy, which ended in the sleep of death.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch ; it is drawn from real life. Yet I would not have you sympathize so with the sufferings of the wife, or feel so strong indignation at the uncalled for harshness of the husband, as to blind you to the fact that she, in a great measure, brought these sufferings upon herself.

If Lizzie Atherton had studied well her constitution, if her mother had firmly pointed out to her the danger which she incurred by rashly assuming duties which she was unqualified to discharge, she might perhaps have been at this day a happy wife and mother.

But she disregarded her constitution, and incurred the fearful penalty. She died at the early age of twenty one, leaving three sickly children, one feeble babe, motherless, and her noble, though misjudging husband stricken to the earth, desolate in heart and home.

It is a solemn fact that girls sometimes marry too young, or inappropriately. They assume the responsibilities of wife and mother, when they should be in the school-room ; when they are unfitted, both in body and mind, for the harassing cares, the exhausting duties of maternity, bringing thus upon themselves much suffering, and transmitting to their children weakness and disease. We sometimes see men in the full vigor of health and strength, while their wives, with broken constitutions and disordered nerves, struggle on day after day, under the pressure of a weight they are unable to sustain, and either sink into premature graves, or live on, a burden to themselves and to those around them.

It has always been a source of surprise to us, to see men in the prime of life, with matured and cultivated minds, choosing mere infants for their companions for life ; and then complaining that they are, like children, capricious and unreasonable, and wonder, as they grasp the tender, half-open bud, that it withers beneath their touch.

Mothers, we appeal to you, the natural guardians of future wives and mothers. Do not, in your natural desire to see your daughters well established in life, forget that the slender shoulders of girlhood are too weak to sustain heavy burthens ; that the thoughtless, immature mind of youth, is unqualified to discharge aright the all-important duties of such a relation. Your daughters should remain single, till they reach proper maturity, lest they by a too early marriage should entail upon themselves and their offspring disease and a premature death.

If mothers would but lay these things to heart, if they would but teach their daughters that marriage is no glittering toy to be played with, no idle thing to be entered upon lightly and unadvisedly, but an institution which demands maturity, strength and wisdom, there would be less sickly wives and feeble children, less stricken households, and less premature graves.

THE FLOWER'S COMPLAINT AND CONSOLATION.

BY M. H. B.

“ Coldly the earth lies on my breast,
Vainly I strive to rise ! ”
Impatient spake a prisoned flower,
Wasting its life in sighs.

For winter reigned upon the earth,
And Frost with icy chains
Fettered the flowing of the brooks,—
Its net-work bound the plains.

Its icy hand pressed on the flower,
Checked its young budding life,
Crushed its proud hope of winning first
The crown in beauty's strife.

Oh ! wearily within its cell,
It passed the winter days ;
Longing so earnestly for light,
And for the garden's praise.

An older bulb, that many years,
Had been that pasture's pride,
Sorrowing had heard its oft complaint,—
Now pressed she to its side;

And with a voice whose gentle tone,
Soothed the impatient one,
Bade her all hopeful wait the hour,
When Winter's work was done.

Slowly, but surely, in thy heart,
The hidden life moves on,
Preparing thee for Summer's hour,
And Summer's ardent sun.

Thine unformed powers would droop and fade,
Presented to its beams;
In darkness we must patient wait,
Till formed for summer gleams.

Many a weary winter's day,
I've conned this lesson wise,
And now have learned in patient trust,
To bide my time to rise.

Nursing within my heart the life,
That cometh from above,
Shutting without the wintry frost,—
Waiting in hopeful love,

The smile of Spring upon the land,
Its voice to bid me rise,
From out the dark earth's sad embrace,
To light of summer skies.

Learn we a lesson from the bulb,
In darkness move we on,
Filling the air with sad complaints;—
Our wishes are not won.

Like it we wait for higher life,
Bound by these earthly ties;
Their lessons stern will open wide,
The portal to the skies.

If we in patient trust and love,
But bind them to the heart
Though longing earnestly for light,
Forgetting not their part,

In fitting us more perfectly,
In beauty and in grace,
To meet the light that falls serene
From the dear Father's face.

TO YOUNG MEN IN MERCANTILE LIFE.

BY REV. T. SHEPARD, D. D.

CHRISTIAN INTEGRITY. NO. I.

MY young friends, permit me to address you freely, affectionately, and earnestly, upon a subject suggested by the exigencies of the age in which it is your lot to enter upon your chosen profession—a subject strangely overlooked and ignored by multitudes who have previously engaged in the same calling. It is *Christian integrity*. Let me speak of its nature, its attainment, and priceless value.

What constitutes the virtue of integrity? Webster defines it moral soundness, purity, incorruptibleness, uprightness, honesty". In its full import, Christian integrity implies a lively sense of individual obligation and responsibility in all the relations we sustain to God and our fellow-men. In its legitimate influences, it will beget such self-control and fixedness of purpose as will resist, at all hazards, any and all obstacles which may interpose between selfish gains and gratifications, and what is right and just. The man of uncompromising integrity, you will find to be a *reliable* man. His sense of obligation will be so keen and vivid, so settled and fixed, that he will not hesitate or waver in emergencies strongly tempting him to do wrong. Joseph, in the house of Potiphar, had but one rule of life, though in following it out, he should encounter the frown of his master, and subject himself to the dishonor of imprison-

ment. "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God"? Job, when overwhelmed with sorrows, and upbraided as a great transgressor, could say, "Till I die, I will not remove my integrity from me—my heart shall not reproach me so long as I live". Let such be your resolutions in the strength of God, and you will stand steadfast and immoveable in the hour of trial. The fiery dart will fall harmless at your feet.

In its highest operations the virtue of integrity reaches those obligations which are imposed in the first table of the moral law. The highest virtue of man is to be honest toward his Maker—to yield him that honor and obedience which he rightfully claims of his rational and dependent subjects. Can a man pollute the sacred name of his Maker with profane breath, or lay unhallowed hands on the sanctity of the Sabbath, and yet claim to be a man of Christian integrity? Is it honest to take and appropriate to our own use and pleasure that which our Heavenly Father has never given us for such purposes, but has reserved and consecrated to objects exclusively sacred? He who begins in early life to trespass upon the Sabbath by spending a part or all of the day in following his own pleasures and profits, will most assuredly find one chief obstacle surmounted in proving himself false and fraudulent in his business transactions with his fellow-men. The experience of many a young man in the city and country will verify the fact that his first starting point in his career of purloining and speculation, began in robbing God of some portion of the day of sacred rest. None are more exposed to this sin than young men in our cities who are confined to their counters and counting-rooms during the six working days of the week. That you may effectually resist the overwhelming current, you will need to have on for ready use the whole armor of God.

Next to your Maker, follow in course your obligations to your fellow-men. Your keen and lively recognition of these, in all their various ramifications by which your domestic, social, civil, and religious condition in life is bound together in mutual peace with the common welfare, attended with a fixed purpose to resist everything that may rise up to tempt you to swerve from the strict rule of right, constitutes another property of moral integrity, subordinate indeed, but essential to its completeness.

We are by nature social beings. God hath set the solitary in families, and so constituted society, that the well-being of all depends upon the faithful carrying out of various reciprocal obligations devolving upon each individual member. Some of these are of a civil nature, calling upon us to render due respect to "the powers that be", yielding obedience to law—seeking the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth. Others are of a commercial kind, wherein men buy and sell and get gain, entering into the very vitals of a civilised and prosperous community. In the due discharge of these responsibilities Christian integrity is prominently developed. Who, among us of ordinary capacity, has yet to learn the application of *honesty* to the common business transactions of every day life?

Such, in my view, is the nature of the virtue under consideration, in its application to God and our fellow-beings. As it respects yourself, in the relation of a Christian merchant, you cannot fail to see that it becomes the balance wheel by which the whole machinery of your life is to be regulated.

How is this cardinal virtue to be attained? Not otherwise than by an early and cordial familiarity with the high and only perfect standard of moral obligation taught us in the Word of God. You are well aware that the unevangelized nations are not only gross violators of every requisition in the first table of the law, but proverbially deficient in whatever pertains to the welfare of their neighbors as taught in the second table. And why should it not be so? Partakers with ourselves of the universal corruption of the race, they have no infallible standard of appeal in questions of duty. They have no pillar of fire to guide their pathway through their midnight of superstition and pollution. Hence one of the odious characteristics given them by Paul, is, "covenant-breakers".

The foundation of all enduring integrity is laid in an early and cordial acknowledgement of that perfect moral code which our Saviour sums up in a single sentence: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself". The spirit of this rule is brought out in another saying of the great Teacher: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them". These divine maxims, simple in themselves and readily appre-

hended by the merest child in understanding, must be fixed in the mind and instilled into the moral sense in early life, "by line upon line and precept upon precept", was to become part and parcel of our moral identity. The foundation of Christian integrity must be laid deep in the soul by a divine baptism into the eternal, unchangeable inviolability of those obligations uttered from Sinai by God himself, and breathed through the whole of revelation by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. "What does the Lord require of thee, O man, but to do justly, love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"? "Thou, Lord, hast searched me and known me—thou understandest my thoughts afar off". "Thou shalt bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil". Such a fearful record should carry us above every worldly consideration, every selfish motive, and constrain us to do right under all circumstances. Though the 'heavens should fall' as the consequence, we are safe beneath the protection of Him who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity.

THE POSITION OF WOMAN.

BY REV. DAVID SANFORD.

THE position of woman in our world is deeply interesting. We find her created of God, as a help meet for man; bound to him by the tenderest ties. In the transgression which veiled our race in darkness, she took the lead. Her's was the first act of guilt. She plucked the forbidden fruit, and ate and fell; and, in doing it, brought death and all its woes. Since the fall her condition has been one of suffering. By that act she was doomed to evils peculiar to her sex; and just in proportion as the human family suffered by the fall, woman has proportionably suffered. Hence the degradation of heathenism brought with it the *lowest* degradation to woman. While the earth groaned with its corruptions and sufferings, woman was the deepest in sufferings. Among the nations of idolatry, her condition *has been and is now* the most abject. Doomed to per-

petual ignorance, made a mere slave to a man, toiling at his bidding—subject entirely to his caprice, living only to please him, wearing out life, debased, polluted, wretched. Such is woman everywhere among the heathen.

Not so where the light of Christianity has shone. There her condition is changed. The Bible does more for woman than for man, in this respect. It brings her up from her depths of woe. It restores her to man as a help meet, and gives her the means to become a blessing, and in return to enjoy the blessings of life, and to live and act and ripen for an eternal weight of glory.

This is her position under the Gospel. We may add, it is one of inconceivable power. That power is not exerted directly in the halls of legislation—in our courts, at the bar—in the pulpit—in the place of public debate,—not in the field of battle and of blood. Her sphere of action is more retired. It is silent and unobtrusive, but it is constantly and widely sending forth its effects. These are felt every day and every hour—in the nursery—by the fire-side—in the family. Women, in Christian countries, do much towards controlling those countries. In our own, their agency was felt directly in its organization, and in the blessings of its civil compact. Those who formed its invaluable constitution, and declared and defended its liberties, were, under God, what they were, by the power of woman. Washington and Adams, and others, then acting for the nation, never would have been such men, had they not been blessed with *such mothers.*

CHARITY.

“True charity, a plant divinely nurs’d,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and, in the rudest scene,
Storms but enliven its unfading green ;
Exuberant in the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies.”

FAMILY DEVOTION.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

NO. II.

This exercise of the Christian family would be rendered far more interesting and profitable by the introduction of "*Scripture Readings*," like those of Mason and Jay, of Drs. Kitto and Bickersteth. Kitto is the author of "*Daily Bible Illustrations*," being original readings for a year, designed for the family circle. The work is prepared with reference to morning and evening devotions, four volumes for each of these devotional seasons. These volumes have been proved by thousands of Christians to whose growth in grace they have largely contributed. Many Christian fathers are now prepared to bear the highest testimony to the value of this work at the family altar. Could it be universally introduced into pious families, to take its place in their devotional exercises, the happy result would be seen speedily in a high degree of spirituality, and hence, a nobler and holier church.

The latter of the above named divines, Dr. Bickersteth, is the author of "*Family Expositions*"—brief comments upon the Scriptures of a practical and useful character. It was the author's custom to expound the Bible as he read it in his family, and his sons and daughters wrote down his remarks. These volumes, sixteen in number, contain his comments upon the Scriptures in the family, and of course are peculiarly adapted to the place they were designed to fill. In households, where the children have attained to years of understanding, this work is exceedingly valuable. The remarks are very practical, clear, pointed, and spiritual, and this is far more than can be said of many works of this kind.

"*Mason's Scripture Treasure*," and "*Jay's Morning and Evening Devotions*," are too well known in this country to require commendation. To American Christians, they are as

familiar as the "*Scripture Readings*" of Chalmers are to the members of the Scotch church.

Other works are issued by the publishers who print these, **CARTER AND BROTHERS**, of New York; but the above are far the best for the object under consideration. Together they form a devotional library of several volumes which are to be purchased for a few dollars — and they answer the double purpose of commentaries and sermons. No Christian family would ever regret the acquisition of these volumes, though it were made by great self-denial and additional toil. Few, if any, would ever be willing to relinquish them after their introduction into the devotions of morning and evening. They would contribute so much of interest, and bring so much of profit, to all the members, that none would be willing to part with them.

Christian parents! Here is a theme of greatest importance. Ponder it with all the realities of the judgment and eternity in view. Reflect upon the direful consequences that may result from remissness in duty at this point. Imagine, if you can, the good that may flow from the practical application of the suggestions made in the foregoing.

A SONG OF THINE.

Fair maiden, let one song of thine
My mourning spirit cheer; —
For she, I knew and loved the best,
Has gone to sleep on earth's cold breast,
And I am lonely here!

O, sing a song of that blest land
Where falls no mourner's tear,
Where those I love, in beauty bloom; —
'Twill lift my thoughts above the tomb,
Which makes me lonely here.

My aching heart is sore oppressed,
And all things sad appear;
But sing me one sweet song of thine,
And this poor broken heart of mine
Shall not be lonely here.

A song of thine, one holy song,
Will bring yon heaven so near,
My gazing eye will seem to see
Her angel form once dear to me,
And be less lonely here.

M A R C H .

Since Bryant touched his harp for thee,
 And sang thee in his tuneful strains,
 How feeble the attempt in me,
 To sing thy winds and checkered plains.

But still thy airs so freely blown,
 Awake an answering chord in me ;
 There's music in thy piping tone,
 Thy *march* is full of melody.

Thou call'st the rabbit from her lair,
 And wonder beams in pussy's eyes ;
 O'er the flecked hill-side, wearing bare
 With thy mad winds a race she tries.

Yonder the smoky column gray,
 Is wreathing from the leafless wood ;
 There the swart rustic boils away
 The sugar-maples' limpid blood.

There in his lonely camp he stays,
 And keeps his hermit fire aglow ;
 And feels relieved when o'er him strays,
 The hailing, reconnoitering crow.

I mark yon early bird, and lone,
 That plumes herself with idle bill,
 Or tries a would-be merry tune,
 To soothe thy wild and wayward will.

The squirrel peeps from out his cell,
 When haply Phœbus warms the sky,
 And hastens his moody mate to tell,
 Glad days are coming by-and-by.

And they will come, e'en at thy heels,
 The lengthened hours of April tread ;
 The earth her bubbling springs unseals,
 And verdure vivifies the dead.

Wild month ! thy storm-encircled ways,
 Mind me how good men's lives are past ;
 Clouds may begirt them all their days,
 But sunshine glorifies at last.

THE WINNING WIFE.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

“ For what knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband ? ”

Henry Stanwood was a young lawyer of good talents and amiable disposition, who established himself about ten years ago in a flourishing New England town.

Here he was introduced to Mary Carlton, the beauty and belle of the place. He wooed and won her, and in a few months they were quietly settled in a home of their own. The young lawyer, though not particularly partial to parties and places of amusement, had always been in the habit of attending them as a means of increasing his practice. His young and lovely bride had been the life of every gay circle, and no entertainment was thought complete without her.

About six months after their marriage her attention was called to the subject of religion, when to the great mortification and chagrin of Mr. Stanwood, his wife became a meek and humble Christian.

Neither Henry nor Mary had been religiously educated ; and though respect for her feelings prevented him from saying so openly, yet Henry felt that his happiness had departed. Instead of a lively, cheerful companion to meet him on his return home, who by her gayety would beguile him of all his office trials and cares, he must now look forward to gloom and despondence. His hitherto happy home and lovely wife were converted, he thought, into a vestry for long prayers, and a pious fanatic.

Poor Mary on her part was not less tried. Not having been blessed with Christian parents, or educated amidst the cheerful piety of a truly happy home, she knew not how far she ought to conform to her husband’s views and wishes. She heard his covert taunts in silence, and often turned away to conceal a tear ; but they drove her, where all our sorrows and trials should drive us, to our Saviour’s feet. Here she poured out her

whole soul before One who "was in all points tempted like as we are," that he might succour those who are tempted."

Day after day did the sweet young wife repair to her closet, and as often were her prayers answered. Light began to dawn upon her path. Her beloved Harry, converted to God, sharing in all her new-born hopes, sympathising in all her doubts and fears, was the one object of her daily thoughts and nightly meditations. How earnestly did she pray that she might be the humble instrument in the hands of her heavenly Father, of winning him to Jesus, and from the false and fading pleasures of this world to the purer and nobler joys of heaven.

She was well aware of her husband's displeasure at the change in her feelings, and also of the views she entertained of religion, as making all its associates gloomy and morose, conversing entirely upon death and similar subjects. She well remembered the time when she cherished the same opinion. She therefore determined to show him, what was really the case, that she never before was so happy.

Thus a week had passed away. Henry knew not what to think. Every time he entered his home, Mary appeared more and more cheerful. She rarely allowed any one but herself to open the door to his well known tap, but sprang forward to throw herself into his arms.

"Dear Harry," she would sometimes say, "I am so glad you have come, I have been watching for you some minutes."

Several times the puzzled husband was on the point of acknowledging that after all she wasn't much changed, but he checked himself, "Wait until after the Sabbath," he soliloquized. "It will be a good opportunity for me to test her new views." The Sabbath had been a favorite day with young Stanwood, because he was then free from the duties of his office, and could spend the day with his wife. He had been in the habit of going to Church in the afternoon, and then feeling that he had kept the Sabbath, would take a stroll after tea, or visit some neighbor for an hour or two of friendly chat.

Mary was also looking forward to the Sabbath with varied emotions. It would be her first celebration of the rest, peace and joy, which at the close of the last holy day dawned upon her soul. After a weary struggle of many days, she had

retired to her chamber at the hallowed hour of the setting sun, and there had cast all her burden of sin upon her Saviour. Her spirit fainted for the courts of the Lord, and her soul was filled with emotions, like those which inspired the Psalmist when he sung, "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord." But these emotions were not unmixed with anxiety and sorrow on account of her dear husband.

She came, however, from her closet on Saturday evening, feeling that her duty was plain, and humbly resting upon an Almighty arm for strength to perform it. Could she fail?

Sabbath morning dawned clear and bright. It had hitherto been their habit to lie in bed much longer than on the morning of other days ; and Harry slept so soundly that Mary crept softly from his side without disturbing him. She descended to the kitchen, where Betsey, taking the liberty to follow the example of her master and mistress, had but just lighted the fire. Having taken special pains with the coffee, she prepared with her own hands a tempting dish for her dear Harry. She charged the girl to be quiet about her work, and repaired to a room for her morning devotings.

An hour later she heard her husband go down stairs, muttering something to himself in no pleasant tone. She flew to meet him. She folded her arms lovingly about his neck, saying "Isn't this a delightful day?"

"I should think so," he replied, gazing intently into her face, "Mary what have you been doing to yourself? I declare! I never saw you look half so handsome."

Mary hid her blushing face in her husband's bosom, as she whispered, "It is because I'm so very happy." Her tone was earnest, but serious ; but he made no reply. He turned at once into the breakfast room. He had little dreamed what an ornament religion is. He could not understand that the pure elevation of her brow, the brightness of her eye, and the heavenly smile on her lips, resulted from a heart at peace with her Maker, from a meek and quiet spirit.

"Really," said Harry, as he sat at table, "Betsey improves rapidly, I never drank a better cup of coffee," at the same time passing his cup to be refilled ; "and this cream toast tastes just like my mother's, I must praise her for it.

Mary smiled, but made no reply. After breakfast she took her husband's hand, and led him to the parlor; though to tell the whole truth she felt somewhat embarrassed about introducing the subject upon which her thoughts were engaged. She led him to a large rocking-chair near the table, and sat upon his knee.

"What a delightful morning this will be to walk to Church."

"Ah! you can't get round me in that way," said Harry to himself.

Mary was a skilful tactitian; a look in her husband's eye warned her not to go too far. She reached out her hand, and took up an elegantly bound Bible which he had given her as a wedding present, and which he regarded only as a necessary appendage to the centre table. "What a beautiful Bible! I don't know that I ever thanked you for it. At any rate I'll do it again," and she kissed her thanks.

Harry unclasped the covers, and admired the print, remarking that he had taken great pains to select the best.

"Yes," she returned, "How very plain and clear the type is," and she turned to the beautiful story of Ruth. Before he was aware Harry was listening with absorbing interest, and forgetting entirely that this day was the Sabbath, and this book, the word of God. He would not allow her to stop until she had finished the narrative, and by that time he was in very good humor with his wife, with himself, and with the world.

Mary started in surprise when the first bell rang, saying "Please excuse me now, I must dress for Church." When she came down at the ringing of the second bell, almost expecting he would object to her leaving him, Henry stood brushing his hat, as he tried to hide his face from her searching glance.

"Dear Harry, are you going with me?"

"Certainly, you don't think I shall let you tramp off half a mile alone. Beside 'twould be dull music here without you."

At the close of the day, Harry was obliged to acknowledge that something had improved his Mary. "Formerly though amiable and generally yielding in her disposition, yet she had too long been petted and indulged as an only child, and a favorite in society, not to be disposed at times to have her own way. When thus determined, Harry had found he must yield. Now Mary's sole object seemed to be to give him proof of her entire love.

A month later, invitations were given out for the largest party of the season ; and it was to close with a ball. Poor Mary was sorely tried as to her duty. She had lost all relish for such places. She felt that she had wasted far too much time in them. But her husband took it for granted she would accompany him and expatiated largely upon the anticipated pleasures. At length, it occurred to the young wife to consult an old lady who was a friend of her mother's, and an eminent Christian. It was fortunate for her that she so wisely chose her confidant.

Mrs. Simons after listening with great interest to her young friend advised her to defer her own wishes to those of her husband in every case where principle was not involved.

“Yes,” she eagerly answered, “but in *this* case?”

“Has he directed you?”

He never commands me. It is unnecessary ; but I presume he will be displeased if I refuse to accompany him, I am sure he will be disappointed.”

“Well, my dear, your own good sense will enable you to decide. If you should tell him frankly you have lost all interest in such scenes, and ask him to excuse you, he will probably do so.

Encouraged by this view of the case, Mary returned home, and taking an early opportunity, begged her husband to allow her to remain at home.

“Pshaw!” was the impatient reply, “don’t let me hear any such nonsense, I was just beginning to think religion was nothing so very terrible after all, when you begin with all this Methodist cant. But I can’t say, it is entirely unexpected. Religion spoils a person for every enjoyment. If you go on so,” he continued after a pause, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on his book, “you’ll prejudice me against it more than ever.”

This was a sad trial to the sweet loving heart, that had began to pray so earnestly for her husband’s conversion. She brushed back the tears which had gathered in her eyes, and said in a low musical voice, “Dear Harry, though I do not enjoy such scenes as I once did, and should much prefer a pleasant evening with you in our own sweet home ; yet if you wish it, I will sacrifice my feelings and go with you. But I wish, dear husband, you would excuse me.”

Harry happened at that moment to think of something, he needed very quickly in the next room. Mary was much disappointed. But her mind was clear that in this case it would be better for her to comply with his wish. As her husband had now left for his office, there was no opportunity for farther conversation upon the subject; and she retired to her room to dress for the evening.

It must be remembered that Mary had for many years been in the habit of frequenting such scenes, having never had their injurious tendency pointed out to her, and now only regarded them as a waste of time which might be more profitably and pleasantly employed, rather than as sinful.

When she was nearly ready, with a low tap Mr. Stanwood entered the room.

She looked at him with a sweet smile. "Does my dress suit you, Harry?"

"You were never more lovely in my eyes." She held out her beautifully rounded arm for him to clasp the bracelet. He did it mechanically, without speaking.

"Is it time to go?" she pleasantly asked, trying to bring a smile to his face.

He walked toward the window. "I fear it is growing damp, and you already have some cold."

"Oh, no! my dear, I am perfectly well," she replied in surprise.

"Well, on the whole, I don't think it will be prudent for you to venture out. You will be sure to have a sore throat." Mary just began to have an inkling of the truth. "And will you excuse me really?" she asked in a gay tone.

Henry walked to the window. *He* appeared to have a very sore throat, for his voice was extremely husky. Mary crossed the room and kissed his forehead, "my own dear Harry," she whispered.

Mr. Stanwood soon retired to make his toilet, and Mary took an interesting book and sat down to read. "How pleasant," she thought "it would be if Harry didn't care to go, and would read to me, while I sew." Her eye grew dreamy as she gazed into the future, and saw a pleasant fire, a table covered with books, near by which she sat busily engaged with her work,

while her husband sat by her, reading and talking by turns. There was a vision too of a cradle standing near, and a sweet babe asleep in it. Her reverie was suddenly interrupted by her husband who entered, saying, "Don't sit up for me, Mary, I may be late."

She looked up in his face so bright and cheerful that he thought, "how foolish for me to leave her." But pride said "go," and he went.

Dear girl! He had no sooner gone, than she lay down her book, and kneeling by the side of her chair, poured out a most earnest prayer for her dear young husband. When she arose, she felt assured that her prayer would be answered.

Not more than half an hour had elapsed when she heard the outer door softly open (he had taken the night-key) and a light footstep across the hall. She looked up to see her husband stealing behind her for a surprise.

"Oh!" said she joyfully, "I am so glad you've come back. I was just wishing you were here."

He kissed her tenderly, as he said, "You've conquered, Mary, I found in leaving you, I had left happiness."

Six months passed away, Mary's vision was in part realised. A lovely infant lay by her side, calling forth from her gentle heart such a gush of tenderness, that she was almost too happy. Harry felt a father's pride in gazing at their new and precious treasure; but soon finding the house lonely, now that Mary was confined to her room, he gradually acquired a habit of staying out during the evening. Nor when Mary was again able to go below, did he give up this habit, and sometimes protracted his stay until near midnight.

It needed all the young wife's native cheerfulness, added to her absorbing love for her darling boy, to keep her from sinking under this new trial. Once or twice when she in the kindest manner begged him to tell her where he had been, saying she missed his society, he answered her in such a strange tone and manner, that he could manage his own business, that she determined to question him no more. Her faith was sorely tried. She endeavored to pray; but the thought of the sad, *sad* change in her husband made her almost despair.

Yet he was not generally, or even often unkind. Sometimes

he seemed to feel ashamed of his harshness, and at one time when he left her in displeasure, and had thrown out some taunt at her religion, he returned, evidently expecting and feeling that he had deserved her anger. But the forgiving wife looked up so cheerfully at his entrance, that he reproached himself bitterly for his conduct.

Then he noticed that she had grown very pale, and the thought "what if I should lose her?" shot like a dart through his heart. Softened and subdued by it, he confessed his sorrow to her. He told her what she had long suspected was true, that the young men of his acquaintance had formed a club, and while she was sick had induced him to join, for the sake of passing away his lonely evenings. They told him he could leave any time; but when he had repeatedly proposed doing so, they had sneered at his wife's influence, and ridiculed him for being in her leading strings. They said, they supposed since she had become religious, she thought it was wicked for her husband to enjoy himself, or to do anything but pray.

Mary had bowed her head over her babe to conceal her tears; but when he stopped, she looked up, saying, "Dear Harry, do you call the society of such men enjoyment?" Now for the first time in his presence, she burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

Mr. Stanwood was much distressed, and tried to soothe her by promises of amendment, in which he was at the time really sincere.

For several weeks, he spent every evening at home with Mary, except when absolutely engaged in his office. Sometimes he brought his law books, and having interested his wife in the case, looked out his authorities in her presence. Mary's heart was buoyed with hope; and she endeavored by every means in her power to make his home attractive and happy.

But alas, for resolutions of amendment, when the only strength for keeping them is in a depraved heart! Mr. Stanwood one day met a member of the club, who immediately attacked him for leaving them so unceremoniously. They had missed him extremely. Harry muttered something about pressing engagements.

"There! I told them so," exclaimed the young man. "But some of them would have it that you dared not come; that your handsome wife had found you out, and forbidden your being in the society of such ungodly, graceless fellows as she thinks us to be."

Harry's face was crimson as he denied the charge; and he was easily induced to be present the ensuing evening. He meant to prove to them that he was not afraid of wounding the gentle, loving heart which beat so tenderly for him, and which sighed and prayed so earnestly for his best welfare. He meant to show them that he preferred their coarse songs, and still coarser jokes and sallies of wit, to her pure and chaste affection and society.

As he sat in his office the day following this interview, he found it impossible to confine his attention to his business. In vain he looked on the notes he had made of a case he was to plead at the next term of court; in vain he took down Blackstone, Chitty, and other law books from the shelves to consult the authorities. Wherever he looked, he could only see the image of his lovely wife, pale and sad, bending over her babe to conceal her tears.

"Pshaw!" said he, angrily throwing down his books, "what a fool I'm making of myself;" and the crimson again dyed his cheeks, as he remembered the insulting language of his club companion. "I despise them all," said he aloud; yet I couldn't have them suppose I'm afraid of my wife."

Here he fell into a long reverie, in which his feelings and emotions were so conflicting and varied that he never could accurately describe them. Sometimes he wished that he were free from the whole set (meaning the club); for he never found any real enjoyment in meeting with them. To strengthen this feeling, his thoughts recurred to a remark he overheard from a distinguished citizen, on the street. He had passed two gentlemen who were conversing on the side-walk, when he accidentally stopped to look at a print in the window of a store, and heard one of them say, "When Stanwood first came into town, I prophesied he'd make a capital attorney; he has a shrewd tact for the business; but this idea of his of collecting a practice by going to parties and balls is all folly. They may like him for

a companion ; but, depend upon it, men of sense, when they want their business done, will go to a lawyer who keeps at home, or in his office, studying his profession."

"I hope he will succeed, for the sake of his lovely wife," was the reply.

How well he remembered the surprise of Mary, as he went home, chafed and irritated by these remarks, and abruptly shook her off as she approached him for a caress.

Then the idea flashed through his brain, "Would not Mary be delighted if I should become religious!" But here all was chaos. He had not a single right idea upon the subject. He began by thinking he was a very moral, good man, who had never done any hurt,—far better than the generality of young men. But he was suddenly checked in his self-gratulation by an impulse of the Spirit.

Who shall say it was not in answer to the prayers of his Mary? A mirror was held up before him in which he saw a young man, gifted by the Supreme Being with talents and acquirements, but refusing to acknowledge his indebtedness for them; blessed with a lovely wife and child, yet treating the one with abuse, the other with neglect. Then misspent privileges, broken Sabbaths, violations of God's holy commandments, passed before him, until he was obliged to hide his face to shut out the hideous sight presented to his view.

From imagining that he was far above his companions in virtue and goodness, he now loathed himself as a vile sinner. One point was settled ;—he would perform his promise, and meet with the club that evening, and then leave them forever. He no longer cared for their scoffs.

On his way home, he debated the question of announcing his resolution to his wife. He finally concluded not to pain her by doing so, but to leave early and then she would suppose him to be at his office. Accordingly, he was more than usually tender in his manner toward Mary, who had never volunteered any marks of affection since he had treated her so rudely ; and remarking that he should not be long absent, left the house.

The first part of the evening passed quickly away. Mrs. Stanwood had brought out her husband's slippers, wheeled his

favorite chair to the table, and having soothed her babe to sleep, sat, awaiting his return.

But hour after hour passed, and he came not. She laid aside her work, and took a book to beguile her anxious thoughts. It would even have been a relief to her if she had thought of the club; but from her husband's remark that he should soon be home, she feared he must have met with some accident. Dreading, she knew not what, she trembled at every sound; and as the clock struck twelve, she could endure it no longer. She ran through the hall, threw open the door, and stood gazing into the darkness. Not a light could be seen; not a sound heard; and after standing until she was thoroughly chilled by the night air, she shut the door, and with a heavy heart, returned to her room.

After leaning her head for a few minutes upon the table, she retired into an inner room.

But where was Mr. Stanwood? Alas, *alas!* he was still in the midst of the club, where, by turns, the Bible and the God of the Bible were scoffed at and ridiculed; and where he who had so lately been visited by the influences of the gracious Spirit, laughed louder than any of his companions. At ten o'clock, he had proposed to leave, but they earnestly protested that they would not consent, unless his wife had forbidden his being out late.

He immediately resumed his seat, and determined to be the last in the room. At length the members dispersed, and Harry was left to make his way home, with reflections which certainly none would envy.

He hoped and expected to find Mary asleep. But could *he* sleep? An accusing conscience answered "*no!*" He gained the door, and softly applying the night-key, entered the house.

All was silent as the grave. Taking off his hat and boots, he crept up stairs toward his room, where a low, murmuring sound arrested his attention.

He stopped and listened. It was Mary's voice. Who could she be talking with at that hour? He took a few steps forward and gained the room. She was not there. He listened again. What was it which suddenly bowed the knees of this strong man, and caused the tears to gush so freely from his eyes? He

heard Mary, his neglected, insulted wife, *alone and at midnight*, telling Jesus her sorrows, and with tears, beseeching Him to comfort and strengthen her fainting heart for the trials which yet awaited her.

He heard her pray that the Holy Spirit might send conviction into his soul, that he might repent of all his sins, and find pardon and peace in believing in Jesus. Mary wept aloud as she prayed that she might so exhibit a spirit of meekness and forbearance toward her companion that she might win back the affection which was estranged from her, and that they might live together in harmony and love.

Jesus, her elder brother, heard and answered. The sword of the Spirit had entered her husband's heart, and was penetrating even to the secret recesses. He groaned aloud.

Mary, in afright, started to her feet. She saw him, penitent and humbled in view of his sins. She read passages of Scripture. She pointed him to the bleeding, crucified Saviour. The night was spent by them in earnest, importunate prayer. Mary wrestled like Jacob for a blessing; the language of her heart was, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

When the next morning, the natural sun arose, the Sun of Righteousness also shone into the heart of Henry Stanwood; and though its glorious light revealed a heart where sin and iniquity had abounded, it also showed one whose stains had been washed away by atoning blood.

F A I L Y J A R S.

Jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham,
Jars of early gooseberries nice,
Jars of mince meats, jars of spice,
Jars of orange marmalade,
Jars of pickles, all home made,
Jars of cordial elder-wine,
Jars of honey, superfine;
Would the only jars were these,
Which occur in families!

F R U I T .

EDITORIAL.

AMONG the luxuries which crown our tables, none are more rational, healthful and delicious than good fruit. What variety it presents! The apple, the pear, the peach, the plum, the cherry, the quince, the currant and the grape are only names of its different species, each having scores or hundreds of varieties, dissimilar in complexion, texture and flavor.

What beauty in the plant, the tender bud, the fragrant flower, and the fruit, of hues far more exquisite and delicate than those of the dawn, the twilight or the rainbow! Oh, why have not poets who love the beautiful, more frequently resorted to Pomona's temple and drawn more of their types and symbols from the dear objects in her kingdom? If we except "a virtuous woman" where can we find a more perfect specimen of natural beauty than in some varieties of these fruits? It is the child's perception of this quality, combined with his sense of taste which makes him dance with delight when you hold up before him a noble specimen of the peach, the apple or the pear.

I envy not the capitalist whose stocks and investments yield him an annual dividend of twenty-five per cent.; nor the adventurer who explores distant lands and oceans, that he may astonish mankind with his discoveries; nor the naval or military chieftain, before whose booming cannon nations tremble, and whose glory is the price of blood; nor the politician, who rides on the topmost wave of popular favor to-day, and is, to-morrow, plunged by the same mighty energy into the trough of the sea. No; they are welcome to their laurels and their plumes.

I seek another, a nobler, purer, sweeter joy—the joy of planting a tree, of witnessing its growth, of plucking its ripe and luscious fruit with my own hand, and sharing it with my wife,

my children and my friends circling my table or my social fireside. Be this the joy of my pastime, when I relax from the severity of mental application or of professional labor, and I will be content.

How great a luxury is a dish of fruit! Any person may enjoy it, who has a few rods of ground, the industry and strength to plant fruit-trees therein, the time and inclination to take care of them. Money, which "answers all things," evil as well as good, may purchase apples, pears, and other fruits; but the real comfort which they afford a family is much less when they are obtained from the market than when they are plucked from one's own tree. There is a loss of all the happiness which results from the planting, pruning, and cultivation of the tree,—from watching its growth, its swelling buds, its opening flowers, and its ripening fruit,—from production and proprietorship, in the noblest sense of those words.

The miserable excuse so often presented for neglecting to plant fruit-trees, that they will do *us* no good, and that *we* shall never gather their precious productions, is too selfish to find a place in the morals of a Christian family. It would exclude a multitude of comforts from our dwellings, and convert us, if not into misanthropists, yet certainly into beings so very improvident and exclusive as to rob us of the principal joys of the life that now is. One of the most impressive examples of benevolence we ever witnessed was that of a man planting fruit-trees, who had seen three-score years. Some of his neighbors expressed their wonder, saying, "you will never eat the fruit of them." "What of that?" asked the veteran; "if I do not, somebody else will; and when they do, perhaps they will think gratefully of him who performed this service for them. But I shall at least have the satisfaction of bestowing on them favors such as I have received from others, and such as I desire them to transmit and multiply."

But he did live to eat of the fruit of his own labor, and to gather it in abundance and rich variety,—to share it with his children and his childrens' children; and when he was no more, they rose up and blessed his memory. How much his days were prolonged by this healthy exercise is known only to Him whose eye inspects the secret springs of life. Plant trees,

if you would have fruit. The season is at hand most suitable for this employment.

In our last number we presented our readers with a beautiful colored engraving of the Bartlett Pear; in this we give them a plate of the *Russet Apple*.

THE HUNT RUSSET.



This member of an ancient and honorable family of fruits will be recognized by many of our readers as an old and steadfast friend that has ministered liberally to their happiness, "from very childhood up." When we think of the long winter evenings, and of the numerous families it has cheered,—of the sauce and pies it has made for our use, and of all the blessings it has conferred upon us, a sense of obligation almost constrains us to take off our hat and make our best bow to it.

Having made our acknowledgments, we are prepared to enter the family-circle of which it is an honored member, and to examine its history. Of the Russets there are several varieties,—as the *Golden Russet*, of which there are two kinds—the Amer-

ican and the English ; the first superior to the second, in size and flavor, and grown abundantly in New England and in some of the Middle and Western States ; also, the *Putnam Russet*, which originated in Marietta, Ohio, and is extensively cultivated in that State for the Southern market, differing from the former in color, having frequently a dull, red cheek, and in flavor less spicy, and more pleasant ; also, the *Roxbury Russet*, named from the place where it originated, and is still produced in abundance and perfection,—an apple which is of extensive renown and highly valuable both for home consumption and for exportation, and on account of its ripening long after most other apples have decayed—from January to May. It often keeps, without any artificial process, till the early apples of the following season mature.

Then comes *Hunt's Russet*, of which his honor Simon Brown, Lieut. Governor, the able editor of the New England Farmer, thus speaks in that valuable work :—

“Take it all in all, for productiveness, for the dessert and kitchen, for the home market and for exportation, and for its beauty of form and coloring, the Hunt Russet, we think excels any other apple in New England, and stands at the head of them all. We say this considerately, after all the opportunities we have had of testing apples ; and we believe this to be the opinion of some excellent judges of fruit, who have had occasion to compare this with many other varieties.

The first Governor of Massachusetts, Winthrop, purchased a tract of land for a plantation, and upon it he intended to reside, on the north-west bank of the river, in the beautiful town of Concord, about eighteen miles, and nearly west, from Boston. The land gradually rises until it reaches a height commanding a pleasant view of the adjacent country, including nearly all of the village, and the broad meadows on the banks of the river, then probably covered with forest trees. Owing to some domestic affliction, it was supposed the governor never entered upon this land as a resident, and sold it to a gentleman from England, by the name of Hunt, whose descendants in a direct line own and occupy a considerable portion of it at the present time.

This purchaser of the land from Governor Winthrop introduced the apple portrayed in the engraving. From the inquiries

we have made among the descendants of old Deacon Simon Hunt, it appears that the tree originated and occupied a site near the highest point of land in the tract. The land is now owned and occupied by Capt. Nathan Barrett, one of the largest and best farmers in that ancient town. We have repeatedly visited his farm, examined his trees and other products, and believe he entertains the opinion we have expressed of the Hunt Russet. He put up several hundred barrels of apples last year, and among them a large portion of this favorite. So far as we have been able to trace the history of this apple, we believe that all the trees of this variety now growing in New England, sprung from that planted on the old Indian Hill in Concord, by Mr. Hunt."

We are inclined to think that the Hunt Russet is identical with the apple described by Cole, Downing, and Thomas. as the *English Russet*. The reader will observe that our engraving answers Mr. Downing's description of the English Russet which we copy. 'He says the 'stalk is rather small.' In the engraving above the stalk is rather large, but is true, as the whole portrait is, to life.

The fruit (as Downing says of the English Russet) is of medium size, ovate, or sometimes conical, and very regularly formed. Skin yellowish-green, nearly covered with russet, which is thickest about the stalk. Calyx is small, closed, and in an even, round basin, of moderate depth. Stalk is rather small, projecting even with the base, and pretty deeply inserted in a narrow, smooth cavity. It is a flesh-white, tender, with a pleasant, mild, slightly sub-acid flavor.

The tree is a little slow in coming into bearing, but once producing fruit, bears every year, is hardy and of handsome shape. We have seen the apples *two years old*, fair, plump, and juicy, kept on a shelf in the cellar, with no extra care whatever, and have kept them ourselves a year in a good condition. It bears a high price in the market, selling quick at five dollars a barrel last spring, and is rapidly gaining the popular favor.

The above is the opinion we have formed of this fruit from raising, using, and comparing it. But we advise no one to adopt our opinions without careful inquiry and investigation for themselves.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

THE SYRO-PHENEZIAN WOMAN:— Matt. 15: 21—31.

Rev. Wm. Jay is well known and esteemed both in England and America as one of the best writers of the present century on the various subjects of practical and experimental religion. In his "Reminiscences of some of his Distinguished Contemporaries," we find this comment of his friend John Ryland. Both were guests at the time it was given, and they had just supped with their hostess whose custom was to have family-worship immediately after tea. It was arranged that one should pray and the other expound. Mr. Ryland commenced with "the story of the woman of Canaan. After commenting on her affection, and application for relief, he came to her trial and her success—reading the words, '*and answered her not a word;*' he said, 'Is this the benefactor of whom I have heard so much before I came? He seems to have had the dead palsy in his tongue.' '*And the disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away, for she crieth after us.*' 'And why should we be troubled with a stranger? We know not whence she is, and she seems determined to hang on till she is heard.' '*But he said, I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel:*' '*and you know, you are not one of them; and what right have you to clamor thus?*' '*Then came she, falling at his feet, and cried, Lord, help me!* But he said, *It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs;* and she said, *True, Lord, yet the dogs may eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table.*' 'What I want is no more to thee than a crumb, compared with the immense provision of thy board; and I come only for a crumb, and a crumb I must have; and, if thou refuse me a seat at thy table with thy family, will thou refuse me a crawl and a crumb underneath? The family will lose nothing by my securing all I want.' Omnipotence can withstand this attack no longer; but he yields the victory—not to her humility, and importunity, and perseverance—but to her *faith*; that produced and employed all these, for '*all things are possible to him that believeth.*'"

“O, woman, great is thy faith ; be it unto thee, even as thou wilt.”
“Lord, what was that you said ?” “Why, be it unto thee as thou wilt.” “Why, then, I will have my dear child instantly healed.”
“Be it unto thee, even as thou wilt.” “Why, then, I will have my poor soul saved.” “Be it unto thee, even as thou wilt.” “Why, then, I will have all my sins pardoned and destroyed.” “Be it unto thee, even as thou wilt.” “Why, then, I’ll have all my wants supplied from thy riches in glory.” “Be it unto thee, even as thou wilt. Here take the key, and go, and be not afraid to rifle all my treasure.”

“Now, Mrs. ——, this woman was a dog, a sad dog, a sinful dog, and if she had had her desert, she would have been driven out of doors ; and yet there is not a woman in this house comparable to her. Let us pray.”

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PASSING EVENTS.

The Weather.—The back-bone of Winter has been broken ; and though the season was for the most part mild and agreeable, yet the first Wednesday of last month was one of the coldest days ever known in New England, the thermometer ranged from zero to twenty-five degrees below that point. But winter with its snow, ice, and bereal storms, is over and gone. The buds of Spring begin to swell, the birds to enliven the air with their sweet notes, and the little lambs to skip on the rocks. Hail, lovely, balmy Spring !

The War.—Our last issue brought down the history of this dreadful calamity to the battle of Inkermann on the fifth of November. A voice from the field of conflict, says, “the common sentiment here is that the glory does not compensate for the suffering, nor the gain for the loss.” The misery of the soldiers, particularly the English, results from the rigor of the climate, and from inadequate and unsuitable provision of the necessaries of life. They are poorly fed and clothed. A Patriotic Fund has been raised in England, amounting already to more than a million of dollars, and also a loan from private citizens in France of one billion, seven hundred millions of francs, for the relief and comfort of the allied armies. But how many will die before these supplies reach them ?

The Russian report makes her loss in the Crimea by conflict and disease from the twenty-eighth of September to the twenty-seventh of December, twenty-two thousand, seven hundred and forty-four, and the number has been since that time much increased. The English loss at the last advices was larger ; and if to these we add those

of the French and Turkish armies, the aggregate must range from seventy-five to one hundred thousand. Yet both belligerent parties are recruiting their armies. By the fifteenth of last month, it was reported that Russia would have in and about the besieged city one hundred and fifty thousand troops, and the allied army, when all its recruits reach the scene of action, cannot be much less.

The Vienna Conference.—The four points agreed upon, expounded by the Commissioners of the Allied Powers, and subsequently accepted by Prince Gortschakoff, in behalf of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, as the basis of negotiations, are reported in the *Augsburg Gazette*, and embrace, *First*, The termination of Russia's exclusive control over Moldavia and Wallachia. *Secondly*, The free navigation of the Danube. *Thirdly*, The closer alliance of the Ottoman Empire to the other sections of Europe, and *Fourthly*, The free toleration of Christian communities and sects without distinction as to forms or rites in that empire. If these prevail, Mahomedanism must cease to be the exclusive national religion.

The Joint Commission of the English and Americans, appointed to settle all claims of either government against the other which have arisen and still remain unadjusted since the treaty of Ghent up to the fifteenth of last June has resulted, in most cases, favorably for the American claimants. How much more economical and Christian is such an adjustment of accounts and such a settlement of disputes between nations than a resort to war!

FOREIGN NEWS.

Prussia.—To this country, other intelligent Christian lands have looked for instruction and example recommending the best system of education.—France, by her eloquent Cousin and her profound Guizot; England, by her Hamilton and Macaulay; and the United States, by several of her best scholars. But in October last, Herr von Ranmer, minister of public instruction under Frederic William IV., the present king, attempted to remodel that system which has made Prussia a praise in the earth and to introduce a new one, making education in the Normal, Preparatory, and Elementary Schools less scientific and more practical, and rendering it a more powerful instrument of support to her monarchial government and to her established Protestant religion. Does he mean to *papalize* Protestantism?

Her indecision on the great question upon which the rest of Europe is in arms, abates the respect of both parties for her, and places her in a most unenviable position. The allies at first invited, next flattered, then threatened, and latterly treat her with silent contempt. Her special minister to England returned without attaining the end of his mission. She was not invited to the conference at Vienna; and when at length she intimated her readiness to sign the treaty of December 2d, she was reproachfully told, "it is too late." She is beginning to lose caste among the powers of Europe. Her king orders his army to be ready for action; but what enemy is he going to fight, Russia or the Allies? An irresolute king, like any other "double-minded man, is unstable in all his ways," and is in danger of contempt. But the end is not yet. Let us watch his course, and receive instruction.

Italy.—The ninth of February has passed, the day which commemorates the deposition of Pope Pius IX. in this oppressed country; and we learn from a correspondent in one of our New York exchanges, that its sixth anniversary was celebrated at Rome by her patriots and all who sympathized with them, a proof that the spirit of liberty still lives and acts around the vatican, and also the expectation that when it has gathered sufficient strength, it may produce a second eruption which may blow to atoms her citadel of arbitrary power.

Sardinia.—The king of this country has been called to bury several members of his royal family in rapid succession, and his state council has adjourned for two weeks in sympathetic sorrow. At the same time he is sending into the Crimea twenty thousand men to join the Allies against Russia, under Gen. La Marmora, the Piedmontese Commander-in-chief.

A bill was introduced by its ministry, with the sanction of its king, Victor Emmanuel, into its assembly in January, destroying certain monastic orders and limiting the power of others. It excited the wrath of the Jesuits, who availed themselves of the opportunity to raise the cry of persecution. The result of the discussion and the issue of the bill have not yet transpired.

China.—The prospects of the Revolutionists in this country were not so cheering at the last advices. The Imperialists had recaptured several places with considerable loss to the former. Protestant missionaries there, it is understood, generally sympathize with the Ta-

ping-wang Revolutionists, on account of their reception of Christianity and their desire for the distribution of the Protestant version of the Bible, while Roman Catholic missionaries regard the success of that party as the extinction of the Papacy in the country. At this period, much depends on the part which the French, English, and American ministers take, and upon the stipulations of the treaty which they are making with the old dynasty and its Maschion emperor, demanding of him and his government the immediate opening of the Yangtse-Kiang to foreign vessels, and also free access to the interior for the citizens of western countries and unrestricted commerce. If, in consideration of these, they should guarantee him their governmental aid, the measure might prove the defeat of the Revolutionists. But we have no fears on that point. Two out of these three ministers represent Protestant countries, and therefore we should expect from them a different policy.

Peru.—The *Panama Star* and *Herald* reports the progress of the revolution there, under Gen. Gastilla, together with several recent battles which added to the number of his victories.

Spain.—Accounts from this country indicate the approach of a Carlist insurrection.

The Sandwich Islands.—Since our last issue the heavy tidings have reached us of the death of the King of the Hawaiian government and of the recognition of Kamehamea IV., as the visible head of the kingdom. The first appearance of his Majesty was quite hopeful. It was on his way to church and in the house of God on the Lord's day in acts of worship.

Russia.—In the alliance against this empire are England, France, Austria, Sardinia, Hanover, and Bavaria. Great indeed are the bravery and strength of the Czar who can cope with belligerent powers so formidable. The anti-war party increases in Russia, and its spirit is said to influence some members of the royal family. In obedience to the royal edict prayers are offered in all the churches for peace.

England.—The resignation of Lord John Russell on the 25th of January has been followed by that of the whole British ministry, on account of a division of that body, of Parliament and of the English people on the question of the expediency of the war, and on the proper method of conducting it. A new ministry with Lord Pal-

merston at its head has been constituted. We shall be happily disappointed, if England does not experience greater difficulties before the termination of this contest and the settlement of claims arising from it.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Divorce in Maine.—The House of Representatives in this State has resolved to have nothing to do this session with granting divorces. This is a step in the right direction, but a little over the line. We have felt some solicitude for the ulterior influence of divorces granted so freely and abundantly as they have been in several States of the Union, and that too for reasons both sufficient and insufficient, Scriptural and unscriptural. We have long desired to see them limited to the cause sanctioned by the Saviour, in Mat. 19: 9. But where that cause exists, the injured and offended party in the covenant of marriage is justly entitled to a divorce, and to us it appears questionable whether the body which should grant it, can properly or reasonably withhold it.

Congress.—The bill for the revision and reform of the Judiciary has been rejected, because the lawyers in that body could not agree on new measures.

Mayor Wood again.—We love this gentleman for his perseverance in the good work of reform in New York. His measures appear to us wise and vigorously prosecuted for clearing out the sinks of iniquity in that great city, for the better sanctification of the Christian Sabbath, and for an increased regard for law and order in the chief commercial metropolis of America. Drunkards, libertines, and gamblers feel the dread majesty of law, and tremble. Even hack-men, whose zeal for patronage has heretofore been no small annoyance to travellers, are not allowed to ask any person to ride with them on penalty of ten dollars for each offence. May the heads of each of our municipal governments imitate this worthy example.

Immigration.—On the twenty-sixth of last January, the mayor of New York issued his order forbidding the landing at that port of suspicious Sardinian immigrants till evidence were furnished of their good character, and bonds given by the consul of that government that they should not become a charge in this country. May his example provoke very many of our executive officers to adopt similar measures!

Hard Times. — The commercial pressure is yielding; business reviving; and money instead of commanding twenty-five per cent., can now be had from seven to ten.

Temperance. — Prohibitory laws have passed the legislatures of Indiana and Illinois, but in the former, await the acceptance of the people.

Congress. — The Voluntary Enlistment Bill, which provided for the enrollment of three thousand volunteers for the commencement and prosecution of a general war against the Indians between the Missouri boundary and the Pacific shore, has been rejected; but the discussion thereon revealed what we previously supposed to be the fact, that those tribes have been more sinned against than sinning, and that the recent hostile demonstrations made by some of them against our citizens and government are only their resentment and retaliation of injuries and wrongs which they have suffered from our own people and officials.

The Oceanic Marriage. — We learn from one of our exchanges that the banns of matrimony having been duly published between the rough Atlantic and the fair Pacific oceans, a bridal party of twenty persons left New York on the fifth ultimo to celebrate the nuptials. The wedding ring is of iron, and is visible from shore to shore across the isthmus of Darien, uniting these two royal personages of Neptune's dominions, so that they are henceforth to be no more twain, but one. All the obstacles to this union, American enterprise, capital, and perseverance have surmounted. Hills have been leveled; ravines filled; the rough places smoothed; the track laid; and the iron horse already puffs among the hills which connect the Andes of South America with the Cordilleras of Mexico and Guatimala. The completion of this rail road, over which the first train of ears passed from Aspinwall to Panama January twenty-eighth, forms an era in the progress of society, brings our brethren of California nearer to us, and promises the most important advantages to commerce.

The President's Veto. — The French Spoliation Bill passed both houses of Congress, and only awaited the signature of the executive to give it validity, President Pierce returned with his veto, and an elaborate argument in its support.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Admission to the Church. — Official reports of the Baptist denomination in the United States, for 1854, show an addition to that division of the sacramental host, of thirty thousand; and in the same period to the Methodist churches, of fifty thousand. If to these we add the still larger number admitted to Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregational and Dutch Reformed churches in the country, the aggregate, we think, furnishes pleasing evidence of the progress of our American Israel.

Madagascar. — There, where lately a fatal persecution slew a hundred disciples of Christ, we learn, on what we suppose good authority, that there are now, in and about its chief city, more than a thousand sincere Christians, and in other parts of the island a still greater number. God's overruling hand often makes the blood of martyrs the most productive seed of his Church.

The English Church Missionary Society. — From the last report of this body, we learn that it has an annual income of \$500,000, with which it supports, in various parts of the world, about three hundred missionaries with their wives and families, sixteen hundred native helpers, and that it has under its care sixteen thousand communicants and fifty thousand scholars.

Sailing of Missionaries. — The American Missionary Society sent last month from New York, in the brig Falmouth, one Missionary and his wife, with three other female assistants to its flourishing Mendi Mission in West Africa, accompanied by three brethren of the Moravians on an exploring expedition for Missionary purposes. Success to their Christian enterprise!

The Immaculate Coneception. — This new doctrine of the Papacy is not very popular; the Dominican friars of Tuscany repudiate it, and the monks of Florence despise it. So then the Roman Catholic Church is not exactly a unite in religious faith!

Moravians. — This interesting member of the Christian family reports sixty-nine stations, three hundred and ninety-seven mission-

aries, and two hundred and twelve helpers, supported at an annual expense to their treasury of nine thousand dollars. What a lesson of economy! But will others learn it?

LITERARY RECORD.

Bibliotheca Sacra.—The January number of this excellent Quarterly came duly to our office. As we have not always read its previous issues, we are not able to compare it with them; but this we know that it contains many valuable articles. We were particularly interested in that on “the narrative of the creation in Genesis,” and the Report of an excursion of Dr. E. Robinson, for the identification of Pella. The translation of Anselm’s doctrine of the incarnation and atonement is faithful and scholar-like. This Review ought to be on every clergyman’s table, whatever may be his peculiar religious tenets, and we cordially commend it to the patronage of those of our readers who desire information respecting the progress of theological science.

Public Lectures.—These abound, and while they convey much valuable instruction and afford pleasant entertainment for an hour in a winter evening, it is a problem worthy of solution to what extent they may be profitable, and what relation they should bear to reading and other sources of knowledge. One tendency of our age and country is to excess. Our merchants often overtrade. The literary public are not altogether free from this exposure; and we have sometimes thought, if a portion of the time spent by multitudes in our large cities were devoted to the reading of well selected books, to study and reflection, it would be a decided improvement.

Reviews.—*THE NORTH AMERICAN.*—This Quarterly appeared promptly on the first of January, and contains the following articles: 1, Moorish Dominion in Spain. 2, Finished Lives. 3, Greek Pronunciation. 4, The Transmigration of Souls. 5, Lessons of Modern History. 6, Kanzas and Nebraska. 7, European and American Universities. 8, Twenty years in the Slave Trade. 9, Geo. Berklee. 10, Neander’s Church History. 11, Works of Fisher Ames. 12, Lord Mahon’s last volume. 13, Critical Notices. 14, New Publications. Some of these articles are of rare excellence, and the whole number well sustains the high reputation of this work.

BOOK NOTICES.

"A Discourse to the Ladies," by Rev. David Sanford, of Medway Village. This is an excellent production, given to the public some time ago, but only recently brought to our notice. We recognize in its author an esteemed friend whom to know is to love, and to whom we are happy to render the honor which is due for sending us from his people, the largest list of subscribers we have in any one Congregational Society in this Commonwealth. If every other pastor would follow his worthy example and interest themselves to obtain a like number of subscribers among the people of their respective charges, our circulation in Massachusetts would exceed fifty thousand copies a month. His good works show what might be done by a more cordial and powerful co-operation of the Christian ministry with the religious press. Few pastors, we imagine, make this mighty engine work with them for the moral and religious welfare of their people as powerfully as possible.

The Sermon before us affords abundant proof that such labor is not only consistent with a very elevated order of pulpit ministration, but actually aids in producing and sustaining it, and adds greatly to its efficiency and success. This discourse is a good specimen of the author's earnest and faithful ministrations, in style neat, perspicuous and direct, and in sentiment highly Scriptural and elevated. We have extracted from it our article, entitled "The Position of Woman."

"Observations on Epilepsy, its Pathology and Treatment," by Wm. M. Cornell, M. D. Boston — published by Fetridge & Co. Who has not heard of the fame of this eminent physician, of his remarkable skill and success in the treatment of what are commonly denominated nervous diseases? Here, in a pamphlet of fifty pages, he gives us the results of his researches, and the principles of his practice. Among the numerous exciting causes of Epilepsy, especially in the young, he notices on pages 21 and 22, precocity, undue confinement and application to study, and the like, which deserve the careful study of educators and parents; and in the appendix, are reports of various cases which he has, treated successfully, which may well be carefully considered by all afflicted with this disease. We hope that we may not be visited with it; but if we are, we should be glad to seek recovery by his prescriptions.

We are happy to announce to our readers that we have engaged him and some other eminent physicians to fill the department of Physical Education in our Monthlies.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Mr. Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street, in this city, whose store abounds in good music, the following sheets:

L'ABBANDONO, by Harrison Millard, with words in English and Italian, and an agreeable accompaniment;

REPEAT POLKA, composed for the piano, by Geo. R. Poulton;

HARVARD SCHOTTISCI, by George B. Ware, composed and respectfully dedicated to the class of '56;

THE SEA SIDE POLKA, composed for the piano-forte by T. H. Howe;—All worthy of the patronage of the lovers of good music.

WARDROBE AND FASHIONS.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The Spring styles have not yet been made public, we hope to present them in our next number. As yet no decided change has taken place in the style of making dresses. Basques of black silk or velvet are very much worn with colored skirts. Some are richly trimmed with jet,

or have the basque and sleeves edged with deep fringe, intermingled with bugles. Black lace, however, seems to be the favorite trimming. One of the prettiest dresses in this style consists of a skirt of dark-green silk, shaded with black. The skirt is trimmed with flounces edged with ribbon, having a rich pattern in black velvet woven upon a ground of green silk. The corsage of black velvet has a basque. Bows of the same ribbon as that employed to trim the flounces ornament the front of the corsage, and loop up the ends of the sleeves.

JACKETS or BASQUES of a very light and fanciful description are frequently worn in evening dress. They are usually made of a mixture of black lace and velvet, or of black lace and ribbon of various colors, as violet, pink, or gros-grain.

We have seen a very elegant jacket composed entirely of bands of velvet, separated by rows of violet-colored ribbon. The ribbon was edged at each side with narrow black lace, and drawn so as to form a narrow puffing between each band of velvet. The basque and sleeves were edged with three rows of narrow lace, drawn in fulness. This jacket-corsage was worn with a jupe of violet-colored taffeta, with three flounces. At the bottom of each flounce there were two rows of narrow black velvet, edged at each side with narrow black lace. This very elegant dress was worn with a small round cap of black lace, encircled by a wreath of pansies made of violet-colored velvet. Two bars, or lap-pets of black lace, flowed loosely over the shoulders.

A few light colored silks and 'delains have appeared on the counters of our fashionable dry-goods stores, but the cold weather disinclines one to think of anything but dark, warm dresses and comfortable cloaks.

Next month, however, we hope to be able to give our readers all the newest styles.

BONNETS.—A change, which may be regarded as an improvement, is being gradually effected in the shape of bonnets. They are now worn more forward and less open round the face, the crown slopes less backward, and the ends of the front meet under the chin. The material with which the frame is covered, whether silk or satin, is usually put on quite plain, and upon it silk and lace are disposed in a variety of tasteful ways. Bonnets composed wholly of silk are usually trimmed with bands of the same, or with bands of satin, each band being edged with narrow lace. Round the front of the bonnet there may be a fall of rather broad lace, turned back, or a small lace veil may be worn, descending sufficiently low to cover the upper part of the face.—*Peterson.*

FUN AND FROLIC.

WHERE IS YOUR SCHOOLMASTER?—An exchange says that a suburban youth recently entered one of our drug stores, and depositing a piece of paper upon the counter, stated that he wanted a bottle of medicine, the name of which was inscribed upon the paper. The following is a copy, literatim:—

A bottle of Hair's Cherry pick torril.

SMART DOG.—This forenoon a small dog named "Watch," belonging to a man in Hanover Street, came into the Chief of Police's office, and walked gravely up to the clerk with the following note in his mouth:—

"*Mr. Chief of Police*—Please, grant me a new license, and oblige a former licensed dog.

"Yours, &c.,

WATCH.

"P. S.—I do my own errands."

The clerk made out a new license, which the dog received with a bark of delight, and then with a wag of his tail as an adieu, trotted off, holding the paper firmly in his mouth.—*Telegraph.*

SUSTAINING CHARACTER.—A farmer's wife, in speaking of the smartness, aptness and intelligence, of her son, a lad six years old, to a lady acquaintance, said :—

“ He can read fluently in any part of the Bible, repeat the whole catechism, and weed onions as well as his father.”

“ Yes, mother,” added the young hopeful, “ and yesterday I licked Ned Rawson, throwed the cat into the well, and stole old Hickley's gimlet.—*Olive Branch.*”

The Author of *Lacon* tells the following:—I once heard a gentleman make a witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the world. “ Sir,” said he, “ it is quite impossible that any one man should know all the world; but it is very possible that some one man may know himself.”—*ib.*

MEASURES NOT MEN.—A young man was frequently cautioned by his father to vote for “ measures, not men.” He promised to do so, and soon after received a bonus to vote for a Mr. Peck. His father, astonished at his voting for a man whom he deemed objectionable, inquired his reasons for voting so. “ Surely father,” said the youth, “ you told me to vote for *measures*, and if *peck* is not a measure, I don't know what is.”—*ib.*

“ I'll take two children if I can have 'em cheap,” said a tall Yankee, on entering an oyster cellar in Canal Street, the other day.

“ Two children—what two children?”

“ Why I han't got any myself, and your sign reads “ Families supplied,” don't it? I want you to supply me with two!”—*ib.*

“ You owe me five dollars for that opinion you had of me,” said Squire B— to a client.

“ No, I don't,” replied the man, “ I never had any opinion of you.”—*ib.*

“ A Boarding miss, deeming “ eat” a word too vulgar for refined ears, defines it thus: “ To insert nutritious papulum into the denticulated orifice below the nasal protuberance which, being masticated, perigrinates through the cartilaginous cavities of the larynx, and is finally domiciliated in the receptacle for digestible particles.”—*ib.*

“ A friend relates the following: A mile or two from town, he met a boy on horseback crying with cold, “ Why don't you get down and lead him! that's the way to keep warm.” “ No,” said the boy, it's a b-b-bor-rowed hoss, and I'll ride him if I freeze.”—*ib.*

“ It is said of *Lafayette*, that on approaching the Harbor of New York he made the unsophistical inquiry, whether his servant would be able to find a hack at the pier to convey his party to the hotel, so little did he anticipate the national pageant which anxiously awaited his landing.—*N. Y. Courier.*

Bread Making.—As bread constitutes the principal nutritive element for sustaining life in a large majority of the human family, a word or two respecting the modern methods of manufacturing it, may not be considered out of place in this Journal. Although bread has been used from the remotest periods of antiquity, yet to make it sweet and wholesome may well be consi-

dered an art. Scientific principles are involved, which have occupied the attention of able chemists, who have investigated the phenomena attendant upon the changes which the flour undergoes, until it finally becomes bread. Simple as the practice may seem, yet every one cannot succeed, and we venture to say, that there are but very few of the great number of persons who make bread, who are perfectly familiar with the laws or principles by which it should be made. When water and yeast are mixed with flour and formed into what is called dough, a certain change takes place in it, which the chemists "*fermentation*." The gluten of the flour is adhesive, and when in the dough, is easily susceptible of being distended by the carbonic acid gas (which was present in the yeast) into little bubbles or vesicles, which phenomenon constitutes the rising of the sponge. Certain degrees of heat hasten the process, by the expansion of the gas in the vesicles; but if the dough is allowed to remain too long in a temperature below that which would be required to bake it, those vesicles will break down, and the mass passes into a state of acetous fermentation. The heat of the oven arrests the fermentation, and further expands the gas in the vesicles of gluten; they of course stretch, and hence the loaf rises in the pan, and acquires its peculiar porous structure. To a certain extent, the same results are obtained when an alkali and an acid are made use of, instead of yeast; but there is a great difference in the flavor, and also in the healthy quality of the bread. The use of the bi-carbonate of soda and the bi-tartrate of potash, of alum, and also of lime-water, has been recommended in bread-making. We feel compelled to raise our objections to the common use of these articles, believing them to be at variance with the laws of compatibility with the solids and fluids of the body, and having a tendency to interfere with the functions of the secretory organs. Physicians cannot have failed to notice the great increase of disordered action of the digestive and urinary organs within the past few years. This we believe may be attributed to the incompatible substances made use of in the preparation of food. The method of bread-making which is now adopted in many of our *American* families, is, to take two tea-spoonsful of cream of tartar, and one of super-carbonate of soda, to every quart of flour: this is wetted, and baked immediately. Now it must be apparent, that very large quantities of those articles (used at such a rate) would be consumed in the course of a year. There would not be so much injury done, by their use, provided they were used in their purest state; but it is generally known, that three fourths of the tartar sold for culinary purposes is adulterated. We have repeatedly detected, when examining it, the presence of sulphate of lime, and alum, in large quantities. It is also a well-known fact, that bakers of bread make use of alum and sulphate of copper to give a white color to the bread and to further excite a powerful action while the dough is in process of fermentation. And quite lately, lime-water has been recommended to be used to correct the acidity of the dough, if it has passed from the vinous to the acetous fermentation. To conclude, we have only to repeat what we have already said, that we firmly believe that soda, cream of tartar, alum and lime, are not suitable substances to be put in quantities into bread; that they produce many of the diseases of the organs before mentioned; and further, that the old-fashion method of rising bread with yeast, and baking it on the brick floor of the oven, produces sweeter, healthier, and a more nutritious articles of diet.

FLOWER STAND AND CONSERVATORY.

The same flowers are in bloom as were reported in our last number. We hope to add the flowers of Spring in our next number.

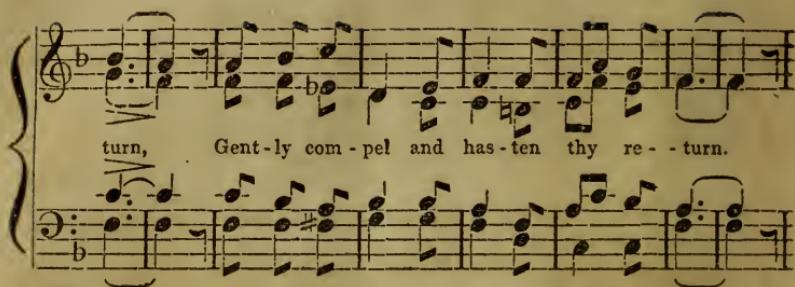
THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

FOR FOUR VOICES.

MUSIC WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK BY GEO. J. WEBB.

Allegretto.

Lin - ger not long! Home is not home, with-out thee; Its dear-est
to - kens on - ly make me mourn, . . . Its dear-est to - kens
on - ly make me mourn; O, let its mem-ory, like a
chain a - bout thee, Gent-ly com - pel and has - ten thy re -



Ritard e Diminuendo.

Linger not long ! Though friends may woo thy staying,
 Bethink thee, can the love of friends, though dear,
 Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
 Costs the fond heart which sighs to have thee near ?
 Linger not long !

Linger not long ! How I shall watch thy coming,
 As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,
 When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,
 And silence hangs on all things like a spell ?
 Linger not long !

How I shall watch for thee, when fears grow stronger,
 And night draws dark and darker on the hill ?
 How I shall weep, when I can watch no longer !
 Oh, art thou absent — art thou absent still ?
 Linger not long !

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that seeth thee,
 Gazeth through tears which make its splendor dull ;
 For O, I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
 My cup of happiness is all too full !
 Linger not long !

Haste, haste thee home, into thy welcome dwelling !
 Haste as a bird unto its peaceful nest ;
 Haste as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling
 Flies to a haven of securest rest !
 Linger not long !

JOSEPH REJECTED.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING, ALSO GENESIS XXXVII.]

THE scene here presented is one of painful interest. A dear youth of seventeen summers is unexpectedly and violently seized by his own brothers, bound with cords, and let down from the cragged rocks into a fissure, cave, or dry pit, about three feet in diameter and thirty in depth. That lovely child is Joseph, in whose face sorrow and fear are blended with trust in God, and in whom these affections are exhibited in strange contrast with the green-eyed jealousy and murderous hatred, which knit the brow, compress the lips, and inflame the countenances of his brethren. Oh, that they would heed his cries! Oh, that his agony might awake their sympathy and melt their hard hearts in penitential grief! Why does not the memory of their aged father and of their sweet home move their commiseration? Why are they so enraged against him? What injury has he done them? He has offered them no insult, no provocation. On the contrary, he saluted them with all the tenderness of brotherly love. His mission to them was benevolent—to inquire after their welfare, to deliver to them kind messages from their common father, and in return to convey similar sentiments from them to the home-circle. He has just completed a journey of nearly a hundred miles, midst privations and dangers, to visit them. Ye elder sons of Jacob, what has converted you into kidnappers and fratricides? Why deal ye so cruelly with your own brother? Why does not the fear of God restrain you? Why does Joseph's appearance awake your wrath, and make you resolve to murder him? Where is your friendly salutation? Wherefore your insult and mockery? What mean ye by this inhumanity and impiousness? Who among you conceived this foul plot, and cried, "Come, let us kill him, and say an evil beast hath devoured him?" Reuben, thou didst well to

remonstrate, and to say, "Let us not kill him!" Oh that thou hadst carried thine expostulation farther, and taught thy brethren to keep *all* the commandments! Why didst thou consent to this great wrong? Was it to deliver him out of their hand, and to restore him stealthily to his father? And hast thou yet to learn that principle is better than expediency — present duty than a sinful compromise? Besides, he may never come out of that pit alive; his convulsive sorrow, his distracting terror may kill him, or some of those jutting rocks may fall on him and grind him to powder. That cave may prove his sepulchre. And Oh, how tormenting then will be thy recollections! How his unheeded cries will tingle in thine ears, and his death-pangs live in the memories of thy heart! If Cain who slew his brother in a sudden passion, was cursed, how canst thou and thy brethren escape, who commit this horrid crime deliberately and maliciously? Surely there is nothing worse in the previous record of human guilt!

The whole preceding history of this remarkable child and of his father's family reveals the causes and motives which led to this dreadful deed, and teaches us why his elder brothers, who ought to have been his protectors, became his persecutors. Let us, then, study that history and receive instruction.

Joseph was of illustrious parentage, the son of Jacob and Rachel, a descendant of Isaac and Abraham by his father, and of Laban, Bethuel, and Nahor by his mother, the two lines of his genealogy meeting in Terah. His father was led by his maternal grandfather into the sin of polygamy, which was common in that age and country, and which God suffered "because of the hardness of their hearts." It is not relevant to our present purpose to discuss the question, how long Jacob had been married to Rachel at the time of Joseph's birth? Whether one year or fourteen, or whether the period should bear date from the expiration, or from the commencement, of Jacob's twice seven years of service. Common opinion favors the first; but Scripture chronology and the terms of the contract the second. "Fulfil her week," the time devoted to the celebration of Leah's nuptials, "and we will give thee this"

[Rachel] “also for the service which thou **SHALT** serve with me yet seven other years.”

Be this, however, as it may; it is still certain that at this child’s birth his father had been many years in Mesopotamia, whither he had fled in search of a wife, and to escape the resentment of Esau, his brother, whose birthright and blessing he obtained by artifice, falsehood, and fraud. There this quarrel really commenced. The iniquity of the father was visited upon the children, because they perpetuated his sin. He quarrelled with his brother; and they in turn with theirs; and both were punished as they deserved. Rebecca put the seed of this dissension into Jacob’s hand, and he scattered it about the tent of Isaac his father; and now he must gather the harvest of his own planting.

Children commonly bear “the image and superscription” of their parents; and in the early training of these brothers, they had received other lessons preparatory to this iniquity. They were born while Jacob abode with Laban. When he left Mesopotamia for Canaan, Joseph was about six years of age, and Reuben, the eldest, nineteen; and during that tender period, when impressions the most deep and abiding are commonly made upon the young mind, they had become familiar with the deceit and injustice of Laban toward their father. Their quick discernment had noticed the mutual jealousy prevalent among their mothers, who, in all likelihood, had breathed their own spirit into their offspring, and thus transmitted family animosities and contentions.

Of these, the names which they gave their children were no ambiguous intimation, for there is sometimes a volume in a word; *Reuben*, or the vision of a son, for, said his mother,—“Surely the Lord hath looked upon my affliction; now therefore my husband will love me;” *Simeon*, for said she, “the Lord hath heard that I was hated, therefore he hath given me this son also;” *Levi*, “this time my husband will be joined unto me;” *Judah*, “now will I praise the Lord;” *Dan*, “judgment, vindication, vengeance,” replies Rachel; *Naph-tahli*, she continues, or “the result of wrestling, of setting up my family in rivalry of my sister’s;” *Gad*, “a troop,” responds

Leah ; *Ashur*, "one that is happy, one that makes me triumphant, that is, over my rival in my husband's affections ;" *Issachar*, "the recompense, the mandrakes returned ;" *Zebulon*, "now will my husband dwell with me ;" *Joseph*, "another son !" exclaims Rachel, in prophetic ecstasy and in anticipation of the birth of *Benjamin*, the son of the right hand, that is, of preferment to chief honor. Could these mothers, suppose ye, have given such names to their sons, if envy and bitter hatred had not reigned in their hearts ? Could they cherish these emotions and not impart them to their children ? O Jacob ! thou that fledest from thy brother's wrath, how retribution pursues thee ! The quarrel is not now between thyself and him alone, but between the companions of thy bosom. It disturbs thy domestic tranquillity, and renders miserable thine otherwise happy home. When thou returnest from the field, it brings thy wives to thee in mutual querulousness, and fills the mouth of even thy beloved Rachel with murmuring and reproach. Surely thy sin has found thee out, and in retributive righteousness imbitters the fountain of thy joy. But its recompense is not yet complete. These are only the first peals of its thunder. In pity and sorrow, we will turn from thee for a moment, that we may watch thy family. These sons whose young ears were ever open, had heard their father's complaint against Laban in which their mothers joined, saying,— "Are we not counted of him strangers ? For he hath sold us, and hath quite devoured also our money." These brothers had been no idle spectators of their father's clandestine departure from Padan-Aram, of their grandfather's chiding of him after a hot pursuit, and of the acrimonious interview between them at Mount Gilead. Probably they were not ignorant of Rachel's theft of the Teraphim or household gods of her father, nor of her falsehood to conceal it. What if they had seen that family feud amicably settled by mutual explanations and concessions, and had witnessed a reconciliation between their father and Esau their uncle ! Children commonly remember such dissensions, and sometimes imprudently talk of them without a word about the pain and sorrow which they produced, or the reconciliation which terminated them, and from

such embers rekindle in themselves the fires that burned in their parents' bosoms, and so perpetuate domestic strife. Quarrels were to be expected among sons thus educated.

But their father's partiality was another cause which produced the iniquity. This is a prolific source of discord in families, and is no where more injurious than in a parent toward his children. What fostered it in the mind of Jacob? What made this son his favorite?

Was it Jacob's superior affection for Rachel? He ought to have loved and married her *only*, and not been foolishly led into polygamy in violation of divine law, both revealed and natural—a law, which God more clearly announced, when He said, "Let every man have his own wife." Besides nuptial love, itself a unit, admits of no division, but left to its own impulses, superintended and guided by the understanding, seeks one, and but one, object. This account of his fondness, far from exculpating him, only transfers his guilt, admonishes husbands and wives of the sad consequences of all attempts to divide conjugal love, and exhorts them to nuptial fidelity.

Did this partiality spring up in the patriarch's breast when weeping with this son over Rachel's death-bed and open grave? Sympathy does indeed produce love; and that was a scene of great solemnity and sorrow, when Jacob, at Bethlehem, buried the mother of this child then in his twelfth year, and erected a monument over her grave, which remains to this day. Then father and son wept together and comforted each other, and, forgetting her faults, rehearsed only her virtues, and resolved to imitate them. That was a scene of such melting tenderness as no husband can understand, who has not buried an amiable and faithful wife,—no child, who has not lost an affectionate and pious mother. That mutual grief may have added strength to the peculiar affection which subsisted between them. But it was not the origin of Jacob's special love of Joseph, for that had then existed and grown many years. Besides the bereavement and infantile feebleness of Benjamin, whom this mother in Israel brought into life by her own death, gave him a special claim to the attention and affection of his father.

The Bible gives this account of it: "Jacob loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age." What! Was his partiality the effect of his dotage? Why, then, did it pass by Dinah his only daughter?—Zebulon, who was but two years older than this favorite? Oh! why did it not embrace little Benjamin, who was several years younger? These words may mean that Joseph was *a son of peculiar promise*, that he was eminently precious and lovely, for age is indicative of prudence, wisdom and superiority, qualities which seemed to have belonged to the son as well as to the father, and which may have contributed to this strong attachment. Such at least is the belief of the Jews. Josephus says, "Jacob loved Joseph more than the rest of his sons, both because of the beauty of his body and the virtue of his mind, for he excelled the rest in prudence," a declaration of which history affords abundant confirmation. If this favoritism was what I am inclined to believe it, an effect of that son's superior natural endowments and moral qualities, his father was the more excusable for cherishing it, though he certainly should not have unduly exercised it, nor so manifested it as either to inflate Joseph's pride or to have excited the ill-will of his brethren. Here his father erred, and his conduct merits reprobation. If he had watched his own spirit more, he might have nurtured his children better.

But he did well not to allow his fondness for his favorite to exempt him from the law of industry, for idleness is ruin begun. He taught him his own vocation, the trials, labors and joys of pastoral life, conducive to health of body and vigor of mind. He sent him into the field to feed the flock; but like many fond parents of our own period he did not suitably regard his child's associates. What if they were his brethren, the sons of Bilhah and Zilpah! That relationship increased their power over him to corrupt and destroy him. The wonder is that he escaped contamination. His preservation under God may be owing to his virtuous sentiments strengthened by his mother's death and his juvenile piety. He could not endure their evil conduct, and like a dutiful son he reported it to his father, not in censoriousness and self-righteousness, but in meek-

ness, wisdom and love, and in the hope that paternal counsel and reproof might reform them. But his well-meant effort roused their wrath and provoked their resentment.

He was then in his seventeenth year ; and his father kept him by his side as a private secretary and aid, and foolishly adorned him with “a coat of many colors.” This was fuel to the fire that burned in his brethren. “They hated him and could not speak peaceably unto him ;” they could not exchange with him friendly salutations. But what was this coat ? And why did it awaken their rage ? It was an article of clothing made either of strips of cloth of divers colors, or of cloth of one color lined, faced and fringed with materials of different textures and colors. Probably it was like the ancient toga of young Roman princes or like the present vestures of royal children in Persia and China,—a badge of preferment and distinction,—a mark of superiority. Alas ! Jacob, whither has thy prudence fled ? Why allowest thou thy peculiar love to triumph over thy reason, reflection and bitter judgment ? Why stimulatest thou the hatred which may murder thy darling and which may make thyself a warning to parents in all coming time against such folly and madness ? “ Why “treasurest thou up wrath against the day of wrath ?” “ Vengeance is mine ; I will repay, saith the Lord.” We will wait patiently and watch the issue.

No wonder that in a country where the right of primogeniture prevailed which only the father’s will could transfer from the first born son to a younger brother, where estates were entailed and titles were hereditary—no wonder that in a family where there was a plurality of wives whose mutual bickerings fermented perpetual strife, where their common lord and master began life in a quarrel with his twin brother that constrained him to flee where he had lived twenty years with his father-in-law, not in uninterrupted peace, where deceit, and envy, and theft, and falsehood, and idolatry had now and then prevailed among those to whom these boys looked up for instruction and example,—no wonder, I say, that a token of distinction like this coat of many colors should, under such circumstances, infect the dreams of Joseph and imbitter the hatred of his brethren.

ren! It would indeed have been wonderful, if he had *not* dreamed of their sheaves making obeisance to his and of the luminaries of heaven shining by his light, of himself as the great central orb and of all others as dependent planets wheeling round him. Nor does it alter this natural quality, if those dreams were prophetic visions of future scenes and years. They evinced, even in this meek and lovely youth, a spirit which Jacob thought worthy of reproof. "What?" said he, "Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?"—His *mother*! She had been long dead. Did Jacob mistake in interpretation and seek too minute a correspondence between the sign and the thing signified? Or did he introduce her to correct his son, and to show him the incongruousness of his dream, and the improbability of its fulfilment! Let the curious decide, but we will rather admire the subsequent silence of the patriarch, his reflection, his pondering, like Mary, these things in his heart. What a lesson for parents! How it teaches them to study their children, to watch the operations of their minds and the development of their character!

But let not one consequence of these dreams escape our attention. They were additional fuel to the fire, we have noticed. "His brethren envied him,"

"With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true."

Inspired history reveals the causes and motives of his brothers' hatred and cruelty; as his dreams—his many-colored coat—his report of their ill-conduct—his father's partiality and polygamy, the family quarrels and household corruptions, midst all of which the children were nurtured.

We are now to see how these produced the humiliation of Joseph, the misery of himself and his family. Jacob detained him at home, but sent his brethren with the flocks for pasture into the field which he purchased of the children of Hamor for an hundred pieces of money, and which lay near Sechem. Month after month passed and no intelligence was received

from them. Anxiety prevails, and at length can be endured no longer. Joseph is commissioned to go in search of them. The appointed day arrives. He bids the loved ones at home farewell, kisses Benjamin his little brother, and, with his aged father's blessing, takes his departure. How blind to the future! Few of the incidents of his tour are recorded. He journeyed north forty miles along the thoroughfare, from Egypt through Judah to Sechem, where Abraham, his great grandfather, conversed with God, where his father pitched his tent for a season and built an altar when he himself was a little boy caressed by his fond mother, where the virtue of his beautiful but too curious and venturesome sister was violated by Sechem, and the sin punished by Simeon and Levi, and where he verily expected to meet his brethren. His heart was full of joy as he entered that field and coursed over its hills and along its vales. But he found them not.

At length, a man met him, and inquired, "What seekest thou?"

"My brethren," he replies, "tell me where they keep their flocks?"

"In Dothan," was the answer. This lay between thirty and forty miles farther north, near the shore of the sea of Tiberias. What was to be done? A youth less courageous and persevering would have given up the search and returned. But this, he could not do. Brave boy! He had undertaken a mission, and he would fulfil it. He journeyed on, that he might embrace his brethren, see whether it were well with them and their flocks and then bear the tidings home. I see him with winged feet ascending the hill from the summit of which he espies them in the vale, and waves to them his salutation and his joy. Tears of gladness suffuse his eyes, his countenance flashes with delight, his voice trembles with emotion, while he shouts, "Peace, brethren; peace be unto you!"

Why return they not his salutation? Why hasten they not to welcome him? Have they forgotten home, and kindred, and country? Know they not their own brother? Why, then, cast they those envious and hateful glances at his coat and his person? Why hang those dark thunder-clouds on their brows?

What gathers them together in secret conclave ? What blanches their countenances ? What is that fire flashing from their protruded eye-balls ? • Are they burning with rage while his heart melts with love ? Dreadful contrast ! They conspire against him to slay him ; but he hastens to pour words of peace on their ear. Again he salutes them ; but they return his salutation with insult. “ Behold, this dreamer cometh ! ” They lay hold of him and tear off his coat. Some cry, “ Kill him ! *Kill him !* ” But Reuben expostulates ; “ Shed no blood, but cast him into this pit.” All agree to this commutation of his sentence ; and regardless of his piteous cries, thither they cast him. Poor Joseph ! Weep not, the God of thy father’s will be with thee there, and his power can deliver thee.

The horrid deed is done ; and they flee to escape the sound of his sepulchral moans. They sit down to eat ; and lo ! a company of Midianite merchants approach from Mount Giliad, bearing their merchandize down into Egypt. Judah relents ; and acting on his proposal they draw Joseph up from the pit, and sell him for a slave. He is borne far hence to the land of the Pharoahs and is there re-sold to Potiphar, captain of the king’s guard. Was ever kidnapping more cruel ? No wonder Reuben who was absent during the nefarious transaction, rent his clothes in grief when he returned to the pit to rescue his distressed brother, and found him not. I hear his doleful lament. “ The child is not, and I, whither shall I go ? ” But all hope that he may rectify this wrong, fails us when we behold him an accomplice in the crime of deceiving Jacob their father by the presentation of the torn and bloody coat. Will a righteous God suffer such iniquity to go unpunished ? If the blood of murdered innocents invoked his displeasure, can his heart be unmoved by the doleful lamentation of this poor distracted father ? “ Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.” “ I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning. Even Rachel his mother weeps, and refuses to be comforted, because Joseph is not.

Dear Joseph, spoiled of all that nature gave,
The freeborn-man thus shrunk into a slave,
His passive limbs to measured looks confin’d,

Obey'd the impulse of another mind ;
A silent, secret, terrible control,
That ruled his sinews, and repress'd his soul.
Not for himself he waked at morning light,
Toil'd the long day, and sought repose at night ;
His rest, his labor, pastime, strength and health
Were only portions of his master's wealth.

INDUSTRY.

SEW, KNIT, AND SPIN.

BY ESTELLE.

“Wouldst thou know the joy of health ?
Wouldst thou feel thy powers ?
Industry alone is wealth.
What we *do* is ours.”

YOUNG LADIES, you need no arguments to convince you of the pleasures of industry ; but indulge me in a few suggestions respecting it. Time should never hang heavily upon your hands, for you have an advantage over the young of the other sex, in the variety of interesting and useful employments which may occupy your attention.

Needlework, in all its numerous forms of utility and elegance, has ever been an appropriate occupation of woman. The ornamental efforts of the needle hold an exalted place among female accomplishments ; and certainly its useful and necessary departments should be thoroughly understood. To make and to *mend* for those we love, or for those in need, should never be considered beneath your dignity. A desire to add to the comfort of those around you, or to relieve the poor, may at first tax your ingenuity ; but hereafter it may afford you the means of comfortable and honorable support, and of great usefulness.

Knitting, — “that quiet filler-up of odd moments,” — is not, I fear, as fashionable with you as it was with your grandmothers. But it is quite as useful, and is well adapted to fill up

those intervals of time, when it is impossible for you to collect the more complicated apparatus of needlework. In many parts of Europe, knitting is at present in high favor. Amid the classic shades of Greece, it is still a favorite employment. Travellers often speak of the German women as remarkable for their industry, whether at home or abroad. Their knitting work is carried with them to parties, to lectures, and other public places. A short time since, I read a very amusing account of a beauty and a belle at a theatre in Dresden, who very gravely laid down her knitting work to wipe away the tears, which an affecting scene in the tragedy had called forth, and then resumed it until again obliged to lay it down from a similar cause.

The old fashion of *spinning*, although it may sound oddly to "ears polite," would probably be of great advantage to females who suffer from want of muscular action. I have heard physicians say that regular exercise with a spinning-wheel has been known to give strength to the weak, and actually to remove a tendency to consumption. If any remedy for this terrible disease can be found, let us not hesitate to try it, even if it be in the use of the abandoned spinning-wheel. I once knew a lady, who, in the short space of six months, beside the care of her family, made one hundred dollars worth of articles, useful and ornamental, which were sold, and the avails appropriated toward the repairing of the church where she worshipped. She told me that all this was done at "odd moments," which she of course improved to her utmost. And when I asked her, if such close application did not injure her health, she replied, "Oh, no! I only improved moments which I used to spend in doing little or nothing." Thus you see how much you can accomplish by improving your time.

"Load the passing hours with thought,
While they stay with thee,
Then dispatch them richly fraught
To eternity."

"Behold!

The ruddy damsel singeth at her wheel,
While by her side the rustic lover sits.

Perchance his shrew'd eye secretly doth count
The mass of skeins, which, hanging on the wall,
Increaseth day by day. Perchance his thoughts,
(For men have deeper minds than women — sure !)
Is calculating what a thrifty wife
The maid will make."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

N O .

BY REV. HEMAN HUMPHRY, D. D.

THERE is no word in the language which plays a more important part in the intercourse of life than the little monosyllable No. When properly used, it settles a thousand questions at once. You may give reasons, or not. I suppose you commonly will ; but it is the *no*, whether soft or hard, gentle or emphatical, on which the question turns. "Can you work for me to-morrow ?" "No." Can you lend me a hundred dollars ?" "No." "Will you enter into this speculation with me ?" "No." "Will you indorse my note of a thousand dollars at the bank ?" "No." "I propose to take a little excursion into the country next Sabbath ;—will you go with me ?" "No." "Will you drop into the saloon, and take a glass of brandy with me ?" "No." And so on, indefinitely. We want these two letters for small change, every hour of the day. We cannot do without them ; and they serve just as well in settling the most important questions as the most trifling. "Ma, may I go up street with George ?" "No." "Shall this bill pass to a third reading ?" "No." "Are you authorized to sign this treaty, and put an end to the war ?" "No."

Two conditions ought always to control us in the use of this smallest of the monosyllables : First, never to utter it without due consideration ; and secondly, to stick to it, when once deliberately and righteously pronounced.

Parents find occasion to use it almost constantly, in bringing up their children ; and if I am not very much mistaken, they often err on both hands. They answer No, too hastily ; or they suffer themselves to be teased out of it.

"Ma, may I do this?" or "may I do that?" You answer, "No, my child." Now, do you really *mean* no? Or is it still an open question between you and the child? He will very soon learn how to understand it, if he finds that when you have once said no, the matter is settled, and you are not to be moved by anything he can say,—he will take the first *no* for an answer; but if he finds that you sometimes yield to his importunity, after you have given the decision, you will soon have teasing enough on your hands. No, mother; though three times out of four you refuse to take back your no, if you leave him one chance in four, or even in *ten*, to carry his point, he will be sure to persevere, to your great annoyance. Something like this will happen every day:

"Ma, mayn't I have a piece of that roast-beef,—I love it so?" or "mayn't I have another piece of cake?" or "mayn't I have some of the preserves?" The child is not well; you think the indulgence would injure it, and you say no; I can't give it to you. But you have yielded before, and he hopes you will again. So he says, "Ma, mayn't I? do let me have a little piece, it won't hurt me;—ma, won't you, won't you?" Your judgment is not altered; you think he ought not to have it. But perhaps it will not hurt him; and so, to get rid of his teasing and have a chance to eat your own dinner quietly, you awkwardly take back your no, and give him the cake. Possibly it may not hurt him; but by yielding, you have lost ground which you will find it very difficult to regain, in cases where the indulgence would be still more dangerous. When your child wants a favor which you cannot grant, and it is a case where he can see the reason of your denial, it is very proper you should take pains to convince him that it would be for his injury, before you positively deny his request. In this you may often succeed, and it is a great point gained. Children can see the reason of things much younger than many parents suppose. It may require a good deal of time and patience to argue the case, and with very young or very self-willed children, a more summary method must be adopted; but the best method of all is to convince your children that your judgment is safer and better than theirs, where it can be done. Don't hastily answer

no. In this way, many parents commit themselves, without due reflection, and thus bring themselves into trouble, and lose their influence over their families. Never positively say no, till you really mean *no*; and then let it stand against all importunity.

THE HEART DECEITFUL.

EDITORIAL.

He is the wise man, who his heart doth know,
Can analyse the pulse which beats below ;
Each hidden thought, each secret motive tell ;
Can read the inmost soul, and read it well.
Cold, stern morality doth idly preach,
Philosophy and Science vainly teach ;
Genius may strive its hidden halls to light,
The sage may argue, learned men may write,
Yet study, search, as closely as we will,
It is a marvel and a mystery still.

Ever relenting, yet no hope to win,
For aye repenting, but again to sin,
Forever striving, yet to strive in vain,
Forgiveness seeking, but to sin again ;
So very quick, though with affections strong,
To feel the insult and revenge the wrong.

Although disease may make the strongest bow,
It is not always that, which pales the brow ;
The outward struggle, and the inward strife,
The ceaseless yearning for a higher life,
The unremitting toil by morning's light,
The patient, thoughtful, studious toil by night,
This mode of life will make the strongest weak,
Dim the bright eye, and pale the roughest cheek.

If it be hard our own hearts thus to scan,
We should forbear to judge our brother man,
Perchance he struggled on 'till hope was o'er—
And suffered much, yet patiently forbore,
Till rose, at last, the fierce and angry thought,
The quick and hasty flash, with passion fraught,

He uttered, when the hour of weakness came,
 Words which now fill the conscious heart with shame.
 Gaze not on him with stern, accusing eye—
 What e'er their import, pass them calmly by.
 Deal gently, gently, for we may not know,
 From what deep provocation they may flow ;
 Since we may not the hidden motive scan,
 Let us forbear to judge our fellow-man.

Great source of light and truth ! this power bestow,
 Ourselves to govern, and ourselves to know ;
 We may not read that mystery aright,
 Unless THOU giv'st the needful aid and light.

TO MY FATHER'S PICTURE.

BY MISS M. A. O.

And thou art with the dead—how have I gazed
 On this loved relic of departed days,
 Till my heart swelled with its unuttered grief
 And sought, in burning tears, a sad relief.
 My father ! by that unforgotten word,
 How the deep fountains of my heart are stirred ;
 And in each pictured grace before me now,
 In cheek, and lip—bright eye, and polished brow,
 Full well can memory—faithful to her trust,
 Recall the form that slumbers in the dust.
 Oh speak, my father, in thy accents mild,
 Speak once again and bless thy sorrowing child.
 Those lips—do they not breath ? oh, speak again
 And quell the fire of this poor burning brain.
 It may not be—'tis but thy pictured form,
 The loved, the bright original is gone,
 And wild-flowers bloom, and trees their branches wave,
 And birds sing sweetly o'er my father's grave.
 But the pure soul, won by a Saviour's love
 Hath joined the throng of ransomed ones above.
 Sweet picture ! thou shalt be to me a token
 That when the silver cord of life is broken,
 By the deep longings for eternal rest,
 By the undying hope within my breast,
 By the bright promise to earth's mourners given,
 I'll meet thee, Father, yet again, in Heaven.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

BY ANN E. PORTER.

With what pleasure an old weather-beaten sea-captain surveys a new and more perfect chart of his accustomed sea-routes. He, perhaps, is too weary and worn to battle longer with wind and wave, and has "hauled up in port," but follows in fancy the vessels that go and come on the ocean-roads, with an interest that can only be felt by one who has trod the deck of a ship as master, holding in his hands the lives of perhaps a hundred or more human beings.

He now sits by his comfortable fireside; but if a tempest rises, how quickly his thoughts turn to the sea. Aye! how vividly he remembers the terrible night when his brave young mate with many others was washed overboard, and his ship went down, a perfect wreck, while he, with passengers and crew were left in frail boats to the mercy of the wind and waves.

But upon his table lies a new and more perfect chart of the old route, upon which are delineated hidden rocks, shallow water, and an unsafe harbor. Now, upon that rocky shore, gleams a revolving light to warn the unwary seamen from impending danger. "If," says the old sailor, "I had possessed such a chart, I should have been saved much trouble; and perhaps my noble ship would have gained the port."

With similar feelings, do we sit down to write this article. Our object is, not to fill a page in a magazine, or indulge a scribbling propensity; but, *knowing* the dangers of which we are about to write, we feel impressed with the perils of the road; and if we can aid one young mother in her efforts to give or preserve to her daughters sound *bodies* as well as minds we shall be repaid for the time taken from other cares.

In doing this, we desire to direct our readers to the charts which we have found useful. Within a few years, the medical faculty have given much scientific instruction and rules for

the preservation of health, free from technical terms, and suited to every reader. We are under great obligations to the profession; the amount of good which they have thus done, is incalculable. One of the most distinguished writers upon the subject of physical education, says, "It is in the period when childhood passes onward to adolescence and puberty, that errors of ignorance and prejudice are daily committed, which sow the seeds of disease, consigning many a sufferer to an early grave, or entailing miseries which render life a burden rather than a blessing."

It is just this period in the life of woman, which is the most critical, when she needs the watchful eye of a judicious mother, and when that mother should have the implicit confidence of her daughter. And yet how many mothers fail, through false delicacy, from giving that instruction to daughters, on which perhaps their future health and comfort as *mothers* depend!

Here I must say to mothers, never send a sickly child to a boarding-school. We do not, by this, mean to cast any reflection upon the managers of these schools. Many of them are persons of sincere piety, true refinement, and thorough education. But we think it is better, if possible, that daughters should be educated under a mother's eye and amid the comforts of home. Twenty years ago, boarding-schools seemed to be an almost necessary evil. But now, nearly every village in New England is well supplied with schools where a good education can be obtained, at least in the more solid branches; and therefore mothers may at present forego some of the ornamental appendages of a finished education, for the sake of that love of home, that knowledge of household pursuits, and that firmer health which are commonly better obtained under the supervision of parents.

What mother can read, without solicitude, this report of Dr. J. Forbes, of England. "We visited a boarding-school containing forty girls, and learned, on close inquiry, that there was not one of the girls that had been at the school two years who was not more or less *crooked*. Few who remain three or four years, but return home with impaired health. It is very difficult (we speak from experience,) for the principal of a

boarding-school to exercise that watchful care over the health of her pupils, (sometimes one hundred in number,) which a judicious mother would have in the family circle." The rooms are generally small ; two occupy one bed ; your daughter, perhaps, rooms with a stranger, of whose habits and health you know nothing ; the door is closed at night ; and if it were open, the air would be little better, as the house is crowded with inmates.

The pupil is ambitious to excel in her studies, and carefully conceals the approach of disease, lest she should be called home. Aye ! how well do I remember going suddenly into the room of a beloved pupil who was always prompt in her exercises, never failing in her recitations, or absent from her class. There she lay upon the floor, with a pillow under her back, trying to work out her Algebra lesson in that inconvenient position. She rose, but there was a world of agony in her expression, as she moved, though no word fell from her lips.

" You are in pain, Abby," said I.

" Yes, madam, I suffer a little with pain in my back."

" How long have you been troubled with it ? "

" Oh, for a number of weeks ; but I shall be better, I hope. I must finish my course, (this was her senior year,) and then I'll tell mother about it."

Alas ! poor girl, she did finish her course with honor, but soon drooped and died with the spinal complaint. The seeds of disease were in her system when she commenced study ; but they might have lain dormant for years, had she had proper diet, exercise and the constant watch and care of her mother.

Even now, as my pen skims the paper, one and another, and another pale young face rises before me, bright with intelligence, eager for knowledge, but drooping like a flower before mid-day for want of judicious physical training.

" My dear child," said a mother to an only daughter in the last stages of consumption, " why did n't you tell the teacher what you now tell me, that there was not a day last winter, but you sat hours with benumbed feet in the school-room ? "

" Oh ! mother," she replied in a feeble voice, " I did not want to make trouble. A teacher has perplexities enough without being annoyed with these complaints."

Oh, could I gather around me the loved pupils which, for so many years, were my daily companions in the school-room, many now teachers, and many more mothers, I would impress again and again upon their minds, the importance of understanding fully the physical laws of our being — laws which regulate this wondrous machine, the human body! Explain to a girl, before she is twelve years old, the mechanism of her body; look upon her as a future teacher, nurse, wife and mother; and let no foolish, worse than that, *wicked*, delicacy prevent the lessons. It is for want of this knowledge that so many are made orphans in childhood, and so many females drag out a wretched existence, with shattered nerves and deformed spines.

Dr. Forbes gives an account of the appropriation of time in one English boarding-school. We quote, that our American readers may judge for themselves, whether we excel our sisters across the sea in this respect; viz.:

“In bed, nine hours; in school or at studies, nine; in school or in the house, at optional studies or work, three and a half; at meals, one and a half; in exercise in the open air, one.”

Probably he has not exaggerated the practical results of such an *astounding regimen*, when he speaks of the bleached aspects, shadowy forms, and sickly constitutions which are there produced. Such beings are as little fitted for encountering the toil, or fulfilling the duties of life, as are plants in a hot-house for a transfer to open borders. He adds, “Until both mental and physical education undergo considerable reformation, and is founded on more rational principles, such evils must exist to an extent which no superintendent of a Seminary can control.”

The diet at boarding-schools is frequently spoken of, at least by scholars, as not injurious either in quality or quantity. As far as we can judge, by a personal observation of twelve years, in these institutions, the common breakfast is warm biscuit and coffee, and, not unfrequently, warm biscuit for tea. Now we believe that warm bread should seldom be eaten by young girls at school — never, certainly, for the last meal. Such a diet, we think, cannot be adhered to for two years, without injury more or less.

The influence upon the moral character, from improper asso-

ciates, at these schools, belongs to another part of our subject and will be referred to hereafter. We do believe that a boarding school *may* be so managed as to fit young girls in body, as well as in mind, for all the duties of life. They may be made *homes* for orphan daughters, or for the children of mothers who are too ignorant, feeble or poor themselves to discipline and train their offspring. But such an improvement cannot be anticipated until parents themselves prefer firm health, strong nerves, active limbs and a good constitution for their daughters, to a smattering of French, Greek and Latin, a little music, and the graceful steps and evolutions of the dance.

Reader, have patience while we dwell a little longer upon some of the common mistakes in female education.

“Why is it,” a distinguished physician asked, “that so many females of the upper and middle classes, without any existing disease, or without having undergone any severe indisposition to debilitate the system, are still habitual invalids, and always afflicted with some evil, real or imaginary?” An answer is at hand. The foundation of all this evil is laid in girlhood. Boys of the same age may roam the woods in summer, climb trees and fences, drive the cows to pasture at early dawn, swim in the brook; and in winter, breast the storm, snowball in the cold mornings, coast on their sleds, inhale the pure, fresh air, strengthen their lungs in noisy sports, and thus grow to manhood strong in body and in mind.

But how is it with the little girl? Oh! If *she* does these things, she will be called “tomboy,” and “romp.” No, she must stay in the house, keep clean and be a little lady: she may make pretty pictures with colored worsteds on paper and cloth. She may dress and undress dolly, and see how nicely she can hem and stitch; and when the sun shines brightly and the air is mild, she may be dressed neatly and take a walk; but she must not run, nor climb fences. I have even seen the poor darlings whipped for the latter offences.

Now, we have as yet paid little attention to the so-called subject of woman’s rights. We have, personally, had so much liberty granted us by the other sex, that if we are enslaved, as some tell us, the chains are so light and easy that they have

never galled us. But we do contend for the rights of girlhood. We remember those long tedious days, spent in stitching and embroidery ; the hours spent at the parlor window with long strips of cambric in our hands to hem, which made us *so weary* ; and how we longed to join our brothers who were playing soldiers, making snow-ovens, or skating almost in sight ! How their merry voices rang out on the air, and made us wish we were of the other sex !

Now, all this is wrong. Girls, as well as boys, have muscles to be strengthened. Their lungs as strongly crave the pure air, and their brain and heart as much need the sweet, pure influence of communion with nature. Mothers, never be troubled at the word “ *romp* ;” it is very harmless.

Let your girls be dressed in strong, plain, short clothes, and close drawers, and send them out—and *keep them out three or four hours* every day. Give them skates in winter, and bows and arrows in summer. Don’t go into hysterics, if you see them at the very top of the old apple-tree, or riding the horse without saddle or bridle ; and above all things, don’t scold, if they do happen to dirty their faces, or tear their frocks when in the field or the barn-yard.

In spring, let them garden to their hearts’ content ; and in autumn, gather apples or dig potatoes ; let them do any thing that will keep them busy and happy in rural employments. Let them be clothed warm, and take long walks, or good frolics out of doors in winter, instead of shrinking from the cold around a heated stove.

Sewing is a graceful and lady-like employment, and every young girl should be taught to do it well. It is quite an accomplishment to darn a stocking neatly, or to put in a patch by the thread. It requires more skill than worsted work. But we rejoice that machinery is now made to do much of the tedious and laborious work of making garments, for we fully agree with Miss Martineau, that “ *prolonged sewing is a most hurtful occupation, exhausting to the strength, and irritating beyond endurance to the nerves*. If there is the slightest sign of that nervous distress called ‘ the fidgets,’ paleness of countenance, lowness of spirits, or irritability of temper, there is reason to

suppose that the needle has been plied too long." A change to exercise in the open air, or household occupation is necessary.

Dr. James Clark, in an article on pulmonary disease, says, "The effect of sedentary habits in all classes and conditions of society is most pernicious; and there is perhaps no cause, not even excepting hereditary predisposition, which exerts such decided influence in the production of this disease, as the privation of fresh air and exercise." Our readers are all aware of the frequency of this disease in New England, and that many young females fall, every year, victims to consumption. We regret that we have not statistics giving the proportion of deaths in New England by this complaint. In Boston, the proportion by pulmonary diseases is 23.97 hundredths; less, to be sure, than in New York and Philadelphia, but still, enough to lead us to examine the subject and learn, if possible, the preventives.

Some of the causes of this disease may be found in the wrong management of mothers. If an infant, born in perfect health be kept in a close, unventilated, filthy room, and supplied with improper or insufficient food, it will become tuberculous in a few months. Up to the period of the full development of the system, this disease may readily be induced by improper diet, impure air, insufficient clothing or a mode of dress which prevents a free circulation of air in the lungs, want of cleanliness, and too close attention to study.

If these causes will produce the disease in healthy children, how necessary to guard the predisposed from all such influences! It is much more common among children than is generally supposed. In Paris where medical statistics are kept with great care, it was ascertained that out of five hundred and twenty-five children who were examined after death, it existed in a more or less advanced state in three hundred and fourteen. From the ages of eleven to fifteen, (mothers will please notice) females suffered much more than males.

There are some personal habits into which school girls are apt to fall that are very injurious to health and need prompt correction from the mother. One is eating acid articles to make them thinner. It surely has the desired effect, but it does more; in

many cases it produces serious disease. There is sometimes a morbid appetite for charcoal, slate-pencils, and even plaster. The writer has known instances where this was as strong, and almost as incurable as the thirst for ardent spirits in an inveterate drinker. The effect upon the general health was evident to the casual observer. We think these cases need the advice of a physician. Young girls often have a disordered state of the bowels for weeks and months, unknown to the mother. They should be taught that health cannot be maintained unless the secretions are healthy and every organ performs its office, and that mother is verily guilty who does not see that all incidental irregularities are speedily rectified.

Another and most serious cause of disease is remaining with cold feet any length of time. With school girls, this is very common; and many a cold, the sad herald of future consumption, is induced in this way. The feet should be well protected, and never, if possible, allowed to remain long cold. We trust the day of tight lacing is over, the subject is now more fully understood, and the compressed lung breathes freely. But the habit of suspending heavy skirts upon the hips is almost as bad; they should be confined by button-holes to waists made for that purpose.

We feel that we have taken a large space in the magazine for our subject, but we have left more uncopied from our notes than we have already penned.

Like the old mariner we would say, if we have pointed out one hidden rock, one dangerous reef, or warned you from a treacherous shore, we shall feel that our time is well spent, and if any school girl reads this we would pray her to beware in time, and heed the advice of one who has learned by sad experience that health lost in girlhood can never be regained in middle life. Bewise in time, if you would be happy wives and faithful mothers.

This world death's region is; the other life's;
And here, it should be one of our first strifes,
So to front death, as each might judge us past it:
For good men but *see* death, the wicked *taste* it.

Johnson.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

MUST I my brother keep,
And share his pain and toil ?
And weep with those that weep,
And smile with those that smile,
And act to each a brother's part,
And feel his sorrows in my heart ?

Must I his burthen wear,
As though it were my own ;
And do as I would care
Should to myself be done ;
And faithful to his interests prove,
And, as myself, my neighbor love ?

Must I reprove his sin ?
Must I partake his grief ?
And kindly enter in,
And minister relief,—
The naked clothe—the hungry fed,
And love him, not in word, but deed ?

Then, Jesus at thy feet
A student let me be ;
And learn as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, of Thee ;
For thou did'st come on mercy's plan,
And all thy life was love to man !

O make me as thou art,
Thy spirit, Lord bestow,—
The kind and gentle heart
That feels another's woe ;
And thus I may be like my Head,
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread.

Watchman and Observer.

What bliss, what wealth, did e'er the world bestow
On man, but cares and fears attended it ?

May.

TO YOUNG MEN IN MERCANTILE LIFE.

NO. II.

BY REV. T. SHEPARD, D. D.

FIXED PRINCIPLES.

PERMIT me to address you in this communication on the importance of setting out in business life with *fixed principles*. In looking around upon the masses as they pass before you in the rushing tide of society, you perceive that they act in the most responsible relations, from the impulse of the moment, without consideration, just as fancy or caprice impels them. My heart's desire and prayer to God for you are, that as rational, responsible beings you would ever act with deliberation, and in view of settled principles of right and duty, independent of all selfish and sordid considerations.

As a preparatory measure for such a course of action, I would exhort you, in your most favored moments, when you enjoy the clearest tokens of divine illumination; when you realize your relations to God and your fellow men the most clearly, then to settle your minds firmly upon the unchangeable principles of truth and responsibility, from which you will never be driven by any emergency that may surprise you. President Edwards in early life resolved, "so to live at all times as I think is best in my devoutest frames, and when I have clearest notions of the gospel, and of another world." Such unquestionably are the best reasons for settling principles by which it is safe to be governed in all the responsible relations of life. If you would wish to guard against inconsiderate, impulsive doings, which may overwhelm you with shame and remorse, in the season of sober reflection, never leave vital questions of duty open for debate when you find yourselves surrounded by temptation impelling you to give up to self interest or blind passion. Such a resolution as that of President Edwards, early adopted and thoroughly carried out amid

the conflicting elements of a sordid, intriguing, over-reaching world, would prove a life-preserved to the character and conscience of many a youthful mariner in life's tempestuous voyage.

To you, my young friends, who are setting out in mercantile life, fixed principles of honesty, of good faith, of unflinching integrity are of vital importance. Such principles in the abstract are easily settled. By every intelligent, unprejudiced mind, they are discerned by a natural intuition—an instinct of conscience. Be sure then, in the abstract, to ground yourselves firmly upon such natural, unchangeable principles, and do not wait until you are thrown into circumstances where you will be tempted to deceive yourselves by false issues.

The times in which it is your lot to enter upon business life, I am pained to say, are unpropitious for the cultivation of sound moral principle. With too much truth, it is sometimes said, that gold is the god of this nation. In making undue haste after riches in order to multiply sources of ostentation, luxury and dissipation, many have been tempted to indulge themselves in unwarrantable means of accumulation. Men in high places of trust, blinded by unrighteous mammon, and embarrassed by their own reckless improvidence and love of display, have been left to treat the funds committed to their safe keeping, as the spoils of a vanquished enemy, which, according to the rules of war, had become lawful plunder. Many are the victims of bold adventure, staking thousands on the turn of a die, and in the result, involving themselves and their sureties far beyond their power of liquidation. And then, as if to reach the climax of villainy and perfidy, in the hour of impending retribution, when they saw that the bubble must burst, like the unjust steward, they have by clandestine fraud laid aside the means of future ease and sumptuous living at the expense of the frugal and hard-toiling creditor, whose confidence they have so grossly outraged. Defalcations of this kind, numerous and increasing in high places of commercial trust, have shaken the foundations of public confidence to such a degree as to cast a shade of suspicion over large moneyed corporations, depreciating stocks of every kind, and filling the marts of business with fearful forebodings of another universal bankruptcy.

These scenes have thickened around you during the past year, as so many lessons fearfully admonitory of the absence of sound moral principles among business men. Let them serve to impress upon your minds those considerations vitally important to your character as business men.

Remember that *you have but one standard of morality, one rule of integrity*, and that is taught in the word of God. Settle your minds upon this point, "common business transactions," "the customs of trade," terms which you will often hear, furnish no sure criterion of honest dealing. They often lead astray. They are phrases not unfrequently used to cover up secret deception and fraud. Your only infallible guide is "the balances of the sanctuary." "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." Here is your rule. Apply it to all the circumstances incident to your calling, and you will understand that the divine standard of moral obligation forbids under the highest sanctions, all equivocations, secret intrigues, false pretences, and over-reaching of every kind and degree, whatever sacrifices of gain it may cost you.

Again, *gradual accumulation by industrious toil and persevering fidelity in minute affairs, furnish the surest means of healthful gain*. It is a general law of humanity enacted in the origin of the case, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." By faithfulness "in that which is least," by strict integrity in minute affairs, habits of exactness are formed which will prepare you in due time to accomplish greater things, and to be entrusted with more responsible agencies "in that which is much." Despise not then the day of small things. But few can bear sudden elevation in wealth or power. They bring a temptation and a snare. Of how many who have, by some sudden turn of fortune, realized the transition, may it be said, "and the last state of that man was worse than the first."

Once more, set it down as a principle in business settled by the code of eternal justice that *lawful demands can never be cancelled, except by the will of the creditor*. The providence of God may place you in circumstances where you have not the ability to meet such demands. The statute of the State may

place you beyond the reach of any legal process to enforce payment. But no authority except the pleasure of the creditor can absolve you from the obligation. And if the means are ever put in your possession to "pay what thou owest," and you refuse thus to do, shielding yourselves under the protection of the law, and consuming such means on your luxurious living, *you do wrong.*

In this changing world, we are all liable to be disappointed in our best laid schemes for gain. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor riches to men of understanding." Poverty, if it overtakes you pursuing the even tenor of your way in an honest, industrious calling, involves no crime. The cup may be bitter, but if your Heavenly Father hath put it to your lips, drink it. It will prove a needful medicine to purge off indwelling imperfections. Many of the best benefactors of earth, of whom the world was not worthy, were houseless and homeless pilgrims here. If it be the will of God that you should descend and dwell in the lowly vale, be sure that you carry with you a good conscience, an unsullied reputation, and the approbation of heaven, and you will not be left comfortless. With a mind stayed on God, rich in faith, with your treasures in heaven, you will find in that valley many a cooling fountain, many a vine with its rich clusters. Choice flowers will perfume your paths, songs of celestial melody will regale your ear—manna from heaven and water from the river of life will satisfy your hungerings and thirstings after righteousness. But if you are driven there by the scourge of outraged justice, and followed by the scorn of an abused community, be assured, your way thither will be strewed with thorns, and your resting place a bed of living embers. Nor will your woes be essentially mitigated by carrying with you any amount clandestinely kept back from its rightful claimants. "Your gold and silver thus gathered up will become cankered, and the rust of them will be a witness against you, and will eat your flesh as it were fire."

A wit's a feather ; and a chief, a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Pope.

THE WHOLE BUSINESS OF LIFE.

The amiable and gifted Jane Taylor, the last time she took up her pen (it was on the day preceding her death,) wrote as follows: "Oh, my dear friends, if you knew what thoughts I have now, you would see as I do, that the whole business of life is preparation for death."

How much time is spent in preparing to live! How little in preparing to die!

One who had lived more than fifty years said, as the hand of death was upon him, "I have been all my days getting ready to live, and now I must die!"

Would men spend as much time in preparing to die, as they spend in preparing to live, the physical agonies of death would not so frequently be heightened by the agonies of despair.

"The whole business of life is preparation for death." Thousands of death-beds — death-beds of rejoicing and death-beds of despair — have borne witness to this truth. The reader will bear witness to it — perhaps at an early day.

In view of this truth this very day should be spent in preparing to die. Our chief attention should now be given to those things which shall prepare us for the termination of life. In the same manner should all our days be spent.

Such a course would not render life a dreary waste. Far from it. That man best enjoys life who is best prepared to leave it!

It is a mournful thought that, in all probability, some reader of these lines will meet death, without being prepared for its dread realities!

Death is eternal life. — *Bailey.*

Death, thou art infinite ; — 'tis Life is little. — *Ib.*

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.

BY E. W. R.

We sometimes meet with what are called, in free and expressive language, men of one idea. They are in general, a straight forward class of individuals, distinguished by industry, and above all by energy of character. Entertaining the conviction that they have something to do in the world, and that to accomplish their mission they must live with all their might while they live, they go forward in duty with a oneness of purpose and of effort, which to others seems almost madness. They usually propose to themselves, (we speak of them in a good sense,) one great commanding object of pursuit, and make it the centre of their being, and press forward with Herculean efforts to attain it. They leave their mark upon society.

Men commonly fail more from pursuing various objects than from any want of energy in their character. There are moments when the soul gets a clear vision of itself, when by reading or contemplation it receives a new impulse and resolves on higher attainments. Now, could this clear sense of duty — this stimulus of enthusiasm be kept up in all its glow and freshness from one period of life to another, few enterprises in which we engage would fail and darken the brightest prospects. It is, we repeat, by suffering the mind to be diverted from its commanding object, by permitting the attention to be distracted by various pursuits, that honorable ambition is so often disappointed. Those moments in which the soul becomes conscious of its reserved powers and boldly seeks to win for itself glory and immortality are diamonds on the dial of time. We speak not here of castle-building, of structures beautiful but unsubstantial, but of sober views of life, of what is attainable and important, yea, absolutely essential to the welfare and progress of our race.

It has often been objected to men of one idea — that being

occupied so exclusively with one main object, they are prone to neglect others of equal or paramount importance. We conclude that such an exposure exists in all political and religious enthusiasts, in regard to the illiterate and to what are called the self-educated. These are apt to neglect a harmonious development of native powers, and the formation of characters symmetrical and beautiful.

But it is different with the educated, with the individuals whose sentiments are formed and whose minds are liberalized by various studies. Such persons will brighten their prospect of success by concentration of their energies. They will consider all other subjects as they are more or less intimately connected with their particular calling. These, such a person regards as useful auxiliaries to his main design. Cicero remarks of the great orator, he must be familiar with a variety of studies, as affording the material of his eloquence. By perseverance in a course of mental discipline, and by attention to various pursuits, such a man beats out and forges the armor with which he is to engage in the great battle of life. To say that time spent in this way is wasted, is idle in the extreme. The Mississippi is made up of tributaries, each swelling the mighty stream that drains and fertilizes the West, and that bears on its broad bosom the commerce of a great part of the Union. To such an individual nothing is trifling; but everything is invested with interest as related to his favorite object, the works of Nature and of Art, the discoveries in science, physical, moral, intellectual, and philosophy and history, literature and religion; all these lend their powerful aid. Earth, air and sky, the universe, minister to his necessity, and assist his endeavor. The profoundest intellects have not been slow to acknowledge their indebtedness to thorough mental discipline as laying the foundation of their greatness. The traveller does not condemn the house which shelters him, the mechanic does not despise the instruments of his art, neither do men of individuality of purpose and pursuit disesteem any allies in their victorious march toward greatness and renown.

We have said that energy generally characterizes men of singleness of purpose. The reason is obvious. Individualization concentrates energy, and makes the mind act with increased

force. One object occupies the field of vision, and therefore is more closely inspected, better understood and more readily attained. It moves the feelings, excites the energies, fires ambition, and fixes the resolution to conquer or die. Especially is this true in religion which imparts divine influence to the mind, and more than any other subject impels its possessor to vigorous and persevering action. An illustrious example of this appears in the life of Dr. Judson. What but the superior influence of motives drawn from the love of Christ and of souls could have impelled him to such heroic sacrifices, to labors so abundant, for the spread of the gospel among the heathen? He is justly called the Apostle of Burmah.

To the Christian missionary, the prize, though splendid, is distant; the reward, not on earth but in heaven, a glory that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." Such in its highest, holiest aspect is the reward of singleness of purpose and of pursuit.

Energy of character never appears to greater advantage than when seen in its triumph over unpropitious circumstances. It is not every one who is fitted successfully to contend with these and finally to overcome them. There is something sublime in the spectacle of one struggling with difficulties "not born to greatness, not having greatness thrust upon him, but yet achieving greatness." We look upon such a sight with something of the feeling with which we gaze upon a sturdy oak rocked by the tempest. It is greatness struggling with littleness, and finally triumphant. The individual who in the midst of difficulties, can boldly grapple with fortune and constrain her to be his servant, and who can turn back the adverse tide and make it waft him to the haven of his hope is a sublime spectacle. Such a man conquers by his resolution, by his indefatigable perseverance, and by his indomitable energy.

Our age and country call emphatically for energy of character. This is a period when genius brings the elements under her control. She has left other and older spheres and has turned her attention to railroads, telegraphs, and steamboats. She has crossed mountains, and bridged rivers, measured the distances between the stars. Never was there a time when me-

chanical and inventive skill was in such demand, and when its exertions were so liberally rewarded. The United States occupy an enviable position in the career of improvement, and open a wide field to the enterprising citizen. The present too, is an age of benevolence. To effect important improvements in the condition of society, to alleviate the sufferings of the poor, to break the bonds of the oppressed, to promote friendly intercourse among individuals and nations, to sustain successfully the Gospel at home and send it to the heathen,—such is the sublime practical mission of ourselves and of our countrymen. Here the motives to action in Christian philanthropy and benevolence rapidly multiply. Our laborers in this field have as yet been few; but the names of David Brainerd of Harlan Page, of Gallaudet, and others will occur to every mind as bright examples of those who have devoted themselves to one absorbing object, in a spirit of heroic self-sacrifice and disinterestedness, adorned by Christian kindness and love.

To our young readers the subject makes its appeal. It calls on them to form for themselves habits of industry and enterprise—to discipline their minds and cultivate their hearts for the sake of doing good—to adopt for themselves and to exhibit in relation to others this energy of character and thus to frame and execute plans for the improvement of individuals and of the race.

“ Youth has a sprightliness, and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost,
And virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crown’d with the garland of life’s blooming years.
Yet age, by long experience well inform’d,
Well read, well temper’d, with religion warm’d,
That fire abated which impels rash youth,
Proud of his speed, to overshoot the truth ;
As time improves the grape’s authentic juice,
Mellows and makes it more fit for use,
And claims a rev’rence in its short’ning day,
That ’tis an honor and a joy to pay.”

Cowper.

GOOD NIGHT.

Translated from the German of Giebil.

BY REV. E. E. ADAMS.

The moon her flock is guiding,
While night is on the silent earth ;
For clouds beneath her gliding,
She gives her gentle night-song birth.

And she so sweetly singeth,
So soft her music flingeth,
Into my heart in silence sliding.
Let thy slumbers quiet be,
The noisy day has fled in air,
The love of God doth cover thee
Everywhere.

The birds are homeward wending,
They seek on high their sheltering nests ;
Each twig and floweret bending
In the bland smiling moonlight, rests.

The water-mill is quiet,
The brook forgets its riot,
Its murmurs with the stillness blending.
Let thy slumbers quiet be,
The noisy day has fled in air,
The love of God doth cover thee
Everywhere.

It is the hour of dreaming,
Its welcome spirits are at the door,
Songs, in the palace gleaming,
The harper chanted, all are o'er,
At sea the fisher sleepeth,
His watch the shepherd keepeth,
The mountain fires around him streaming,
Let thy slumbers quiet be,
The noisy day has fled in air,
The love of God doth cover thee
Everywhere.

Within the cottage only
 The taper meets no more the eye,
 The woes that pass so slowly,
 So heavy in the day-light fly.
 Softly the cypress waveth,
 Oblivion's billow laveth,
 The soothed sense with influence holy.
 Let thy slumbers quiet be,
 The noisy day has fled in air,
 The love of God doth cover thee
 Everywhere.

Where'er an eye is weeping
 Unseen, and fast its bitter tears,
 Or heart, its deep loud keeping,
 Droopeth beneath o'er mastering fears,
 There gentle dreams are living,
 To soothe the sad and lying,
 And hope her sacred harp is sweeping.
 Let thy slumbers quiet be,
 The noisy day has fled in air,
 The love of God doth cover thee
 Everywhere.

Good night to all the weary,
 And you, beloved, far and nigh,
 I, too, no longer dreary,
 Rest till the day-star kiss my eye:
 While thou, the music-loving
 Sweet Philomel, art moving
 The night with praise, and God doth hear thee.
 Let thy slumbers quiet be,
 The noisy day hath fled in air,
 The love of God doth cover thee
 Everywhere.

How beautiful is night !
 A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
 No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
 Breaks the serene heaven :
 In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
 Rolls through the dark blue depths.
 Beneath her steady ray
 The desert circle spreads.
 Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky
 How beautiful is night !

Southey.

MY HUSBAND'S PATIENTS.

NO. IV.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

"And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath ; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

It was the Sabbath morn. The day was bright and beautiful. The hills and vales, the fields of waving grain, and the tall trees were bathed in the glad sunshine ; while every leaf and slender spire of grass were dancing in the merry breeze. The air was full of melody from the songsters who were pouring out their morning lays to their Maker. All nature was praising the hand divine that formed them so beautiful and fair, while the air was redolent with incense which every passing breeze offered from the flowers to their Creator.

Standing a little back from the main road was a Grecian cottage, where the noble porticos with their clinging vines twining lovingly around the pillars, the Venetian shutters, the smooth lawn separating the house from the road plainly indicated it as the abode of wealth and refinement. Let us advance over the smooth, gravelled walk to the door and introduce ourselves to the inmates. There is no sign of life perceptible, though the sun is high in the heavens. Ah, yes ! Betty is in the outer shed picking up some chips to hasten her fire. A very singular person is Betty, very much out of keeping with the exterior of the establishment. Her hair is flying in every direction. She is very loosely robed, and her feet entirely bare. But she has kindled the fire under the tea-kettle, and now is at work with right good will to get the breakfast, which according to her mistress's directions is to consist of coffee and chocolate, hot muffins, eggs and sliced ham. She puts the muffins into the rings to bake, and then runs to her room to finish her toilet. Though absent but a very few minutes, she returns decidedly improved in appearance, and now looks what she really is, a good-tempered, warm-hearted daughter of Erin.

She is followed by a younger girl, whose hair, rolled in innumerable papers, and whose zone, very tightly bound, are the principal things to attract attention to her. She has brought a pitcher from the nursery for warm water, and is highly displeased with Betty for giving her the trouble to do so.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Betty, to be so late about the fire. The water in the pipes is just as cold as Greenland, and you know neither Master Howard nor Miss Emeline will be washed in cold water, (or washed at all,") she muttered in an under tone.

"And sure its myself Miss Angelia Jameson is sorry to be given ye the grate trouble," said Betty, with rather a mischievous expression, "and ye so strapped up, it must be mazing uncomfortable for the like of yees to be stooping over sae ungainly a thing as a tay-kettle ; but indade, and its no my own fault aither, for it was but last Sunday week, not knowing the wishes of the mistress, I was up at dawn, and had the breakfast on the table just as if it was not Sunday at all."

Betty was growing quite eloquent when she was interrupted by a loud scream from the nursery, followed by a voice calling "Angelia ! Angelia ! "

Angelia hastily obeyed the summons of her mistress, and we will follow her to the nursery where Mrs. Langdon was trying to restore quiet, and to appease the baby who had fallen from bed in the absence of the nurse. "Baby, hush baby, stop crying, and she shall go ridy, ridy, with papa and mamma ; and she shall have on her red shoes, and her pretty new bonnet."

"Can't I go too, mamma ?" screamed Emeline.

"No, you shan't, it's my turn. You said, I might go next time, ma," and Master Howard advanced with a very red face to his sister as if he were intending to strike her, but Angelia who had poured the water into the basin forcibly carried him off to the sink.

"How could you leave the children so long ?" said Mrs. Langdon in a petulant tone, "the baby fell out of bed."

"Howard pushed her out," exclaimed Emeline.

"I didn't either," bawled out the boy from the dressing room.

"Will baby go in bed with sissy?" said mamma, who was still in her night dress. "Angy, take her very soon." But baby would not consent to such an arrangement, and the mother was obliged to take Miss to her own room.

"What was the noise?" said a voice from the bed. "I declare it's hard if I can't get a little rest on Sunday, when I'm so driven to death all the week. I hav'n't slept a wink since that horrid scream."

"Lucy fell out of bed while Angelia was gone to the kitchen for water," said Mrs. Langdon, sighing as she advanced with the child in her arms. "I wish, Charles, you would take her and keep her quiet until I can dress. She won't stay with Emeline."

"Where's Angelia? I want to get another nap," replied Mr. Langdon, in a sleepy tone.

"She's washing Howard."

"She's whipping him, I do believe," he added, as a perfect roar came from the boy. Mrs. Langdon flew to the door.

"I won't have my hair combed, you ugly girl. I say I won't. I'll tell pa you struck me;" and he burst into a loud cry.

Mr. Langdon was now thoroughly awake. He sprang from the bed, saying, "Mary, how can you allow that boy to behave so? His noise will rouse the neighborhood."

"I should like to know how I'm to help it?" she asked, in a desponding tone, sinking into a chair as if she were about to cry. "I do believe there never was so bad a boy as Howard. He'd wear out the patience of Job. Mine was exhausted long ago; and Angelia threatens every few days to leave, he talks so impudently to her."

"Let her go," said Mr. Langdon, preparing to shave.

"But it would be just as bad with another, and she is honest. Why can't you," she asked, hesitatingly, "try what you can do with him? The boy will be ruined if he goes on so; and then he exerts a sad influence upon Emeline. She would be a quiet child if she were let alone."

"You needn't expect me to interfere. Sunday is the only day I'm with my family, and it's come to a pretty pass, if I

can't have one day in the week to please myself. If you want another servant, say so, and I'll bring one from the city, tomorrow. I'm willing to do every thing in reason, for my family ; but I can't be expected to turn nursery maid."

Master Howard, having finished his morning toilet was now kicking against the door of his father's dressing-room.

"Stop that noise," said the father, in a loud and excited voice.

Howard kicked the harder. "Breakfast's ready, I say, and I'm half starved ; Ma promised I should go to meeting, to-day, and wear my new clothes, and its meeting-time now."

Mr. Langdon walked hastily to the door, caught the astonished boy by one arm, and set him violently into a chair, saying as he did so, "If you let me hear any more of your noise, I'll whip you so you'll be glad to keep quiet."

Howard had been threatened before, but as he had never received the whipping, he burst into a loud and angry cry.

This disobedience was so open, that Mr. Langdon caught up his wife's slipper, and hit the boy first upon one side of the head, then on the other ; the blows falling harder and harder as he grew more and more excited, until Mrs. Langdon ran screaming to the rescue, while the baby fell into the chorus with all the strength her lungs would allow.

"There, Mary, I hope you're satisfied. At any rate, I've done my duty once by the boy, and hope he'll remember it. Not a whist, Howard," as the boy sat holding his mouth with his hand to keep in the sound. "I think that will teach you to obey your father ;" and feeling that he had fulfilled the obligations of a parent to his child, he advanced to the sink to wash the lather from his face. He had no sooner turned his back, than the mother, feeling that her child had been abused, slipped some candy into his hand as a peace-offering.

Angelia, having dressed Miss Emeline, now knocked at the door for the baby, and the family went below for breakfast. Notwithstanding her late rising, Betty had prepared a very tempting repast, and looked so smiling as they entered the room that Mrs. Langdon almost returned the smile upon the good-natured face of the servant, as she said pleasantly, "The

top of the morning to yees, and I'll be hoping the breakfast 'll be relishing a bit."

During the morning repast, the question of going to church was agitated. Howard was sulky, or he would have had something to say upon the subject. Mrs. Langdon felt unequal to the effort; her husband thought it too warm, and that a lounge upon the sofa with a newspaper would be far more inviting; so it was concluded to postpone church-going until afternoon. This was too much of a disappointment for the son and heir, who had fondly hoped by his fine appearance to fill the hearts of his young companions with envy and admiration; and he began to kick the legs of the table, but a decided "Stop that, sir" from his father, soon put an end to any outward demonstration of his displeasure.

Mrs. Langdon dismissed the children to the garden for a play, giving them strict charges not to meddle with the fruit, and to play peaceably. She then called Betty, and gave her directions for the dinner, which, upon the Sabbath, was a grand affair, as Mr. Langdon dined with his family but once in a week. Afterward she followed her husband to the parlor, where he dozed away the time until dinner, believing, as he often remarked, that the Sabbath was intended literally as a day of rest for both body and mind.

When the family met at dinner, the children were so much occupied with their vigorous attempts to allay the hunger which the exercise of the forenoon had created, that the parents had time to discuss various items of domestic intelligence without interruption.

"Did you conclude to go to church, Mary, or shall we take a ride? You know I can't often find the time for a pleasure-excursion through the week."

"I can do neither," Mrs. Langdon answered with a sigh. "Angelia informed me before dinner, that she had engaged to go out with a friend from the city. This is her day to go, and I could say nothing. So I must stay with the children, unless," she added, brightening with a sudden thought, "you will order the carryall, and take them with us."

"Excuse me, my dear; but I hardly feel called upon to ex-

hibit our domestic bliss to the gaze of the curious. Howard would scream, and the baby cry at the top of her voice. I havn't forgotten our last ride *en famille*."

But Howard and his sister, whose attention to the subject had been called, by the mention of their names, were not at all satisfied with so summary a settlement of the question, and commenced in unison, "Papa, I want to go, let me go." "I say," said Howard, raising his voice above his sisters, "it's my turn, and if any body goes, I *shall*."

Mrs. Langdon said no more; but her downcast look, reminding her husband that she could not leave without them, added to their importunities, at length, prevailed; and the afternoon was spent in riding, Howard behaving much better than usual, by a remark from his father as he was getting into the carriage, "Remember, sir, that the first trouble I have with you, I'll set you down in the road, and you may find your way home in the best manner you can. I mean as I say, as you found this morning."

The boy looked so doleful at the thought of being left on the road, that Mr. Langdon was obliged to turn quickly from him, to hide a smile at his son's credulity.

Tea was ready when they returned, and Betty smilingly offered to give the baby her supper and put her to bed, if they could dispense with her attendance at table.

At an early hour, Mrs. Langdon coaxed Howard and Emeline to allow themselves to be undressed, promising them some money to buy candy, if they would be quiet and not awake the baby; after which, she joined her husband, who was smoking on a lounge before the house. She was wearied with life, dissatisfied with herself, considered her lot a hard one, and wondered what she should do when the children grew to be older. She forgot that she had a kind husband, a delightful home, and children endowed with every faculty to make them a comfort and a delight, instead of the weariness and annoyance they now were. As she sat there in the bright moonlight, with the cool breeze fanning her heated brow, a good spirit whispered words of cheer,—of a time when other motives would actuate her, and when she could look into the future with feelings of hope and trust.

A month later, after a Sabbath passed very much like the one we have described, Angelia was undressing Master Howard, who was resisting her with all his might. He had long ago forgotten the lesson his father intended to teach by the summary punishment he had inflicted, and had become even more unruly and obstinate than before. Angelia held his arm by force while she pulled off his jacket, when he suddenly gave her a violent blow in her eye with the arm which was free. She staggered back, and would have fallen, had not Mrs. Langdon, who had entered unperceived, caught her, and led her to a seat. The blood streamed from her nose, and her mistress was exceedingly frightened at her appearance. She ran to the head of the stairs, called loudly for her husband, and represented the scene as she had witnessed it in glowing colors, while Howard was standing behind the door very much alarmed at the effects of his hasty temper. Mr. Langdon took him by the arm, and led him to a dark closet, where he shut him up, telling him he was going for a policeman to put him in jail.

I will not stop to describe at length the terror experienced by the poor boy, as he was left hour after hour to reflect upon his conduct. His heart beat wildly at every sound, expecting the officers of justice. Then he would sink back, trembling from head to foot, and wonder if they would hang him for what he had done. But I will turn to the father and mother, who, after administering to the poor girl, left her with Betty, and descended to the parlor with heavy hearts. Mrs. Langdon was discouraged; Mr. Langdon, angry; and declared he would send his son to a boarding-school. He would not have such an unruly boy in the house. He was the torment of their lives.

Mrs. Langdon disapproved of boarding-schools, though she could not tell why; but she agreed with her husband that something *must* be done. She had an indistinct idea that neither of them had fulfilled all their duty toward their children, and she sighed at the thought.

They were interrupted by Angelia, who came with her eye frightfully swollen, to say that she was going to the city. She

would not remain an hour longer in the house with a boy so rude and insolent as Howard. Mr. Langdon paid her the wages which were her due without a word, and she departed, saying, "if it was only Miss Emeline and the baby, I would have liked to remain through the summer."

"Shall I release Howard?" inquired Mrs. Langdon when they were alone.

"Yes, I rather think he is pretty well subdued by this time. That was a lucky hit of mine about a jail; I saw he cowered under it."

The lady was leaving the room, but she turned back to say, "I don't think, Charles, it has a good effect to frighten children. I have read in books about its injurious tendency."

"Well, *well*," resumed her husband, "to-morrow, I shall decide what to do with him, I don't think any harm will come of it for once."

When Mrs. Langdon approached the closet, all was so still that she quickened her pace, fearing the worst consequences from the close confinement. When she opened the door, she could at first see nothing of the boy, who was crouched down behind a trunk. But as soon as he saw his mother, he sprang forward, and, putting his arms convulsively around her neck, kissed her again and again, sobbing aloud, "Oh, mamma! if you'll only keep me at home, and not let them carry me to prison, I will be a good boy, and I never, *never* will do so again. I am sorry, mamma, I didn't mean to hurt her so; will she die," he asked, eagerly looking in his mother's face.

Mrs. Langdon pressed him to her heart as she had not done for years, while the tears streamed down her cheeks. "My dear Howard," she said, when she could speak, "you shall not go away from home, at least, not to jail; but why can't you be a good boy?"

"I will, mother, *I will*. Try me, mamma, see how good I can be."

Mrs. Langdon led him to his room, where she certainly had little reason to complain of him that night, for he went quietly to bed, undressing himself, and hanging his clothes upon the hooks as Angelia had done.

The next morning, Mr. Langdon returned from town in high spirits. He had consulted his partner, who had suggested a plan with regard to the children, which had impressed him very favorably; and he only waited the consent of his wife to act upon it at once. This was to have a governess, who would take the entire charge of the children. Mr. Ames, his partner, had recommended a young lady, who was visiting at his house, the daughter of a former friend, who, he said, was so independent in her feelings, that she would not accept a home with friends, but wished a situation as governess in a family.

"I was so pleased with his account," continued Mr. Langdon, "that I went to see her."

"And will she come?" inquired Mrs. Langdon, her countenance exhibiting the most lively interest.

"Yes, I tried to persuade her to come home with me, to-night; but she said she should prefer to see you first, and make some necessary arrangements. So I promised to bring you in to-morrow. You can carry Emeline and the baby, and drive her home; I will return in the omnibus."

"Delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Langdon, "and I can take the opportunity to inquire at the office for a nurse-maid. Do you think the children will like it?"

"I don't think Howard will at first; I told Mr. Ames what he did, last evening, and that I was afraid a lady couldn't manage him; but he said Miss Nesbett had a great degree of firmness, and would do vastly better than a master, for such a boy. He said she would be a charming companion for you. I told the lady that she should have unlimited control over the children. She asked if we had a room we could appropriate for the school; and I told her she should choose from any in the house, not excepting the parlors. Mrs. Ames laughed at me for my enthusiasm, and said it was easy to see I had not the ideas of a governess, which were too prevalent in these days. I told her I must be candid, and say that Miss Nesbett's situation was not likely to be a sinecure; and that every thing we could do to render it more agreeable, should be done with great pleasure."

The next morning, Mrs. Langdon accompanied her husband

to the city, taking with her the two younger children,—as she had only a young girl with whom to leave them,—who had come in for a few days until they could procure a nurse. As it was early, she wished to proceed at once to the Intelligence Office; but Mr. Langdon said Miss Nesbett would expect her, and they drove directly to Mr. Ames's. Before noon, she had arranged her business so much to her satisfaction, that she started for home, accompanied not only by the new governess, but also by a tidy, good-tempered girl, whose joy at going to live with her dear Miss Anna (as she called Miss Nesbett), was alternately expressed by smiles and tears.

After her call upon that lady, Mrs. Langdon mentioned that she wished to procure a good nurse, when Miss Nesbett said she knew of one, whom she could recommend as being neat, obliging, and honest. "She formerly lived in my father's family," continued she, eagerly, "and was here yesterday to ask my advice about a place." Mrs. Ames kindly offered to send at once for the girl, who was delighted to go with her old friend; and thus Mrs. Langdon's wants had been fully supplied. Maria (the nurse) soon coaxed Lucy from her mother's arms, and that lady arrived at home with a light heart.

From this period, a new era commenced in the family. Mrs. Langdon, delighted to be free from the responsibility for which she felt herself unfit, showered favors upon the teacher, whose influence from the commencement had been so happy. A large, sunny chamber had been fitted up for the school, and Mr. Langdon had given Miss Nesbett *carte blanche* as to the expense of furnishing it with the proper apparatus. Howard, at first, looked at the governess in the light of one who had come to infringe upon his rights and privileges; but, before he was aware, he was earnestly begging the privilege of accompanying her in a walk, offering to carry a basket she held for wild flowers. Emeline, who was naturally an amiable child, loved Miss Nesbett with all her heart, while the baby, with her careful, merry nurse crowded and shouted with delight.

I would not convey the idea that there was any sudden change in Howard or Emeline. Their moral education had

been entirely neglected. They had never been taught to restrain their passions, nor obliged to do any thing unpleasant. It required but a very short time for Miss Nesbett to see the difficulties she would have to encounter ; and often, during the first month of her residence in the family, would she retire at night ready to believe that she was doing no good — that the task was hopeless. Howard was restive under the slightest restraint, and often very passionate ; Emeline was indolent in the extreme, and could hardly be brought to fix her attention for one moment. But with every fresh dawn came hope, pointing its finger to a bright future, and courage again filled this kind teacher's heart.

After being nearly a week in the family, Miss Nesbett, observing the disorderly conduct of the children at meals, and unwilling to reprove them in the presence of their parents, had requested to be allowed a separate table for her and her charge, at breakfast and supper, until they could learn some rules of decorum. The honor of dining with papa upon the Sabbath was held up as a reward for good conduct through the week. At first, Howard scouted the idea of that, as a reward ; but after being obliged to eat alone for two successive Sabbaths, he was very much pleased with his teacher's remark, on Saturday evening, that he had earned the privilege of sitting at the table with his father ; and she should now be proud to show him what a gentleman his son had become.

One of the greatest hindrances to her progress, however, was, in her estimation, the thoughtless remarks of Mr. and Mrs. Langdon in the presence of their offspring. Few parents realize fully the extent of this kind of influence upon their children.

They teach them to be honest, and then discuss before them the character of a man, shrewd and calculating, who does not hesitate to turn a penny to his own advantage ; and, then, with an expressive nod or shrug of the shoulders, say, "He'll make his way in the world ; he'll be a rich man yet."

They teach their children to be truthful, and allow them to see themselves entertaining a visitor with apparent delight, urge him to repeat his call, expressing the great pleasure it

will give them; but no sooner has he gone than they hear them say, "What a bore such a person is, I hope I never shall see his face again."

Mr. and Mrs. Langdon were truly kind-hearted, amiable people. Mr. Langdon was an active, enterprising merchant, who scorned to do a mean action, or to take advantage of a man who was in his power, while his wife was naturally sprightly and agreeable; but they had never considered themselves accountable to God for the training of the souls committed to their care. They did not remember the divine precept; "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

But Miss Nesbett had been taught in the school of affliction. She knew that the seeds of passion, of self-will, of disobedience and of indolence, in her pupils, had been nurtured by neglect and indulgence until they had produced "plants of a sturdy growth," and that unless they were pulled up by the roots they would yield bitter fruit. She therefore devoted herself most earnestly and untiringly to moral culture. She took a class in the Sabbath School, and they were among her pupils. She taught them the commands of God, and illustrated their meaning by simple tales, bringing the truth she wished to teach to bear upon their hearts and consciences. In a very short time, they awoke to the knowledge of their accountability to God for all the actions they performed.

Then she brought into use an elegant illuminated Bible, which had hitherto lain neglected upon the parlor table. She read with such pathos, explaining the beautiful engravings, that not only Howard and Emeline, but their parents, listened with delight. Mr. Langdon came with his cigar from the portico into the hall, then stood at the door, and finally threw it away, and lay upon the lounge, where he could hear every word.

"Do come here, Charles," exclaimed Mrs. Langdon, one Sabbath afternoon, "see this beautiful plate—that is Joseph, and his brothers are letting him down into the pit." Mr. Langdon joined her, and stood behind Miss Nesbett's chair, and while the teacher went on with the affecting history, both husband and wife listened with moistened eyes.

THE BALDWIN APPLE.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE COLORED PLATE.]

IN the present number of this journal will be found a beautiful colored plate of this excellent fruit. It is supposed to have originated about one hundred years ago, on the farm of Mr. Butters, in Wilmington, and to have received from him at first the name of the Woodpecker apple, and subsequently by contraction, of the Pecker apple, from the fact of its being a favorite resort for that bird. The rare excellence of its fruit induced several of his neighbors to obtain from him scions, and to graft them into their trees and orchards. Among these gentlemen, Col. Baldwin, of Woburn was prominent, who gave it notoriety and from whom it derived its present name. These historical notices of it were collected by B. V. French, Esq., published in the Horticulturist of January, 1847, and copied into the [first volume of the Mass-Hort. Soc. Transactions.

That Association, which has done so much to promote pomology, thus describes its characteristics: Its form is round, and rather tapering toward the calyx, which is closed, depressed, and surrounded with slight protuberances; its stem is about three-quarters of an inch in length, slender and a little depressed; its color a dull crimson, dark on the sunny side with shades of yellow and orange and with streaks or spots of russet near the stem; its skin, smooth; its flesh, yellowish white, crisp and tender; its flavor, high, saccharine and sub-acid. It matures from November to January, but often keeps much later. It is excellent for desserts and for cooking; its diameter from calyx to stem is about two and a half inches, and from side to side about three inches. Its leaf is thick and partially ovate, abruptly acuminate and serrate. Its wood of the first year is a deep green like the right branch in the plate; but that of the second and third browner with a slight

reddish tinge, and small spots at the left and main branch of the specimen.

In a rich, well-cultivated, loamy soil, it grows luxuriantly, and bears abundantly every other year. It is a favorite in our market, and a good orchard of it, which any man who possesses a few acres of land can readily obtain, is better property than one of the mines of California.

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

"He said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam (which is, by interpretation, Sent.) He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing."—John ix: 7.

CHRIST here spoke to a man that was blind from his birth, whose eyes he anointed with clay and spittle, substances which possessed no material efficacy to restore sight. He gave this commandment to him in order to try his obedience, and consequently his faith. His direction was admirably suited to that purpose.

There were many fountains and pools in Jerusalem; but this had obtained great celebrity. Its name was significant, perhaps prophetic. *Siloam* is a noun, derived from the Hebrew verb (*shalach*), which literally means as the apostle defines it “Sent,” the Shiloh, the sent of God, the Messiah,—a name given this pool probably with a typical reference to Him who was to come for Israel’s redemption, to Him of whom Moses said, “The sceptre shall not depart from Judah nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come.” The waters of that pool had no virtue to give sight to the blind, and in this instance, evidently operated supernaturally and by faith in Him, with whose name they were associated.

A person of less loyalty and confidence would have hesitated and inquired after the process, or have suggested doubts; as how can the application of Siloam’s waters open my eyes? Why may I not wash in some other pool as well as in this? Why wash at all?

Why to-day? Why not defer it till to-morrow? But the earnestness of this poor man's desire to be delivered from his grievous blindness, and to see the beings and objects around and above him could brook no delay. The present was a favored opportunity, and he must improve it. He started at once in the line of obedience. He went and washed, and the result astonished the inhabitants of that great city. The transaction is narrated in terms beautiful for simplicity, and in sentiment more sublime than any passage which Longinus found in the uninspired writings of the ancients,— the whole system of salvation in three words, “*went*”—“*washed*”—“*see!*” With the opening of his eyes, his soul was converted and illuminated; and wherever the speculative and curious interrogated him about the mode, “How were thine eyes opened?” he replied by a simple statement of the facts: “*WENT*”—“*WASHED*”—“*SEE!*” Taught of God, he silenced the carping Jewish doctors who excommunicated him, while his Saviour received him and revealed himself unto him. Oh that all whom sin hath blinded would hasten to the fountain which Christ has opened, and wash that they might see with an eye of faith! Oh that those who have been enlightened would lead the spiritually blind to Him that their eyes might be opened! Reader, art thou blind? or dost thou see? Beware of self-righteousness and deceit which made the Jewish doctors who despised this poor man, imagine they saw when Christ pronounced them blind. If, being spiritually blind, you say you see, your sin remaineth.

MONTHLY RECORD.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

China.—The revolution in this country appears, by last advices, to be progressing, not as rapidly as it formerly did. The Imperialists have recently gained the advantage. The English and American officers who unitedly undertook a visit to Pekin in the latter part of November on the business of their respective governments with the Chinese empire, were not admitted within that city, but were met at the mouth of the Peiho by high imperial functionaries, where a conference was held, and the revision of the treaty now existing was discussed and pledges given that the subject should be respectfully considered by the Emperor and his courtiers. The combined naval forces of England and the United States in the naviga-

ble waters in and about this empire have destroyed the pirates whose power has long been the terror of vessels in the merchant service.

England.—Several members of the Palmerston ministry resigned in consequence of the passage of Mr. Roebuck's motion for an inquiry into the management of the war.

France.—Even Napoleon felt quite indignant at this inquiry. But these allied powers are preparing for a vigorous prosecution of the war in the opening of the spring. But we hope peace may be proclaimed, before the next bloody act in this drama opens.

Russia.—Nicholas, the Emperor, died on the second of March, and on the third Alexander II., his son, peaceably ascended the throne and publicly pledged himself to adhere to the policy of his deceased father. It is presumed that this change will increase the prospect of the termination of the war. The present emperor has already instructed his minister to negotiate; but whether on terms that will prove acceptable to the allies, remains to be seen. This war has already proved a serious interruption to our missionaries in Oroomiah and some other oriental countries.

Sardinia and the Pope.—The attempt of the government in this country to suppress certain convents and monastic orders, has called forth a proclamation from the Pope, in which he says, "We reprove and condemn not only all the decrees already issued by that government to the detriment of the rights and authority of religion, of the Church and of the Holy See, but likewise the bill lately proposed, and we declare all these to be entirely worthless and invalid. How does this agree with Mr. Chandler's late speech, in reply to Mr. Banks, in which he denied entirely that the Papacy sought to interfere with government? Is there not here an intermeddling?—a jealousy not altogether godly? If this is *spiritual*, what shall be called *political* and *carnal*?

DOMESTIC.

The Ostend Conference.—This council, consisting of Messrs. Soule, Buchanan and Mason, occurred on the tenth and eleventh of last October, at the place from which it receives its name, and was subsequently transferred to Aix La Chapelle. Its object, according to the instruction of Mr. Marcy, Secretary of State, was the acquisition or purchase of Cuba from the Spanish government. Before the publication of the official documents, it was not generally believed that our government seriously contemplated such a measure. It has ta-

ken the public by surprise ; and we are glad to hear the question propounded—In what section of the constitution does the Executive find authority thus to add to the territory of the United States ? Precedents may be offered ; but if they are without constitutional authority, should they not be disregarded ?

Congress.—The thirty-third Congress terminated at twelve o'clock, or noon, *on the Sabbath*, March the fifth. What a reproach to a Christian people ! What an offence to the God who requires that day to be sanctified ! Such violations of the fourth Commandment cannot be justified by arguments that would not overturn this divine institution, or accomodate it to human convenience and caprice.

We were in Washington some days previous to this event, and visited both houses of Congress, which we had not seen in session since 1833, and the disparity appeared to us great between those bodies then and now, in the rank, talent and dignity of the members, in strength and power of argument, in style and elocution, in all that belongs to propriety and to the civilities of speech, and in many other qualities which should adorn so august an assemblage.

FASHIONS.

FROM A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR.

In this department we have not intended, neither do we design, to insert articles adapted merely to cultivate or to gratify a fastidious taste, or to encourage extravagances or worldly conformity, but only such as shall keep our readers apprised of whatever it may be interesting and profitable for them to know respecting the styles of the season, never losing sight of the apostle's injunction, "that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array." In the spirit of this injunction, we give our preference to those fashions in the dress of either sex, which unite beauty and appropriateness with durability and economy, which best befit the personal figure and complexion, the age, the occupation and the climate, and which seem most conducive to health and comfort, most conformable to good taste and to Christian morals. With these views, we take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the subjoined communication from one of our regular contributors in this department, whose distinguished ability, good taste and extensive renown entitle her to their confidence and esteem. We are happy to assure them that we have completed arrangements with Mme. Demorest, No. 375 Broadway, New York, the well-known conductor of the corresponding department in Godey's, Graham's and Leslie's monthlies, to furnish us with the latest and most approved fashions, illustrated with neat and appropriate cuts.

Mme. Demorest has a branch of her extensive establishment in this city, 238 Washington street, to which we respectfully invite the attention of such

as wish to avail themselves of the many conveniences and of the fashionable intelligence that are to be secured by her accurate paper dress models. We subjoin the following appropriate article on *scientific dress-making*, from Leslie's Gazette of Fashions, for March:

Dress, properly considered, may be regarded as an essential element in the advancement of the fine arts; while it is a matter of fact that no one having any claim to refinement is entirely free from the influence of dress, or indifferent as to its effects on others. That it should enter into some of our calculations and command a respectful attention, all will admit. But to allow it to absorb an undue portion of our time, or to be regarded as the most important subject for our consideration, is as detrimental to a proper development of the mind as it is unprofitable to our finances.

The motive for dressing is the thing to be regarded. While it is certainly our privilege to study the truly beautiful either in nature or in its development in drapery to adorn the human form divine, either in its peculiar arrangement or the combination of the various tints and colors adapted to an artistic effect for our own gratification, it may be no less our duty to pay a respectful attention to this medium of our influence on others.

Some seem to fancy that the costliness of the material is the great recommendation to fashionable elegance. This is an entire mistake. Taste should be consulted before extravagance. The graceful and accurate fit of a dress is a matter of much more importance than the cost of the material. A form well defined by a neat and perfect fit, a proper harmony of colors, and the like, combined with a prudent and moderate expenditure, serves to heighten a lady's attractions more than any amount of expense that might be incurred at random.

A scientific and accurate method of cutting dresses has now become an indispensable passport to eminence in dress making. The art of scientific dress cutting is now liberally dispensed, and so easily and quickly acquired, that no one, however humble, need forego the many and great advantages that may be secured by adopting a correct system.

A lady or dress-maker having once experienced the superior advantages of fitting by system, could not be persuaded to return to the old and tedious method of pinning and fitting, even if the art was twenty times more costly to acquire than it really is.

By adopting a correct system the dress-maker is not only advanced to a higher sphere of usefulness, but she is also enabled to give more perfect satisfaction to her customers, and thus not only to secure to herself a much easier but a more profitable and respectable business, and to save her patrons from those annoying delays and uncertainties occasioned by the old method which cost them so much valuable time, and still more valuable patience.

Full-sized paper patterns probably furnish the most useful and reliable method for securing elegance in style and an artistic effect. These are now accessible to all classes. A few years since it was almost impossible to get any really new design, or even to procure an ordinary pattern; but the ladies are indebted to Mme. DEMOREST's Emporium of Fashion, 375 Broadway, for the facilities they now have for procuring them in almost endless variety, and cut with such accuracy as to entirely obviate any misapprehension. Indeed, this lady was the first in the country, we believe, who established the designing of patterns as an exclusive business.

Mme. DEMOREST has not only taken the lead in furnishing the prevailing styles of ladies' dresses in that city, but her efforts at artistic accuracy and elegance have been rewarded by the approbation of the most distinguished authorities in this country. Among these may be mentioned, the first premiums awarded to her by the American Institute and the New York State

Fair; also an award of two medals, with special approbation, by the jurors of the World's Fair, Crystal Palace, for her perfect system for cutting ladies' dresses.

No one can visit her show rooms and witness the elegant display of variously trimmed patterns for ladies and children, both suited to the gratification of a refined taste or the display of fashionable elegance, without confirming these testimonials to her inventive genius.

We recommend this establishment especially to distant readers, who can procure a single article or complete sets of plain flat patterns, or trimmed in exact imitation of the real garment, at about half the usual prices. These can be sent by mail or express, so that the benefits of her establishment are available anywhere in the United States or Canadas.

There is probably no establishment in this country that has contributed so much to the proper development of the refined taste in dress, and conferred so many benefits on the ladies in this department of their toilet, as has Mme. DEMOREST's Emporium of Fashions; and we are fully persuaded that there are yet multitudes in this city and country who would benefit by the existence of this establishment, were they once to make themselves acquainted with the convenience, to say nothing of the economy and elegance, that might be secured by an occasional visit to her show-rooms in Broadway, or at either of her branch establishments in Boston or Philadelphia.



APRIL FASHION.

By MME. DEMOREST, Importer and Designer of Fashions, 375 Broadway,
New York. Branch 238 Washington street, Boston.

This novel and really charming dress for a Miss of eight or ten years is so clearly illustrated by the artist as to need but little in the way of description.

The waist is formed into a basquine by allowing the fulness (which is laid in double box plaits) to remain loose below the hips. A yoke slightly pointed in front is designed to be edged with a ruffle of the same material pinked.

The skirt is formed into three rows of flounces pinked to match the sleeves. Set on in a circular mode, forming four circles around the form; the meeting of the circles is finished with bows of ribbon with floating ends, the sleeves are slightly flowing; a band surrounds the sleeves just above the elbow, where it is trimmed with a bow, the under-sleeves are made of Nantook muslin gathered into a band at the wrist.

The spring styles of dress for adults we are obliged to omit in this number, but we hope to insert them with appropriate illustrations in our issue for May.

We expect also to be able to give our readers occasional patterns and descriptions of ornamental needlework.

HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTS.

POTICHOMANIE, OR GLASS ORNAMENTING.—About forty years ago, it was the fashion for ladies to amuse themselves "and pass away their time," in cutting out flowers, birds, and insects from old pieces of chintz, then by the exercise of a little ingenuity, they fastened them into the interior of bottles; finally, the bottles were filled either with chalk, salt, or any white material, to form a groundwork to the fanciful picture produced. Such bottles—the handiwork of grandmamma when she was a girl—are still to be seen here and there on the high mantle shelf. This art has recently been revived and slightly improved, under the title of "Potichomanie." At the shop where fancy goods are sold will now be found all the materials required—vases in transparent glass, of classic forms, Etruscan and Pompeian, curious designs, Chinese figures, flowers, reptiles, &c., printed in colors upon papers, gum, varnish, brushes, &c. As of old, the designs are cut out of the paper, varnished at the back, and gummed into the interior of the glass vessel. Vases expressly made for decoration are now manufactured; hence the results when complete are forms worthy of the work. The designs, too, are very superior to the old chintz patterns, being now printed upon paper with all the improvements of design and brilliancy of chrom-lithography; the effects are more pleasing, especially as gilding is introduced into many of the designs.

After the pictures are all fastened into a vase, a ground color is applied, the shade of which should harmonize with the subject. The ground color being poured into the vase, a rotary motion is given to the potiche, for the purpose of diffusing it equally over every part. The ground color is prepared with flake white and varnish, thinned with turpentine, tinted either with chrome, ultramarine, Brunswick green, Prussian blue, or carmine with chrome &c. After the ground-work is perfectly dry, the vase or potoche should be lined with a coating of plaster of Paris, made with water as thin as cream. Being poured into the vase it is round in the same manner as the ground color, by turning the vase until the plaster sets, which takes place in a few minutes; this gives weight and solidity to the vessel. If the vase is required to hold water for cut flowers, the plaster lining must be saturated with good drying linseed oil.

Taking all things into consideration, potichomanie is as likely to improve the taste of those who pursue it, as crochet, leather-modelling, and such like amusements. *Sentimuo Piesse.—Evening Gazette.*

INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

ANECDOTE.—Sometime since, Bishop Simpson, travelling east, arrived in Lancaster—a place in which, personally, he was unknown—on Saturday evening, and being unwilling to travel on the Sabbath, he remained until Monday. On Sunday morning he set out from the hotel to find the Methodist church. On his way he happened to inquire of one of the members going to it. As they were walking together, this brother discovered that he was a preacher, though from his appearance, he supposed a local one from the country. On arriving at the church he introduced him to the pastor, Rev. William Bishop. Although Brother Bishop heard the name, he never for a moment thought who it was. Hesitating whether to ask him to preach lest he should be ashamed of the effort of one whom he supposed to be a country farmer, he at last gave the invitation, and the Bishop consented. All fears of him were dispelled while he offered his first prayer. During the sermon he enjoyed peculiar liberty, and such a heavenly influence rested upon the congregation that almost every soul was melted, subdued, or carried away on the tide of exultant joy. Brother Bishop was perfectly astonished. Soon after the Bishop had taken his seat and the intensity of feeling a little subsided, the pastor said to him :

“Are you a travelling preacher, brother?”

“Yes; I have been an itinerant for several years, and now travelling a very large circuit.”

“What Conference do you belong to?”

“I did belong to the Pittsburgh, but I cannot say that I am now attached to any particular Conference.”

“What did you say your name was?”

“Simpson.”

“Simpson! Simpson! not Bishop Simpson?”

“Why, they call me Bishop sometimes,” was the reply.

In the excitement of the moment the pastor sprang to his feet and informed the congregation that they had had the pleasure of listening to Bishop Simpson. The day will not soon be forgotten by the Methodists of Lancaster.—*The Pittsburg Advocate.*

“OUR BECKY DOES!”—A young damsel who is engaged, and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, lately visited the Mariners’ Church. During the sermon, the parson discoursed eloquently and with much earnestness of the dangers and temptations of the sailor. He concluded by asking the following: ‘Is there any one who thinks anything of him who wears a tar-paulin hat and blue jacket, or a pair of trowsers made of duck?’ In short, is there any one who cares aught for the poor sailor?’ A little girl, a sister of the damsel, jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear, “Yes, sir, our Becky does.”—*N. E. Farmer.*

IMAGINATIVE CHECKS.—Archdeacon Paley, in one of his familiar discourses, touching upon the expenses brought upon husbands and fathers, in the way of cambrics and satins, says: “I never let my women, (be it understood he spoke of Mrs. Archdeacon Paley and the Misses Paley,) when they shop take credit. I always make them pay ready money, sir; ready money is such a check upon the imagination.”

The difference between Europe and America among other things appears in this: in Europe, people take off their hats to great men; in America, great men take off their hats to the people.

THE TALL YOUNG OYSTERMAN.

By *O. W. Holmes.*

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river side;
 His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide,
 The daughter of a fisherman that was so straight and slim,
 Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw the lovely maid,
 Upon a moonlight evening a-sitting in the shade;
 He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
 "I'm up to snuff, young oysterman, and dad is gone away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
 "I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see:
 I've read it in the story-book that for to kiss his dear,
 Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim this here!"

And he has leaped into the waves, and he has crossed the stream
 And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
 O there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain—
 But they have heard their father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spake the ancient fisherman—O what was that, my daughter!"
 " "Twas nothing but a brickbat, sir, I chuck'd into the water."
 "And what is that there funny thing that paddles off so fast?"
 "It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past."

Out spake the ancient fisherman—"Now bring me my harpoon?
 I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon."
 Down fell the lovely damsel, as falls a slaughtered lamb;
 Her hair dropp'd round her pallid cheek, like sea-weed on a clam.

Alas, for those two loving ones! she waked not from her swoond,
 And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drown'd;
 But Fate has metamorphosed them in pity of their wo,
 And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

"AD VALOREM WAGES."—An Indian being asked what he did for a living, replied, "O me preach." "Preach!" replied a bystander, "and do you get paid for it?" "Sometimes me get a shilling, sometimes two shilling." "And isn't that mighty poor pay?" "O yes, but it's mighty poor preaching."

A good old minister prayed fervently for those of the congregation who were too proud to kneel and too lazy to stand in prayer.

HOUSEWIFERY,

From an Excellent Housewife.

Indian Muffins.—Take a pint and a half of yellow Indian meal, sifted, a handful of wheat flour, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, a quart of milk, four eggs, and a very small tea-spoonful of salt. Put the milk into a saucepan. Cut the butter into it. Set it over the fire and warm it until the butter is very soft, but not melted. Then take it off, stir it well, till it is all mixed, and set it away to cool. Beat four eggs very light; and when the milk is cold, stir them into it, alternately with the meal, a little of each at a time.

Add the salt. Beat the whole very hard after it is all mixed. Then butter some muffin rings on the inside. Set them in a hot oven, or on a heated griddle; pour some of the batter into each; and bake the muffins well. Send them hot to table, continuing to bake while a fresh supply is wanted. Pull them open with your fingers, and eat them with butter, to which you may add molasses or honey.

Farewell to the Old Knitting Needle.—It is with mingled emotions of pain and of pleasure that we announce this discovery—of pain at the thought of the termination of the domestic happiness which has resulted from the use of the knitting needle—and of pleasure, from the general conviction that all such inventions, while they change the application of human energy, secure in the end great advantages to society. “A knitting machine has been invented, and is about to be applied on a large scale in New York. A girl ten years old can knit half-a-dozen pairs of stockings in a day, working the machine by hand or foot. In a factory, with motive power, one person can manage a dozen machines. The stocking is entirely made by the machine, from top to toe, and no nimble fingers of industrious elderly maiden, sitting by the hearth-corner, could ‘widen’ or ‘narrow’ or ‘heel’ or ‘toe’ more perfectly.”

WE copy from the *New England Farmer* the subjoined valuable recipes, which have been proved:—

1. *Charity Cake.*—Mix one cup of sugar, one cup of water, two cups of flour, one egg, one teaspoonful saleratus, a piece of butter the size of a hen’s egg, and spice to your taste.

2. *Dayton Tea Cake.*—Take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, one cup of cream, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and beat the sugar and butter together, then add the cream and cream of tartar, next add five eggs, well beaten and added with the flour, and one half-teaspoonful saleratus.

3. *Portugal Cake.*—Take one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, three-fourths of a pound of butter, eight eggs, one pound blanched almonds, cut four times lengthwise, one-fourth pound of citron, the rind of one lemon grated and a little juice just as it goes into the oven, a piece of saleratus as large as a pea, nutmeg or mace.

4. *Delicate Cake.*—Take the whites of fifteen eggs, three-fourths pound of flour, three-fourths pound of butter, one pound of loaf sugar, a little mace and a quick oven.

5. *Sponge Cake.*—Take one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, lemon juice, and bake half an hour.

FLOWER STAND AND CONSERVATORY.

From our regular Contributor.

THE show of camelias surpasses, in beauty and loveliness, all power of description. This queen of flowers is a native of China, and from some of its varieties we derive our tea. Hereafter we may give a full account of it. The following specimens are now in bloom: the Double White, Double Striped, Lady Hume, Caroline Smith; Marchioness of Exeter, Middlewrist, Floyii, Reticulata, Sarah Frost, Imbricatur, Binneyii, Wilderii, Colletii, Mrs. Abby Wilder.

Of roses, there is also a fine show; and among them, these varieties of the tea rose: La Sylphide, Gouboult, Yellow, White, Princesse Marie, Comte de

Paris. Of noisettes, we noticed fine flowers of the Lamarque, Solfatare, Anise Vibert, and Pactolus, together with China and Bourbon's in great numbers.

Azalcas are in their glory, especially the Indica, Variegata, Decora, Exquisita, Watsonii, Coccinea, Phoenicia, and other varieties.

Beside these, the Eupatoriums, Heliotropes, Ericas, Epacris, Tropaeolums, Accacias and many others, add their charms to the beautiful scene.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Sermon preached on occasion of the second anniversary of the holy Guild of the Church of the Advent. By Rev. Horatio Southgate, D.D., Pastor. The word *sermon*, in its common acceptation, imperfectly represents this able production; it is a report or explanation of the Guild or organization in that church for a more perfect obedience to the precept, "do good to all men, especially to the household of faith." The Guild is an association for housing the shelterless, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, teaching the ignorant, reclaiming such as wander, dispensing medicine to the sick, relieving the distressed and comforting the afflicted. We have heard much of this church, and whatever may be said or thought in respect to its tenets or forms, here certainly is a work in which the humane and benevolent will rejoice, and from which Christians in other communions may learn a valuable lesson, namely, how church-members, both male and female, can help their pastors, and can imitate His example, who went about doing good.

Discourses and Addresses, at the Inauguration of Rev. Wm. A. Stearns, D.D., as President of Amherst College. We have examined this pamphlet, of 107 octavo pp., from the press of the Adams's in Amherst, with no ordinary interest, both on account of its valuable contents and by reason of the pleasant memories which it awakens, of our beloved Alma Mater. The sermon, by Rev. Jonathan Leavett, of Providence, is an earnest and faithful presentation of the subject of prayer as a means of prosperity to such an institution. The charge and address of Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, the retiring President, abounds with valuable historical incidents, and with wise paternal counsels. The inaugural of President Stearns, on education, is full of sparkling thoughts, beautifully and forcibly expressed. It is such a production as his well earned and high reputation prepared us to expect, alike honorable to himself and to the institution over which he is called to preside. He has commenced his administration under favorable auspices; and all who know him feel assured that success will attend it, to the joy of the alumni and of the Christian public.

Journal of the United States Agricultural Society for 1854. Edited by W.M. S. KING, Sec., and printed by Bazin & Chandler, 37 Cornhill, Boston. This is an octavo volume of two hundred and fifty-six pages, containing a list of the officers of the association, with the President's (Hon. Marshall P. Wilder's) neat and practical address, together with the Society's transactions for the last year. It is published for the use of members, but is replete with interest to every agriculturist, and we sincerely wish it a wide circulation and extensive usefulness. It is from the press which issues our periodicals, and like them is printed in the best style of the art.

The Awaking.—Translated from the German of Theremin. Published by T. R. MARVIN, and S. K. WHIPPLE & Co., Boston. This little book is an

interesting colloquy between a husband and his wife, who after many years of separation meet and recognize each other in heaven. It is written in a pleasing style, but with more fancy than most English and American writers are accustomed to indulge in their representations of the better land. It will be read with interest and profit.

The Daily Life; or Precepts and Prescriptions for Christian Living. By Rev. J. CUMMING, D.D. Here is another volume from one of the most industrious and powerful writers of the age, extensively and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic. The book, printed by Allen & Farnham, of Cambridge, is published by that enterprising firm, John P. Jewett & Co., of this city, and its young and fruitful branch called Jewett & Proctor, of Cleveland, Ohio. It consists principally of a series of nine excellent discourses on the topics in 1 Thess. v. 16—23, each of which is discussed with distinguished ability and with reference to Christian life. It is well written; its arguments are cogent and sometimes powerful, and we think that it will prove even a greater favorite with Christian readers than the previous volumes of the author.

The School of Christ; or Christianity in its Leading Aspects. By Rev. A. L. R. FOOTE. Published by Gould & Lincoln, of this city. This is a duodecimo of two hundred pages, containing six sermons contemplating Christianity as a life, a work, a reward, a culture, a discipline, and a fellowship: all good; but probably no better than many which will never pass through the press. Yet we rejoice in the publication of volumes of sermons, and would encourage the taste which demands them. Those in this volume are highly experimental, practical and scriptural, sound in argument and in doctrine, and we cannot speak too highly of their general spirit.

An Appeal to a Clergyman on the Use of Tobacco.—By REV. GEORGE TRASK. This is a red hot ball that will fire any conscience through which it passes. The aim seems to have been taken, and the ordnance discharged, according to the most approved rules of cannonading. Look when and where it strikes, and you shall see it do good service in one of the most important wars of our time. We soberly believe that few even of our clergymen are aware to what extent this narcotic is used, or how numerous and great the evils resulting from it to individuals and to society. We hope that this little tract may be extensively circulated and contribute largely to help on this reform. Success to its author.

Music.—We have received the following sheets from G. P. Reed & Co., 13 Tremont street:—

1. "Welcome to the Mountain," a song by E. A. Hosmer.
2. "Sweet Mary of Shallott," a song and chorus by the same author.
3. "I'm a Poor Old Bachelor," a song, with an accompaniment, by B. F. Baker.
4. "Come Buy the Bridal Ring," a similar piece, by P. S. Gilmore.
5. "A Merry Gipsy Girl am I," a song by E. A. Hosmer.
6. "Remember Me," a song by the same.

These are fresh evidences of the progress of musical science.

From Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington street, in this city, the following sheets of excellent music invite patronage:—

1. "The Golden Legend," Polka by C. B. Kinne.
2. From the "Boquet de Florence, Mezza-Notte" (midnight) a song by Harrison Willard.
3. "Merry is the Greenwood Covatina," words by Charles Jefferys, music by Stephen Glover.
4. "There is a calm for those who weep," words by Montgomery, music by L. O. Emerson.
5. "Bangor Belles," Polka by Carl Gartner.
6. "Morceau de Salon," by H. Cramer.

SPRING IS COMING.

POETRY BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

MUSIC BY L. H. SOUTHDARD.

Very Spirited.

Very Spirited.

1. Spring is coming! spring is coming!

O - ver hill and o - ver plain; List, the bu - sy

wild bee's humming, Joy - ous spring has come again.

2. Vio-llets in her white hand bear - ing, With her step and

SPRING IS COMING.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal line consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment is in the lower staff of each section. The lyrics are:

brow so - rene, Ros - es round her forehead wearing,
comes spring's fair and ra - - - - diant queen.

3

And the crystal brook is singing
Gaily by the cottage door;
And the wild wood flowers are springing
In the forest old and hoar.

4

Hear the song of birds, ascending
With the foamy torrent's roar,
In one joyous anthem blending;
Winter's gloomy reign is o'er

YOUNG LADIES, BEWARE!

WORDS BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

MUSIC BY L. MARSHALL.

Allegro Moderato.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Young Ladies, beware; Take excellent care; Or you will not
e - qual your mothers, You sing, and you play: They knit in their day, And
stockings darned nice for their brothers, And stockings darned nice for their brothers.

2 They learned, as you see,
Very useful to be;
They thought that no outward adorning
Their praises could speak,
Like a health glowing cheek,
Begot by the Kiss of the morning.

3 Then, Ladies, take care!
Young Ladies, beware,
For sloth is a spoiler of beauty;
Be up with the dawn;
Bid trifling begone,
And gird yourselves daily for duty.



GERANIUMS

JOSEPH EXALTED.

EDITORIAL.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

WORDS but feebly describe the emotions of sadness and grief which filled the soul of Joseph, as borne away from his brethren, he unwillingly accompanied his Midianite master down into Egypt. While we follow him in imagination, we behold his tears and hear his moans. He is overwhelmed at the thought of the treachery and cruelty of his brethren, first, in putting him into the pit to die of starvation, and then when their dread of the guilt of murder and their avarice prevailed over their bitter hatred, in selling him for a slave and sending him into hopeless bondage. His agony is still further increased by the thought of his affectionate father whom he never expects to see again, and of the comfortless sorrow with which these heavy tidings must penetrate his heart. What would he not give for one more fond embrace?—for one more glance of parental affection! Oh that he could bid Benjamin, his dear brother, farewell! Oh that he could once more visit his fond mother's grave, and there pour out a parting prayer!

But, no! This cannot be. When he would flee, the galling chain of servitude holds him fast. He is borne away, far away from all he loves. We have no authentic information respecting the incidents of his journey; but as he travelled south and passed the routes to Sechem where he dwelt for a season in his boyhood, to Bethlehem where was Rachel's sepulchre, and to Hebron where were his sweet home and the tombs of his revered ancestors, it is easy to imagine the anguish of his soul. What sustained him under this heavy burden, and while he rode or ran on foot, in company with the caravan day after day for several hundred miles? It was his trust in God and in that superintending providence which was guiding him, he knew not whither, nor for what purpose. It was the religious principles

which he had received from the instruction and prayers of his father and mother, and which the Holy Spirit had nourished, strengthened and sanctified. The faith that allied his soul to God, was the channel through which divine consolations were poured into his disconsolate heart. This led him to plead the promises of God to his fathers, and to offer his supplications as he journeyed, and wherever his mercenary masters pitched their tents. Dear youth, our hearts are moved with sympathy and sorrow at thy sufferings. But be not dismayed. The God of thy fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, will be with thee, and give thee "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." Wait thou patiently upon God, for he will turn back thy captivity and will greatly exalt thee. Remember the deliverance which he wrought out for thy father at Bethel, the ark which he built for Noah, and the chariot of fire which he sent for Enoch. Humiliation precedes exaltation; and the deeper the one, the more elevated the other, where the heart is staid on God.

At length he arrives in Egypt, and is sold to Potiphar, whether in the public mart and on the slave-stand, or in private, whether with the rest of the merchandise or alone, the inspired historian does not inform us. We only know that as a household servant he entered the family of this new master, a man of great wealth and influence, an officer of Pharoah, and perhaps a eunuch, who, when he saw that "the Lord was with him and made all which he did to prosper," appointed him steward of his house, committed all his estate into his care, and "knew not aught that he had save the bread which he did eat."

Joseph, who inherited the beauty of Rachel, his mother, had now grown to the stature of a man. The purity of his heart shone forth from every feature. In the graphic language of Scripture, "he was a goodly person, and well favored." To this day, his beauty is celebrated in oriental countries. Persian poets have vied with each other in descriptions of his comeliness and accomplishments. But alas! these occasioned his temptation and exposure. They subjected him to a peculiar trial, in which his piety and his God preserved him, and from which he came forth as gold from the furnace.

His elevated position and his household duties brought him often into the presence of his mistress, Zuleekha, as the Asiatics called Potiphar's wife. At first, she beheld him with chaste delight, as his graceful figure passed and repassed before her in his diligent execution of the trust confided to him by his master. But at length, forgetting that a lustful look is adultery in God's esteem, she gazed till her admiration turned into unhallowed desire. Her wanton eye strengthened the impure thoughts of her heart, which she ought to have checked in the bud, but which, unrestrained, grew till they carried her to such shameful extremities as have made even her name both a reproach and a warning. Tradition informs us that she invited forty ladies of the court to dine with her, and that she required Joseph to present himself, professedly to wait upon them, but really to exhibit his personal charms and to find in their admiration of him an excuse for her infatuation. When they saw him the Koran says, they cried out, "Oh God ! this is not a human being ; this is none other than a glorious angel !" Their admiration was fuel to the fire of her passion ; and when they had gone, she called him to her chamber and made known to him her nefarious plot. Joseph, what wilt thou do ? Thy reserve and astonishment increase the ardor, importunity and impetuosity of thy mistress. Oh that other slaves would look on thee and learn that it is not a vain thing to resist the unlawful demands of wicked masters, and like thee, would dare to do right ! Solicited to sin, thou doest well to refuse and to plead first thy duty to thy master, then the sacredness of the nuptial tie, and finally the fear of God. Eloquent, indeed, are thine expostulations, thy remonstrances with thy mistress.* "What signifies a momentary pleasure with a certain repentance immediately to ensue ; a heaviness of heart for a thing once done, and an utter impossibility of recalling and undoing it, together with perpetual fears of discovery and disgrace ? Consider again how this crime would lessen your authority. Is it not better to trust in God and to a good conscience that fears no light, than to commit wickedness in the dark, and then live all your days in a restless dread of being detected ?"

* Josephus.

Alas, that these arguments and motives should fail! Zuleekha still follows Joseph "day by day," with her solicitations. She lays hold of his loose flowing robe, which he leaves in her adulterous hand, and flees while her unsatiate lust turns into the bitterest resentment and the hottest wrath. She falsely accuses him to her master of the crime to which all her lewd arts could not entice him, and even presents as a false witness against him the garment which she tore from his shoulder.

Our surprise that he did not defend himself from so foul a charge will abate, when we remember that trial by jury was then unknown, that he was a slave over whom his master, who was both judge and jury, had absolute power, that his word would not be taken against that of his mistress, and that his defence by criminating her might at once destroy him. His submission and silence were the result not of cowardice, but of discretion. For the time, he consented to be accounted guilty, in the firm belief that God would vindicate his innocence. As a sheep before the shearer is dumb, so he opened not his mouth. He who was innocent, allowed himself to be driven away as a criminal and immured in a prison.

Courage, Joseph, the God of thy fathers whose ways and thoughts are not like ours, will be with thee in the dungeon! In the unrevealed purposes of his heart, that dark abode may be a means of thine advancement, the way to the right hand of Pharaoh! God will show thee mercy, and give thee favor. When a season has passed, thou shalt hear the very keeper who put the iron fetters on thy feet, saying to thee, "Into thy hand I commit all the prisoners that are in the prison, and whatsoever they do thou shalt be the doer of, because the Lord is with thee and makes whatsoever thou doest to prosper."

When these words were fulfilled, and Joseph had become overseer of the prison, two officers of state were committed to his charge, the chief butler and the chief baker of Pharaoh. Originally they belonged to the aristocracy of the country, and in their official stations, they had charge of the wine and bread for the royal table. They were accused of an attempt to poison their master, and were committed to prison. "In

one night, they dreamed a dream, both of them ;" and in the morning they were sad, because they found no interpreter thereof. Joseph read their anxiety in their countenances, and asked, " Wherefore look ye so sadly to-day ?" " Do not interpretations belong to God ?" Tell me your dreams. When they had related them, he told them the interpretation, that in three days Pharaoh would pardon one of them, and execute the other. He implores the butler to remember him and represent his case to his sovereign, and to assure him that " I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews," and that I have also committed no crime. Wonderful delicacy and forgiveness ! Not a word escapes his lips reflecting upon his brethren or Zuleekha. Our astonishment is divided between the meek endurance of injury on the part of this Hebrew servant and the ingratitude of the butler who, restored to his office and to the royal presence, forgot Joseph's kindness and charge. Two years passed away, and this Jewish captive, now almost thirty years of age, remained in prison.

But the hour of his redemption approaches. There is distress in the palace. No one is dead ; yet paleness is on every countenance, and even the king trembles with fear. He has dreamed. What of that ? Dreams are not uncommon even among kings. Is it the singularity of Pharaoh's dream which excites this painful solicitude ? There had been other visions quite as remarkable which did not so alarm the fears. But in that Patriarchal age, God originally made use of dreams and visions to make known his will to men. This was well understood at the court ; and the nature of Pharaoh's dreams awakened the expectation that they related to important events near at hand, and involving the welfare of his empire. His troubled spirit sought relief from the wisdom of his congregated magicians. But they gave him no satisfactory interpretation. The report went forth ; it fell on the ears of the chief butler, and awoke in his ungrateful heart the memory of Joseph, whose interpretation of the dreams of himself and of the chief baker, events had fulfilled. No wonder the thought of this young Hebrew awakened in him a sense of ingratitude, and called forth from his lips a humble confession of his faults.

He made a full report of all the circumstances to his sovereign, and commended to him this Jewish interpreter. A messenger is despatched, and soon knocks at the prison-door. He inquires for Joseph, calls him from his dungeon, conducts him to the palace, puts on him the courtly attire, and introduces him to Pharaoh, who receives him most graciously, relates to him his dream, and asks him to interpret it.

But lest he should rob God of the glory due to his name, he will not make the attempt till he has acknowledged that interpretations belong unto God. The dream is related, and when Joseph has completed his interpretation, corresponding in all its parts so exactly with the vision as to carry a conviction of its truth to the monarch's heart, he improves the opportunity which the occasion furnishes to instruct his sovereign respecting his personal duties, and to recommend the appointment of a minister extraordinary who should superintend the work of gathering and storing provisions sufficient during the seven years of plenty to sustain the life of man and beast during the subsequent famine of equal duration. And the recommendation seemed "good in the eyes of Pharaoh, and in the eyes of all his servants; for it was neither impertinent nor officious, since Joseph stood in his presence, not simply as a subject and a criminal, but as a messenger of the Lord of hosts, to speak the words of God. This gave him a dignity and authority which at once commanded the confidence and respect of the king and his courtiers, and led to his appointment, then thirty years of age, to the office of prime minister of the realm. How sudden and great the change—one hour a prisoner and in a dungeon, the next a dictator, and on the right hand of the king? His investment with the insignia of office was an occasion like that of the inauguration of the President of the United States, or the coronation of the King of England. The people assembled. Pharaoh presented Joseph before them, and said, "See I have set thee over all the land of Egypt." The service was a public investment with authority, and was partly symbolic. The ring which he placed on his finger was an emblem of power, like that which Ahasuerus presented first to Haman, (Est. iii: 10), and afterwards to Mordecai (viii: 2, 10.) "Quin-

tus Curtius tells us that Alexander the Great sealed the letters which he wrote in Europe with his own ring seal, and those in Asia with Darius's ring ; and that when Alexander gave his ring to Perdiccas, it was understood as nominating him his successor. So, too, when Antiochus Epiphanes was at the point of death, he committed to Philip, one of his friends, his diadem, royal cloak and ring, that he might give them to his successor, the younger Antiochus." After the same oriental style, Pharaoh inaugurated Joseph, placing his own *ring* upon his finger, arraying him in *royal robes*, putting *a chain of gold* about his neck, and seating him in *the second chariot*, while the people bowed *the knee* and called him *Zaphnath-paaneah, revealer of secrets*, in acknowledgment of his authority and inspiration.

Joseph, unjustly accused, condemned and imprisoned, was comparatively free from exposure ; but with his elevation to the heights of human ambition, dangers thicken about him—temptations to pride, retaliation and revenge from which meekness and the fear of God preserved him. We watch his progress and study his history with a joy not altogether free from anxiety. We see him go forth in his chariot with heralds, footmen, and all the attendants of royalty midst the admiration of the multitude.

But his earthly happiness is not yet complete. He is *alone* ; and though a prince, controlling the largest, the most wealthy and intelligent empire on the earth, is yet but half a man, because without a wedded companion. He needs a wife who, by sharing, shall multiply, his joys. This want is shortly supplied by his union with Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest or prince of Heliopolis, by whom he had two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim. His natural amiableness, his strong affection for his kindred and his piety, as well as his future history to which we hope hereafter to attend, authorize the belief that he was a loving husband and a devoted father as well as a model ruler.

" Voices from the past remind us
We may make our lives sublime;
And departing leave behind us
Footsteps on the sand of time."

A VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

"Who can find a virtuous woman?"

Poor Solomon could scarcely find
 Among a thousand women, one,
 Who, diligent, industrious, kind,
 Rose early, washed, and baked, and spun—
 Made girdles of the finest linen,
 Woven from flax of her own spinnin'.

One such he found— a woman rare ;
 I think she must have been his mother.
 He does not say that she was fair,
 Nor does he mention any other
 Of all the nameless charms and graces,
 Which lurk in female forms and faces.

He speaks not of her raven hair,
 Of dark eye flashing through her curls ;
 Of these, she doubtless had her share
 While numbered with Judea's girls ;
 But Solomon would not have let her
 Call forth his praise for nothing better.

He mentions nought of jewelled ring,
 Which on her lily finger glistened,
 Nor whether she could dance or sing,
 Nor whether he had ever listened
 To music from her seraphina !
 But O she was a first-rate *spinner* !

She was a matron, and her life,
 Devoted to her household cares,
 Made her a most delightful wife ;
 For she so managed her affairs,
 Shed on her home so sweet a lustre,
 Her husband's heart could safely trust her.

Though full of work and watchful care,
She trusted nought to any body;
But daily drank the morning air,
Until her cheek grew fresh and ruddy;
Yet not for looking-glass or beauty
Would she neglect domestic duty.

She was a woman neat as fair,
Industrious, modest, meek, and lowly;
She feared the Lord, and sought by prayer
To grow more humble, pure, and holy;
Her look abashed each wanton gazer,
Her husband could not help but praise her.

Her children, happy in each other,
In wisdom's ways by her instructed,
Rose up, and blessed their faithful mother,
Who safely had their feet conducted,
Away from danger and transgression,
By her sweet counsels and discretion.

Such was this woman, worth her weight,
In rubies of the purest water.
All knew her husband in the gate;
All knew that she was wisdom's daughter;
No angel,— nothing superhuman;
But a good wife, a virtuous woman!

When Solomon the wise and great,
With female vanity disgusted,
Puts down his sober estimate
Of virtue unto one entrusted,
Let each young maid that would have a mate,
This fair queen of ladies imitate!

Among our modern women, say,
Are there not many found who trample
On this fair pattern every day,
To one who copies her example?
Yet, Ladies, is there aught would hurt you,
In good old-fashioned female virtue?

UNWRITTEN HEROISM.

ANONYMOUS.

IF heroism is the sublimity of great deeds, it must often be unknown to history. For some of the most heroic principles of human action are not made public, either by their operation or results.

Resignation is heroic. When affection is wounded by bereavement, when ambition is humbled by failure, or when hope is cut off by sickness, the firm control of the rising emotions and the cheerful subjection of the rebellious will are well worthy to be called sublime. And yet this inward conquest may be unrecorded.

Self-denial is heroic. To set aside example, to break away from habit, and to oppose the tendency of nature is a work whose magnitude and difficulty entitle it to a place in the highest rank of human effort. But self-denial never seeks the way to fame.

Endurance is heroic. The monotony of ceaseless toil, the bitterness of unrelenting scorn, the aggravation of repeated injuries, the burden of physical infirmity, and the slow torture of neglect, have a fearful power to crush the spirit. But when it rises above all in the calm strength of patient endurance, its triumph is that of a hero. But such triumphs are not commonly chronicled by history.

Fidelity is heroic. Not when it is carefully cherished and truly reciprocated, but when it is tested by death, or estrangement, or unworthiness. Love, then, chooses to survive the loss of happiness rather than be false to itself. The heroism of such fidelity needs no proof, for the heart assents to it at once. But such fidelity is a thing of seclusion.

And the heroism that is unwritten is loftier than any other. For if such heroism is self-conscious, it is only by voluntary concealment that it remains unknown; and the deep humility implied in this concealment is an element of moral greatness.

that no other heroism can claim ; and if it is unconscious of itself, that very unconsciousness is a mark of exaltation ; for, as genius fails to realize the character of its greatest productions, so virtue is unable to appreciate its greatest actions.

Since, therefore, the greatest heroes are not famous, fame cannot make a hero ; and a famous hero is a hero notwithstanding his fame rather than in consequence of it.

Fame, then, is a false criterion of greatness, because the highest worth is beyond its reach. For this reason, it cannot be desired by a noble mind. The true hero must expect for his portion among men a short obscurity followed by a complete oblivion. He is like a distant star, silently moving in sublime elevation above the things of this world, and rarely recognized by mortals.

ODE TO SPRING AND ITS FLOWERS.

BY MRS. CHARLES MEREDITH, (LONDON.)

Come, thou beautiful blossoming Spring !
Now to me thy loveliest flow'rets bring !
Come ! let the bright leaves encircle thy brow,
And wave 'midst the glittering tresses now.
Oh ! linger no more 'neath the fleecy veil,
Flung o'er thee by Winter's congealing gale,
But gently breathe on the snowy shroud,
And 'twill vanish in tears like a summer cloud,
As grieved to see thee its whiteness excel
In the virgin hue of the snowdrop's bell.
Then gaze upon earth with thine azure eyes,
And bid their emblem, the violet, rise
On the green-wood bank, where the primrose pale
Looks up, to welcome the nightingale ;
And the regal crocus, in purple and gold,
Bursts its life from its leafy fold,

Come — we are weary of wind and storm ;
Gladden our hearts with thy fairy form ;

Paint the first daisy's " wee crimson tip,"
And blest childhood's darling, the buttercup,
With bright rays gild, as its flowers glance up;
Let the hyacinth wave in the scented breeze,
And the May-buds peep on the hawthorn trees,
And the orchards dress in their gayest gear,
'Tis the holiday time of the circling year:
And bid the birds sing on each branch and spray,
While the gay flowers dance in the genial ray.
Merry and glad will the bright earth be
When winter retreats, and thou art free,
Floating around us on fragrant wing,
And gemmed with soft dew-drops — thou fair young Spring.
Romance of Nature.

MORAL USES OF TRAVEL

BY REV. J. T. TUCKER.

I.

GOD made man upright, to pass through this world with a wise circumspection, and a meditative regard. Yet very many persons take but little useful notice of the objects around them. One, with few advantages gathers up from a shrewd reflection on daily incidents a good practical education; another, with the same, and perhaps many more, means of knowing the world and life, has learnt almost nothing. Now our faculties cannot be symmetrically and strongly developed by the study of books alone. These teach us much which we cannot otherwise learn. But very much also they cannot teach which we need to understand. Human life and society, nature in its nicer suggestiveness, require to be surveyed and analysed not at second-hand. The difference may be represented by the difficulty of rightly conceiving the exact appearance of a landscape, or a collection of specimens in art, from a verbal description, however close and graphic. For instance, take up the paragraphs which

attempt to illustrate an exhibition like that at the "Crystal Palace," and after all the minuteness of the details one gets a very indefinite idea of it. But its actual inspection, though hasty, will fix its image on the mind in a form incomparably more satisfactory, than its impression can be derived through any other medium.

It is certainly healthful to both mind and body occasionally to go abroad into the wide world—*to see*. We are apt to grow stereotyped in our opinions; we acquire an unpleasant staleness of thought and sentiment, by long, unbroken continuance in any line of life. It is well, at times, to throw ourselves out from our small nook on the shore of the great river of existence into the broad and fast-running current, to float a little while with its stream, to feel the influence of its mighty undulations, as we do not feel them in our common experience. Of course, we should never suffer our sense of moral responsibility to loosen; for go where we may, we are accountable men, beneath the eye of God. But they do not waste time and attention who temporarily laying aside severer tasks busy themselves in the lighter occupation of the observer and reflector.

Nature, material and human, is the subject which puts itself, in new and instructive forms, before the eye of the thoughtful traveller. Nature, as the workmanship and illustrator of God, he may find ever fresh and beautiful, whether he goes out "into the wilderness" to study her features, or seeks them within the domain of artistic culture. It is good to come into near communion with her various aspects, for her lessons are true, and pure and elevating. They teach us a sound theology, if accurately read; for the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead?

It is a wonderful world in which we live; and this is but a fraction of a still more wonderful universe. Look at its composition, with proofs accumulating from every hill-side and river-bed, that "the beginning," in which "God created the heavens and the earth," marks an epoch to be measured back from this on a scale of myriads instead of thousands, of years. We may

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well speak of the power of the Great Architect ; for, aside from the incomprehensible fact of originating matter from nothing, who can conjecture the action of those gigantic forces, which heaved up these mountains, and packed together these quarries of solid rock, and scooped out these channels for the running waters ; and denuded these soilless hills ; and refined from coarser materials the precious gems ; and poured the metals along their concealed veins ; and sowed the ground in every clime with the gems of all that grows in strength and comeliness. The agents of all these results have existed and wrought from a period which baffles computation. Much of their stupendous work was finished ages before God said, “ Let there be light and there was light.” He who uttered that later mandate put all this machinery into motion to produce, through slow succeeding cycles, the framework and the covering of this globe ; and sustained that formative process while this terrene ball was cooling from fiery fluids, and condensing from watery vapors, to become the illumined and productive habitation of man. Stand before that precipice, rising like a wall of masonry a few hundred feet from yonder river gorge, and its several strata of rock shall tell you something of the eternity of Jehovah’s might ; for when that up-building commenced, no angel of the universe, it may be, can remember. Yet God was no younger then, than now.

Jutting out majestically into a noble tributary of the St. Lawrence, is a bold, solemn promontory to which geographers have given the name—“ Point Eternity.” One feels that such a pillar of strength must have been there well nigh from everlasting. He, who first gave it this grand designation, did it undoubtedly under the sense of its religious impressiveness. It is a hopeful thing in man to be susceptible of impressions like this. Yet, that gem upon your finger may be older than the mountain-mass. How much more ancient, then, the Being who made them both. Even the stones shall teach us wisdom. Do they not here teach us, children of a day, a lesson of profound humility ?

There is a fine suggestiveness in that spirit of beauty which

God has breathed over the surface of the earth. It shows itself as the eye commands from some eminence the landscape, in the outline and contour of scenery, the distribution of land and water, hill and vale, tree and rock ; in the forms and colors, also, of separate objects. It tells of the Divine benevolence, for it is a source of positive and unceasing pleasure. The utility of material substances to us is doubtless the more tangible evidence of this attribute of God. But these might have been equally serviceable to man, had they been far less graceful. God is to be praised, that, with inimitable skill and taste, he has poured this wealth of loveliness around us. Cursed though this world has been for sin, it seems by instinctive force to be constantly laboring to repair its own desolations, where the tempest or the volcano has been out on its scathing track, soon a soft verdure appears drawing a kindly veil over the waste of ruin. Silken mosses edge the fissures of the rent ledges. Does this remind us, that in the pure love of what is morally symmetrical and beautiful, man should be striving unweariedly to heal up the wounds of society, to replace the ravages of vice by the charms of virtue, to cast the covering of charity over much, which we cannot approve, but need not bitterly condemn ? We may surely find in these objects a hint and a help to a tenderer-heartedness.

"The simple flowers and streams
Are social and benevolent, and he
Who holdeth converse in their language pure,
Roaming among them at the cool of day,
Shall find, like him who Eden's garden dressed,
His Maker there to teach his listening heart."

I know not by what indefinable spell it is ; but I well know the fact, that an intimate converse with nature has a benignant power to relieve the troubled, and to reassure the despondent spirit. I shall not speculate on the philosophy of this, though the theme is tempting. Many have been conscious of this influence in various degrees. They have gone out into the solitudes and grandeurs of creation with a burdened, perplexed, downcast mind ; but they have met there a kind minister who

has sent them back to life's activities with a purpose re-energized for toil. I am not willing to refer this solely to a physical explanation. There is a force inhabiting creation, which rebukes indolence ; a hopefulness pervading her processes, which shames discouragement, a resurrection power, which speaks quickening words to the faint and expiring resolve. But to the sincerely religious soul there is a God seen everywhere, strong to be trusted ; good to be loved, glorious to be served. Released awhile from ordinary cares, the Christian may find many a shrine apart from his fellows, where he can lay himself near to the paternal heart of Diety, and feel that the sympathies of heaven are around him, that the keeper of heaven will not desert him. His very separation from accustomed associations may make the presence of God all the more real and strengthening to his spirit, and he shall say in something more than a poetic gush of sentimentalism,

“ Almighty Father ! such the lesson is

That in these cool and venerable woods,
I con to-day ; and firmer in my breast,
By every syllable, these truths are fixed
That Thou art the beginning and the end
Of all this glorious work, and that Thy love
Pervades the universe ; and that Thy smile
Seeketh all hearts, to sun them ; and that Thou,
In every glorious thing we here behold,
Declarest and reveal'st Thyself to be
The Majesty Supreme — eternal God.”

CONVERSE WITH GOD.

How intimately conversant may we be with the invisible God, and that blessed Spirit that understands not only our words, but our sighs and groans, and the living sense thereof that is unutterable ! God can also be conversant with us, whithersoever we go ; wheresoever we are. As soon as we retire into ourselves, with a design to converse inwardly with God, He is immediately present with us, and it is as easy to converse with him as with our own thoughts. As soon as we think, so soon are we with God, as soon is He with us. In the twinkling of an eye we find Him. We look unto Him, and are lightened. Thus with the cast of the eye, the soul is filled ; it finds itself replenished with a divine and vital light, diffusing the sweetest and most pleasant influences and savors through the soul. — *Howe.*

TO YOUNG MEN IN MERCANTILE LIFE.

CHRISTIAN INTEGRITY. NO. III.

BY REV. THOMAS SHEPARD, D.D.

IN the attainment of Christian Integrity, I remarked in my last number, that it is essential, we should ever act from *fixed principles* early formed and settled in the mind before the hour of temptation comes. Permit me, my respected young friends, to present further considerations to guard you against those capricious and impulsive acts which prove the ruin of so many on the very threshold of business life.

Settle it in your minds, in the onset of your chosen occupation *you must encounter trials*. These in some form are the common lot of humanity in this state of probation. They are necessary for us. If we were as pure as the angels of light, we might safely be left without chastisement. In such circumstances, it would not be necessary for us to be left to undergo the fiery ordeal that we might know what there is in our hearts. Imperfect and frail as we are, it seems necessary to the proper development of character that the pathway before us should be more or less rugged and thorny. What character can you find on the historic page, eminent and praiseworthy in any occupation or profession in life that was not thoroughly disciplined in the school of adversity? Trials, if properly borne, tend to moderate worldly anticipations, to mellow or soften the asperities of temper, and to keep the heart awake to the more substantial and satisfying realities of a future life.

How common is it for a young man to set up *fame* as the popular star of his earthly course? And without controversy a good name is the best possession of this earth. But when possessed as a chief end, it becomes an idol. When all the physical, intellectual and moral energies of a young man become enlisted in the pursuit of that honor which cometh from men, God in wisdom may see fit to touch his idol by permitting the pestiferous

breath of the slanderer to wither it. Base may be the heart from which the poison emanates. The wicked are sometimes a sword in the Lord's hand—a severe wound is inflicted. The proud spirit is pierced in a tender spot. And now comes the conflict between principle and impulse. Principle says, "let the trial be met and borne with a spirit of Christian forbearance." Impulse says, "I will pursue mine enemy, I will overtake him, I will have satisfaction even to the giving or taking of life." Which is the wisest course? Which will give you the most satisfaction when the solemn hour of review comes upon you on the bed of death?

Suppose you make *accumulation* the sumum bonum of your "being's end and aim." Your heart is on riches. It may be necessary that you should be tried in this direction. Few young men, setting out in business life at this day, are permitted to sail over a smooth sea with uniformly favorable gales. The fluctuations of trade often disappoint the best laid schemes of accumulation. When you look for a rich return, you find shipwreck, or bankruptcy, or fraud has averted your revenue, and overwhelmed you with disappointment. Your hope of independence is suddenly exchanged for gloomy forebodings of penury and want. What wilt thou do in the day of thy visitation? The voice of wisdom is, "be calm, bare your bosom to the shock—God hath appointed it. Poverty in itself involves no crime—submit to the affliction as a correction that may be made effectual in securing to you the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come."

But there is another voice coming up from another quarter. And this bids you "choose iniquity rather than affliction." There was once a man who listened to this voice in a moment of impending temporal ruin. How could he avert the gathering storm? He was too proud to dig, and to beg he was ashamed. What could he do? From the impulses of a sordid heart, he resolved to defraud his lord to an amount that would secure to himself a comfortable maintenance for life. Shall those same selfish impulses ever be permitted to record your name in the same category with that of the unjust steward?

Toward the latter part of the last century there lived in Eng

land a popular clergyman, whose extravagance had brought him into such straits as to threaten him with the mortification of becoming a bankrupt. From the impulse of the moment, he sought to avert the impending blow by committing a forgery upon a rich nobleman who had been his patron. The crime was no sooner committed than exposed. And as a consequence, the eloquent divine expiated the guilt of the offence he had committed against the laws of the realm by suffering death on the gallows. Had Dr. Dodd fortified his mind so thoroughly with those fixed principles of right which he had so eloquently enforced upon others, they would not have forsaken him in the hour of trial, his name would not have come down to us associated with such dishonor.

A few years since, in the city of Boston, there lived a man of liberal education and high professional character, whose domestic expenditures had unnecessarily expanded beyond his income, and involved him in inextricable pecuniary embarrassments. Through the persevering efforts of one of his creditors, a crisis was hastened, to avoid which, and to leap the gulf of penury, if possible, into which he saw himself about to plunge, giving himself up to the impulses of a proud heart, he took the life of the man to whom he was indebted, and then sought to destroy every vestige of his body, that he might escape detection.

I would recall these painful records of history only to hold them up before your minds as beacon lights to guard you against making shipwreck of conscience and character upon the same rocks of blind, selfish impulse. Permit me to call your attention to another painful result from the same cause.

These frequent scenes of agitation in the commercial world tend to produce a sort of crisis in human life. They form periods of development of character. Young men commence business with altogether too sanguine expectation of success. They know little of what they are to conflict with in the fierce competition for patronage and pre-eminence. These false views of men and things must be corrected by experience. Hence it is quite common to see young merchants after a season of "hot haste," brought to a stand—compelled by circumstances to pause, and take breath, and look around them, and take their bearings.

The crisis may be severely trying. They supposed themselves in a successful career of gain—fast approaching a state of affluence, when lo, the tide sets back, and they see the fruits of hard toiling years vanish like the mists of the morning. The question now is, what shall be the issue of such a crisis? Happy are they who make it a season of correction and admonition—who rise up, and pass on wiser and better, more cautious and circumspect—realizing more than before that all their springs are in God, from whom cometh down every good and perfect gift. Many there are, however, who become disheartened by such reverses and give up in discouragement, and spend the remaining portion of their lives as shiftless drones and wandering loafers. Others, in the conflicts of uncontrolled passion and pride, become desperate, rush to the intoxicating bowl, and seek to forget their sorrows in the inspiration of the wine cup. Thus the crisis is made equally suicidal, but by a more lingering death, as if it had been inflicted by the dagger, the pistol, or the halter. Oh how much does poor human nature need, in such seasons of conflict, the voice of an apostle falling upon its ear, as it did upon the infatuated jailor at Philippi, saying in an unearthly tone, "*Do thyself no harm!*"

THE WIDOW MORTON:

OR, THE MOTHER'S FEARS AND THE CHRISTIAN'S TRUST.

BY MARY GRACE HALFINE.

WITHIN a small and humble dwelling in a pleasant village in Massachusetts, there sat, one cold and stormy evening in December, a woman trying to sew by the feeble light of a candle. The garment she was making was not whiter than the meek, sad face, which bent so earnestly over it. Her cheek was hollow, and her form attenuated, while the lines across her brow showed that hers was a life of anxiety and privation.

A boy, apparently of thirteen summers, sat beside her, busily engaged in reading a well-worn book. His nut-brown hair curled up from a bold, full forehead, which, even at that early

age, indicated the gift of a more than common intellect, while the soft and dewy light in his deep blue eyes, and the resolute and somewhat haughty curve of his finely formed lips, betrayed a proud, determined, yet warm and loving heart.

Seated upon a low stool at her feet, resting against her knee, was a little sleeping girl about three years of age. The room, as well as its inmates, indicated extreme poverty, but every thing was neat and scrupulously clean.

"Mother," said the boy in a low tone, raising his large, thoughtful eyes from his book, "you said that I should go to school this winter."

She laid down her work, and sighed heavily. "I know I did, my son," she replied soothingly, as she gazed tenderly upon his earnest brow. "I was in hopes that it would be so you could attend, at least, a part of the time; but it has been a very hard winter with me so far."

"I know you do as well as you can, mother," returned the boy quickly. "I do not mean to complain. But it does seem hard that I can have no opportunity to study. Some boys, who can go to school and learn, do not seem to care about it. When I went to Esquire Dayton's yesterday, with those shirts you made for him, Henry was teasing his father to give him a holiday. He seemed to think it very hard that he was denied, and said he didn't like to go to school. I wish I had such a good father; if I had, I think I should do very differently from what he does."

The tears sprang to Mrs. Morton's eyes, as she thought of her dear husband who lay in the churchyard, not many steps from the door, whose untimely death had left her a widow, and her little ones fatherless. But, repressing her emotion, she said calmly, "You have a father, Willard, who has bestowed upon you richer gifts than any which Henry Dayton receives, who has been kinder to you and little Emma than any earthly parent can be."

"I know whom you mean, mother," replied Willard, in a low tone; "you mean God. But don't it seem strange that he should make such a difference between people; that some should be so very rich, and some so very poor?"

"We cannot understand the ways of the Almighty, my son," said his mother, solemnly; "we know he doeth all things well. It is not for us, weak and erring as we are, to question his wisdom or distrust his goodness." As Mrs. Morton said these words, she pressed her hand to her side, and an expression of pain passed over her countenance.

"Dear mother," said the affectionate boy, placing his hand in hers, "I do wrong to trouble you so. You are looking pale and tired; I wish you would not work so hard and so late."

"I must work to obtain my children bread," said Mrs. Morton, smoothing the dark, wavy curls from the forehead of the boy; "and I am very thankful, Willard, that I have work to do. It grieves me to the heart to see you so dispirited, my child; my own sufferings seem very light in comparison to my fears and anxieties for you. When the boys, whom you envy so much, arrive at the age of manhood, they will bitterly repent having thus foolishly wasted the spring-time of life, and they will be held accountable at the bar of God, for the privileges they have abused. But if you, my son, improve the advantages that you have, and put your trust in God, all will be well. A door will yet be opened to you. I feel very sure of it; for none who trust in him are put to shame."

Mrs. Morton quickly resumed her work, and Willard leaned his head upon his hand, and gazed thoughtfully into the fire.

"Mother," he said, after a long silence, "Esquire Dayton has no more work for me; but I met Mr. Wilson, to-day, and he said he would employ me to cut wood for him the rest of the week. He offered me twenty-five cents a day and my board, and I told him I would engage. But I don't know as you can spare me very well, can you?"

"As to sparing you, Willard," replied his mother, smiling, "it is always difficult for me to do that. You are all the assistance I have in the house; besides, I feel lonely when you are absent all day. Yet, as we are suffering for the want of many things, and as Mr. Wilson offers you very fair wages, I think you had better go; though," she added, as her eye fell upon his thin and well-patched coat, "your clothes are hardly suitable for out-door labor, in such weather as this."

“Never mind that, mother,” returned Willard, cheerfully, “I’m not such a baby as to be afraid of a little cold. Plenty of exercise will keep me warm, and I shall be home in time to bring all the wood and water you will need. But look at Emma! she is fast asleep.”

“She is very tired,” replied Mrs. Morton, taking up the child in her arms, “and ought to have been in her little cot an hour ago. And you, too, my son, had better retire; for you will need to rise very early in the morning.”

Ellen Stacy was the only child of a pious clergyman, who bequeathed to her the priceless legacy, the bright example of his truly Christian life and triumphant death, as her only inheritance. She married a merchant by the name of Morton, to whom she was devotedly attached, and became the happy mother of four children.

But in the prime of life, when the declining health of his wife, and the tender years of his children made his presence indispensable to their happiness and well-being, a malignant fever hurried him to the grave. The heavy clods were scarcely placed above the breast of the husband and the father, when James, the second son, was seized with the same disorder, and in the brief space of one week, was laid by his side.

The heart-broken widow had hardly recovered from the stunning effect of this two-fold bereavement, when the crushing hand of disease was laid upon the form of the little Ellen, who lingered nearly six months in such agony, that the distressed mother could scarcely weep, when death came to the relief of the little sufferer.

After the settlement of her husband’s estate, there was found to be scarcely sufficient to satisfy the demands of the creditors, and Mrs. Morton was obliged to move from her pleasant home to a more humble dwelling. There, by taking in sewing and shoes to bind, and by practising the closest and most rigid economy, she managed, for nearly two years, to provide for herself and children the food that was necessary from day to day. But excessive toil gradually undermined her constitution, and at the time she was introduced to the reader, Mrs. Morton

felt that her days on earth were numbered, that her little ones would soon be motherless as well as fatherless.

And if it had not been for leaving her children, she would have rejoiced at the prospect of so soon meeting her sainted husband and their dear babes, and beholding face to face the glory of God, who is the light of heaven.

But when she thought of leaving them to the cold charities of a heartless world, with no friend or kindred to look to for sympathy or assistance, with no watchful eye, no warning voice, or guiding hand to direct their young feet, among the snares and pitfalls besetting their path, her heart grew sick within her.

For many nights her pillow was wet with tears, and frequent and fervent were the prayers which ascended from her lips to the throne of Him, whose eye never slumbers. But at last light dawned upon her. She heard the voice of the "Father of the fatherless, of the widow's God," saying to her troubled spirit, "*Peace be still! leave thy fatherless children with me.*" And Mrs. Morton felt that she could safely lay them in his arms, in whom none trust in vain, whose love and mercy are as enduring as his power is infinite.

For some months after her husband's death, Mrs. Morton strove to keep Willard in school. But her health and strength failed so rapidly that his assistance became indispensable, and she was finally obliged, however reluctantly, to take him away.

Willard had stood by the dying bed of his father, brother, and sister; he had seen his feeble mother sinking under the pressure of cares and anxieties, which she was unable to sustain; he had himself experienced the bitter pangs of hunger and cold, and the knowledge of these things had subdued his fiery spirit, and made him thoughtful and considerate beyond his years. It tried him severely to leave school; for he possessed a studious and inquiring mind, and he could not help feeling at times impatient at being debarred from privileges which other boys of his own age enjoyed; yet he was generally cheerful and uncomplaining, bringing his mother every cent which he earned, and assisting her by every means in his power.

The next day, as he was returning from his work, he met

Mr. Crosby, his former teacher, with whom he had been a great favorite.

After kindly inquiring with regard to his health, he said,— “ Willard, your place is still vacant at school. Are you tired of study, or have you finished your education ? ”

“ Oh no, sir ! ” replied the boy, in an embarrassed tone,— “ mother is sick, and I have been obliged to stay at home.”

“ What is the matter with her ? ” inquired Mr. Crosby, earnestly.

“ I don’t know,” replied Willard, sadly, “ she has a bad cough, and a great deal of pain in her side.”

“ I must call and see your mother ; I have intended to do so for some time. Your father and I were old schoolmates, and I entertained for him a very high regard. And if you have no other time, I will hear you recite evenings. It is a pity to have your studies interrupted ; you were getting along finely.”

“ You are very kind,” replied Willard, gratefully. “ But, to tell the truth,” he added, coloring, “ mother is not able, at present, to pay my tuition.”

“ Never mind that, my boy,” said Mr. Crosby, kindly, “ the consciousness of being able to assist the son of an old friend will amply repay me.”

It was with a light step and a still lighter heart, that Willard Morton crossed the threshold of home. But the sight which met his eyes as he opened the door, filled him with dismay. Upon the bed, which stood in one corner of the room, lay his mother, breathing with great difficulty, her cheek almost as white as the pillow against which it rested, while upon the floor sat the little sister crying bitterly. There was no fire on the hearth, and the room was cold, dreary, and comfortless.

“ You are worse, mother,” he said, anxiously, taking her thin, white hand in his ; “ I ought not to have left you, to-day.”

“ I am very glad that you have returned, Willard,” said Mrs. Morton smiling faintly. “ Make haste and kindle a fire, it is very cold.” Willard obeyed, and a cheerful fire was soon burning.

“ In the cupboard, you will find a small piece of brown bread and a little milk,” said Mrs. Morton, speaking with some diffi-

culty ; "warm them for Emma ; the poor child has had nothing to eat since morning." After Willard had ministered to the wants of the hungry and wearied child, and seen her little head laid quietly upon the pillow, he returned to his mother.

"Take a chair, and come and sit down by me," said Mrs. Morton faintly ; "I have a great deal to say to you. I am going a journey, Willard," she continued, as he seated himself by her side, "a *long* journey."

"A long journey!" repeated the boy in surprise. But the thought flashed across him that her mind was wandering, and he added, soothingly, "shall you take Emma and me with you, mother?"

"No, my son, I must go *alone*. Yet I am wrong," she added fervently, raising her eyes to heaven, "I shall not go alone ; *He* will be with me, whose strong arm has supported me through all my trials. In the dark valley through which I go, his rod and his staff will comfort me."

As the full import of his mother's words flashed upon Willard's mind, his cheek grew ashy pale. "You must not die, mother," he sobbed, "and leave me alone."

"My dear son, my precious boy!" said Mrs. Morton with quivering lips, "it is very hard to part with you, but it is God's will. Be calm now, and listen to me. You have ever been a kind and dutiful son," she continued, laying her trembling hand upon the bowed head of the kneeling boy. "May the blessing of the Almighty rest upon you, my child, for all the love and sympathy which has cheered my darkest hour, and made my dying bed easy. And God will bless and provide for you, Willard, when I am gone, and will raise you up friends in your hour of need, if you obey and trust him."

Long and earnestly did Mrs. Morton converse with her son ; many and wise were the counsels and admonitions which she poured into his attentive ear. The impression they made upon his heart was never destroyed ; the seed sowed that night bore fruit, in after years, over an hundred-fold. When the fiery blood of youth coursed wildly through his veins, and he possessed manhood's strong passions ; when temptations surrounded him, and evil companions strove to seduce him from the path of

duty, the memory of that solemn hour came over him, and he felt afresh his mother's gentle hand upon his head; and he met again her soft pleading eyes, and heard her pleasant voice, saying, "*My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.*"

The next day, as Doctor Lane, the village physician, sat in his luxuriously furnished room, alternately sipping his coffee and reading the morning paper, there was a violent ring at the door. "Who is that?" he exclaimed, raising his eyes from the paper; "somebody for me, I suppose. I wish they would give me time to swallow my breakfast!"

"A boy wants to see you, sir," said a servant opening the door.

"Show him in, then," said the Doctor gruffly, and Willard Morton entered.

"Well, sir, what is your business with me?" inquired Doctor Lane in no very amiable tone, setting himself back in his easy chair.

"Mother is very sick," faltered the poor boy; "wont you please to come quick?"

"Are you the widow Morton's boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell your mother, I will be there soon."

"She is dying, sir!" exclaimed Willard, clasping his hands imploringly. "Do not delay." The doctor's reluctance to hasten to the bed-side of the dying woman, may have been increased by a large bill which lay in his drawer unsettled, for his attendance on the deceased husband.

Willard experienced a feeling of desolation and despair as he passed out of the door, seated himself upon the marble steps, and burst into tears.

"Willard, what *is* the matter?" asked a pleasant voice by his side.

Willard looked up, and beheld the countenance of Mr. Crosby. "Mother is sick and dying," he sobbed, and Doctor Lane does not *hasten* to see her."

"Wont he," replied Mr. Crosby, compressing his lips, while his eye flashed indignantly; "we will see," and ascending the steps he rung the bell. "Tell your master that Mr.

Crosby would like to see him," he said to the servant, who opened the door.

Immediately the doctor made his appearance, bowed obsequiously to the elegantly attired gentleman who stood before him.

"Make haste, doctor," said Mr. Crosby quickly; "a friend of mine is dangerously ill."

Doctor Lane did so, and, to his no small surprise, soon found himself in Mrs. Morton's gloomy and even comfortless abode. A few neighbors stood around the bed of the dying woman, upon whose pale forehead was gathering the dew of death. The doctor placed his finger upon her wrist. "She is dying?" he said in a low tone to Mr. Crosby; "I can do nothing for her."

Mr. Crosby was much affected. "I did not dream of her being reduced to this extremity," he said to himself, and bending his head to the pillow, he inquired, "if he could do anything for her."

The dying mother made a strong but vain effort to speak. Her eye fell upon her son, and then upon little Emma, who stood by the bed, scarcely realizing that she would soon be left motherless, and then turned to Mr. Crosby. Well he understood that imploring glance. "They shall be mine," he exclaimed solemnly; "I will never leave nor forsake them." At these words a bright, triumphant smile flitted around her lips, and then there passed over her countenance that awful and mysterious change, and the freed spirit left its earthly tabernacle, "to dwell, in a house not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens."

Well, did Mr. Crosby perform the promise made in that solemn hour? Having no children of his own, he adopted the desolate orphans, and bestowed upon them all the love and tenderness of a father. He gave them the benefits of a liberal education, and all the advantages which wealth can procure. This noble conduct brought its own reward; for when the infirmities of age came upon him, they became the comfort and joy of his heart and his home, returning with interest the care and attention which he had bestowed upon their youth. The prayers of the dying mother were answered, and her prophecy fulfilled, thus exemplifying the truth and goodness of Him who has said, "*Leave thy fatherless children with me, and let thy widows trust in me.*"

THE GERANIUM,

CALLED IN ITS NATIVE STATE CRANE'S BILL OR HERB ROBERT.

(SEE PLATE.)

I will not sing the mossy rose,
The jasmine sweet, or lily fair,
The tints the rich carnation shews,
The stock's sweet scent that fills the air.

Full many a bard has sung their praise
In metre smooth, and polished line ;
A simple flower and humbler lays
May best befit a pen like mine.

There is a small but lovely flower,
With crimson star and calyx brown,
On path-way side, beneath the bower,
By Nature's hand profusely strown.

Inquire you where this flowret springs ?
When Nature wakes to mirth and love,
When all her fragrance summer flings,
When latest autumn chills the grove.

Like the sweet bird whose name it bears,
'Midst falling leaves and fading flowers,
The passing traveller it cheers,
In shorten'd days and darksome hours

And, should you ask me where it blows,
I answer, on the mountain bare,
High on the tufted rock it grows,
In lonely glens or meadows fair.

It blooms amidst those flowery dales
Where winding rill pursues its course ;
It smiles upon the craggy fells
That rise around its lofty source.

There are its rosy petals shown,
'Midst curious forms and mosses rare,
Imbedded in the dark grey stone,
When not another flower is there.

O ! emblem of that steadfast mind,
Which, through the varying scenes of life
By genuine piety refined,
Holds on its way 'midst noise and strife.

Though dark the impending tempest lower,
The path of duty it espies,
Calm 'midst the whirlwind and the shower,
Thankful when brighter hours arise.

Oh ! could our darken'd minds discern,
In thy sweet form this lesson plain,
Could we it practically learn,
Herb Robert would not bloom in vain.

HISTORY AND BOTANICAL CHARACTERISTICS.

THIS flower derives its name from *geranos*, a bird called the crane, or stork, in allusion, it is supposed, to a resemblance between the beak of that bird and the form of its carpels, or seed vessels. In the Linnæan system, its class is Monadelphia ; and its order, Decandria. Geranium is its generic name. It is to be distinguished from the Pelargonium of the Cape of Good Hope which belongs to a different order. The flower which we are describing, differs from that, says Nuttall, in the equality of its calyx and corolla, and in producing ten perfect stamens of which the five alternate ones are longer and have commonly nectafriferous glans at their base.

Of the Geranium there are several hundred varieties. These differ in color, being white, red, blue, striped and variegated—in smell from the sweetest fragrance to perfect odorlessness—in size, complexion and habit. Some are remarkably beautiful, while others are mere weeds void of attractions and charms. Only a few are hardy in the rigor of our climate ; most, especially those of greatest beauty and perfection, demand house-culture. The varieties, represented in the plate, are Victoria and Perfection.

PROPEGATION.

Geraniums can be obtained from seed which may be planted after it reaches maturity, and which when sown in small pots, should be placed in a mild hot-bed, or subjected to a gentle heat, being supplied with soil like that given to the plants. The pots may be shaded till the seed vegetates. Then they should be exposed to the sun and air sufficiently to harden the young shoots, which may be transplanted, one in each pot, when they have attained the height of an inch or two. After this, the seedlings should be treated in all respects like cuttings.

To obtain new plants from cuttings, you may take off a thrifty and well formed branch at the sixth joint from the top, fill small pots half full of broken potsherds, small pieces of turf, or any similar substance which will allow the water to pass off freely, and the remaining half with loam, peat earth, vegetable soil, and sand in equal proportions, and finally insert

the cuttings, both stem and leaves, in the pots, one in each, up to the fourth joint, compact the soil around them and water them. When the top of the soil is dry, place over them inverted tumblers, or bell-glasses, which should remain most of the time till they have struck root. As they grow, they will require re-potting and a renewal of the soil.

CULTIVATION.

During growth, and at the season of flowering, the geranium requires considerable attention. If the plant is slender, the top may be removed, to make it throw out laterals; or if it is too bushy, the laterals may be cut off, to give it a more erect figure. In pruning regard should be had both to the natural habit, and also to the development of a well proportioned and handsome plant.

In our climate, the geranium may remain in the garden, or the open air from May to October, when it only needs to be kept free from weeds and occasionally watered. After it has flowered, and its leaves begin to fall, it should be watered, if at all, but seldom; and may be cut down nearly to the spot where the growth of the preceding season commenced. Before the succeeding growth begins it should be re-potted and watered, or showered with a syringe, more and more frequently and abundantly as it advances, though always with care, for if the soil is for any length of time saturated with water, the plant will be injured or destroyed.

HOW TO PROLONG FLORESCENCE.

Skillful cultivation will enable a person who has several varieties of this plant, to be well supplied with its flowers through the year. In August, when some of its varieties have done flowering, take a cutting, which with judicious cultivation will flower on the same month in subsequent years; proceed in a similar manner with those flowering in each of the successive months of the year. If there should be a deficiency of flowers in any month, it may be supplied either by stimulating those which flower later, or by retarding others which bloom earlier.

USES.

The principal utility of this flower consists in the beauty of its colors, and in its fragrance. These qualities render it a favorite in bouquets, on the flower stand and in the conservatory. It has valuable medicinal qualities. In this country, the root of the Geranium Maculatum is a useful astringent; and in Wales, the Geranium Robertianum is celebrated in nephritic complaints.

In Italy the leaf of the Geranium is used in a celebrated amusement called *Far il Verde*. This is a favorite diversion in Spring when the vegetable kingdom puts on its livery of green. A gentleman and lady agree respecting the duration of the game and the forfeits to be paid. Both provide themselves with a fresh leaf of this plant; and for the specified period each is at liberty to demand of the other, at any moment or in any place the presentation of the green leaf, and provided it has withered, or been lost, the forfeit must be paid. This occasions much diversion and many a merry peal.

TWO CHARACTERS.

Some murmur when the sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's great mercy, gild
The darkness of the night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a weary task,
And all good things denied:
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire,)
Such rich provision made.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION.

BY WILLIAM M. CORNELL, M. D.

By Hereditary Transmission, we mean the descent, from parents to children, of diseases, tendency to disease, temperaments; and, in a word, the renewal and perpetuation of the parents in their offspring. Such transmission is known to all; but the well-informed physiologist can explain, in a good degree, *why* it is, and must be so. The children are *of* the parents, "bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh." Similar blood circulates in their veins, and, as it is of the body, so also is it of the mind. Its peculiar temperaments and faculties are often generally transmitted. That some of the *physical* peculiarities of the parent are thus transmitted, we have the most abundant proof. "God gives to every seed its own body." This is true in the vegetable world. Out of the same soil, growing side by side, we have the peach and the pear, the sweet apple and the sour, the rose and the thistle; and so, of all the productions of the vegetable kingdom. The physiologist knows that this wonderful fact is to be ascribed to the power of *selection* in the primary granules and cells which take from the earth those peculiarities which go, each to produce its like, and to form the particular character, or *nature* of each plant and of its fruit. "A man cannot gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles." We may think, "chance gives wheat, or some other grain;" but chance has nothing to do in the case yet." "God gives to every seed its own body, as it hath pleased him." This same principle of transmission is, if possible, more clearly seen in the animal economy. If a negro's children will be black, thick-lipped, bandy-legged and curly-headed,—those of the American aborigines red, or copper-colored, and straight haired, and ourselves white, and partaking of all the other well known bodily peculiarities of the Caucasian race. But what is true

of races, is also true of families and individuals. The son or daughter resembles the father and mother in form, face, expression, manner. So much is this the case, that the writer, when early in life, engaged in teaching, on going into a new school, where he was acquainted with the parents, and unacquainted with their offspring, could select those children which came from particular families by their resemblance to their parents. Lord Mansfield, one of the most eminent judges in England, says, upon deciding the legitimacy of children, "I have always considered *likeness* as one of the most conclusive evidences."

But this principle of transmission reaches deeper. It embraces the moral, intellectual and even the religious tendencies. What a man is, or does, dies not with him. It is impressed upon his own age, and extends to posterity, just in a proportion to his influence. The young bear the image of the old, and this is something more than mere association and habit. A peculiar mode of thought may so impress itself upon the brain, that it will affect its conformation. We see this in the idiot. The form of his head distinguishes him from other men. It may be deformed, very small, or unusually large; but still, it is the *idiot's* head. Now, the brain gives the form to the head, and this form is capable of transmission. Such unfortunate ones are frequently met with in the same family, and their organization must depend on some hidden cause. Suppose such an idiot to be subjected to the modes of instruction in early life, now in use, we might look for a great change in the intellectual powers; and, though the configuration of the head would not materially change, in a single generation; yet, eventually, it would become essentially altered. Soon, these changes for the better would be permanently transmitted to the offspring.

But a *physically* diseased state is demonstrated to be transmitted. In this respect "the iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children for many generations.

Take, for instance, the disease of *gout*. This effect arises from what is called *predisposition*. By this term, we mean such an organization as allows of an easy transmission of morbid tendency to disease. In what this organization specifically consists, so that it shall transmit a particular disease to one,

and a very different disease to others, we do not know. A man, by lascivious and intemperate living, or by indolence and self-abuse, produces in himself the disease called *gout*. He did not inherit this disease, or even a predisposition to it; but he brought it on himself. At first, he had only occasional attacks. These gradually grew more frequent. Invalidness daily increased upon him, until he was almost constantly harassed with gout, and was wholly occupied in relieving himself of this self-induced malady. Now this man may transmit to his children his self-induced disease, and in a few generations, gout descends from parents to children among his descendants, as naturally as an heir-loom. Gout, being unusually an accompaniment of luxurious living, as it is perpetuated in these families, is looked upon as evidence of gentle birth, or Patrician blood. The children inherit the disease, or its condition, and the habits in which they are trained rendered it probable, if not certain, that they will, in due time, exhibit *something more* than mere predisposition. Frequently, we find gout in the *sons* of a family, for several generations, and yet the *daughters* are exempt from it. The daughters, doubtless, inherited the *predisposition*. Why, then, were they not afflicted with the disease? Simply because their habits were not calculated to develope the predisposition, and they did nothing to provoke the disease. They kept themselves aloof from the luxurious, intemperate, or indolent habits of their brothers. Thus we see how much may depend upon proper modes of life. But gout is only one of the diseases which are transmissible.

Insanity, a more fearful evil, is also hereditary. Of this lamentable fact there can be no doubt. The writer has known a family where the grandfather, father, and four out of seven children were insane. Three of them committed suicide. Esquinol, a distinguished physician, who wrote on insanity, says, "he met with a family where seven sisters and brothers were insane." He further says, "that one-half of the cases of insanity which occur among the wealthy, are from a *hereditary taint*," Halsam mentions ten families in every one of which several cases of mental derangement occurred. Similar cases might be adduced from the experience of almost every practising physician.

But the chief interest arising from the discussion of hereditary insanity comes from the fact that, where it exists, such arrangements may be made, and such habits of life adopted as will prevent the development of this terrible malady ; and, of these we may hereafter speak, suffit now to say, that, in order to prevent so great an evil we must go back to the foundation of families ; to the formation of the marriage relation. It should be borne in mind that insanity is not limited to those who fill our Insane Hospitals, Retreats, and Asylums. If it were, the evil would be great. But, it really includes many who go abroad, and some who fill stations of honor and trust. They are not really maniacs, but they labor under partial, or occasional alienation of mind, and their advice and judgment are to be distrusted. Professor Letel, of the University of Jenna, continued to lecture in that Institution long after he believed himself to be the Emperor of Rome ; and Judge Edmonds to sit on the bench long after he imbibed the halucination of spirit-rappings and table-tippings.

In speaking of these two diseases, the former of the body, the latter of the mind, which are transmissible from parents to children, I have only opened the catalogue of hereditary diseases, or of predisposition thereto. Scrofula, sometimes called " King's Evil," is hereditary or transmissible. People generally understand by this term a certain local condition, or the disease of certain glands about the neck, or other parts of the body. But it is, in reality, a morbid state of the whole body, which shows itself in the glands. It is a state of universal weakness, or imperfect vitality, or general deterioration, which is the foundation of the gravest maladies which show themselves in the form of Scrofula, abscesses, consumption, &c. This state, or condition, is transmitted from parents to children through successive generations, till they become too debilitated to have offspring, and thus the families die out ; or by a freak of nature it may overleap one or two generations. Extinction is speedily accomplished, when by intermarriages *both* parents are scrofular. In this way, by the intermarriage of near relatives, many of the royal families of the old world have become extinct. Hence, we see the propriety of the Divine injunction,

prohibiting marriage between certain blood relationships, and in excluding certain diseased persons from the congregation of the healthy ; as, for instance, the leperous.

Not to dwell upon the leprosy, and many other diseases and weaknesses of body and mind, which are transmissible, and which are the prolific cause of most of the debility of mind and body, and of the invalidness and premature decay and death of many who die in early life, and of the wretchedness and misery, and idiocy of many who live, we may say, in a word, that the grand object of a thorough physical education is to aid in reducing, or banishing this whole catalogue of evils.

Nothing can be properly called a thorough physical education which stops short of educating the whole man. It extends to the nursery, and from thence to childhood, and to manhood. It must commence in the family, and be carried through the school, the seminary, and the college. It must manifest its benign influence in the work-shop, in the field, and by the fireside. It must reach to the diet, the regimen, and the raiment. It has been quite too much neglected, and calls loudly upon every physician, clergyman, teacher, and parent for definite action.

This discussion suggests many important lessons. To the married, and to those who contemplate marriage, and who know that they inherit predisposition, or have brought on themselves a tendency to these and similar diseases, it proposes the grave question, do ye right to transmit these seeds to others ? If you have children, seek as far as possible their exemption from an inheritance so wretched as shall constrain them to cry, "Oh, that we had not been born !" Parents, if you have transmitted the seeds of such diseases to your dear children, ply all the remedial agents within your reach to prevent them from taking root, springing up and bearing bitter fruit. Watch then in yourselves, and in your offspring, and do all in your power to counteract and eventually to destroy them.

In private we must watch our thoughts, in the family our tempers, in company our tongues.

MY HUSBAND'S PATIENTS.

NO. V.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

PART II.

"And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath ; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Weeks flew by, until Autumn came with its golden fruit, its gaily colored flowers, and its gorgeously tinted forests. Mr. and Mrs. Langdon had determined to go a journey, which had been postponed from Spring to Fall, and from Fall to Spring, for many years. Miss Nesbitt, whom all the family regarded as a dear friend, was to take charge during their absence.

"My dear Anna," said Mrs. Langdon, at parting, "order the carriage and go where you please ; and when you please ; consider the house and everything in it at your disposal. We have no fears about the children, for as Charles said to me last night, it was a fortunate day for us when you came, for *we* needed instruction as well as *they*. Howard and Emeline stood, each holding a hand of their beloved teacher, while Lucy was in the arms of her smiling nurse, and Betty in her neat white apron, waved her hand as they drove away, saying "And it's good, we'll be wishing yees till the day we see your welcome faces back in your own home."

In the care and society of her now loved pupils, Miss Nesbitt felt no loneliness. Long ere this they had formed habits of obedience to her wishes, and had become accustomed to their regular sessions for study. Six hours every day were passed in the school room, but so varied were their recitations that they never tired. Indeed, Howard would often beg for longer lessons, he had become so much interested in his studies. No one would have recognized in the gentle boy, walking gracefully by the side of his teacher, in her daily rambles, looking in her face and answering her questions, with a countenance full of animation, the rude boisterous lad whom we introduced in the com-

mencement of our story. Miss Nesbitt herself, regarded the change with astonishment, and was often surprised at the nature of his enquiries, showing a mind thirsting for knowledge. If she acknowledged to herself any partiality for her pupils, it was for the ardent, affectionate Howard, who was now influenced by her slightest look, and who was grieved beyond measure, by her reproof, however mildly spoken. Emeline, to be sure, was younger, but she was naturally averse to exertion of any kind, and it required constant incitements to her duties, to induce any thing like a regular performance of them.

During the absence of their parents, Miss Nesbitt accompanied the children to many places of interest. She followed a plan which she had made with Mr. Langdon's full approbation, to join a select school that was kept by a friend in the city, and was to visit the iron works, the glass factory, the navy yard and the state prison. The latter, more than any other place, was a source of interest to Howard. He was pale with the intensity of his feelings. But he kept tight hold of Miss Nesbitt's hand, as they followed the chaplain from one room to another, and witnessed the neatness and order of every part of the establishment, and the general look of comfort among the prisoners. He spoke not a word at the time, but his teacher was very much affected that night, after their return home, at hearing his voice in prayer, thanking God that he had not been left to the indulgence of angry passions, and to go to prison. Wishing to learn further the impression, the scene had made upon his mind, she called him to her, and began to talk to him. But his heart was too full, and he burst into tears, saying, as he threw his arms around her neck, "Dear, dear Miss Nesbitt. If you had not come here to teach me, how wicked it is to be angry, I should have been there too. And I cannot help being so sorry, those poor people had no one to teach them. They might have learned to be good. Would'nt Jesus let them into Heaven if they would be good now?"

"Yes, yes, my own dear boy," said Miss Nesbitt, unable to restrain her tears, as she pressed him in her arms." He wants them to come to him, you know he died to save them, and if

they would only love him, they would go to live with him into that happy world."

"And will nobody tell them so? Oh! Miss Nesbitt, though I don't know what Emeline and I could do without you; yet I almost want you to go, and tell them they can become good, if they but try. It's very hard at first, but they can do it. You might say," he continued, blushing deeply, and looking down, "if they wouldn't believe you, that you knew a very wicked boy who had such a bad temper that every body was afraid of him, but that now he never was angry, and that he was trying every day to be good."

It was some time before the weeping teacher could reply. She felt repaid for all her watchfulness, all her care. She had the reward for which she had so arduously labored. She comforted her pupil with the thought that many were engaged in the work of teaching them, that a chaplain was appointed to labor for their good, and that many had left their confinement at the expiration of their term of imprisonment, better and wiser men than they had entered it, with new purposes and motives of action, for the regulation of their future lives.

The winter passed quietly and pleasantly away. It was now spring, though the bleak winds of March detained Miss Nesbitt and her pupils indoors. For a few days Howard had been rather unwell, and even if the weather had been mild his teacher would have been reluctant to leave him. She sat by his side as he lay upon a couch, bathed his temples, and at times read to him in a low voice, to soothe his pain.

The boy was so patient and uncomplaining, that his parents did not feel alarm at his illness, but his teacher perceived that he grew rapidly worse, and said, she thought a physician should be called. Mr. Langdon accustomed to act entirely by her advice, wherever the children were concerned, sent at once for a Doctor, who pronounced it the scarlet fever, and advised the parents to remove the other children as far as possible from the sick-room of their brother.

Mr. and Mrs. Langdon were exceedingly alarmed, and in their fright were rendered almost unable to do any thing for the com-

fort of their dear boy. Miss Nesbitt too, was very anxious about the result of this sickness ; but she immediately applied herself to acting the part of a nurse. Though extremely pale, she received the Doctor's directions with calmness, showing him that she understood them, and would see that they were obeyed. But, notwithstanding all the skill of the physician, the untiring watchfulness of the devoted and loving teacher, the tears of the stricken parents, the patient grew worse, and soon there was no hope of his recovery. For three days and nights, Miss Nesbitt had not left him except for a few moments at a time, to take her meals. The kind hearted Betty, as well as Maria, had done all they could to lighten her cares ; but the sick boy watched her every movement, and looked up lovingly in her face, when he found it no longer possible to articulate his thanks for her kindness ; and she could not leave him. At almost every hour of the day or night, she could hear the poor afflicted father walking the hall with agitated steps, while the weeping mother would come in, begging Miss Nesbitt to allow her to do something for her darling boy. But her feelings at the sight of his distress, would so overcome her that she was unable to administer to his relief.

This was their first real sorrow, and it fell heavily upon Mr. and Mrs. Langdon. The father had long regarded his son with pride and affection, and had begun to form plans for the future, in all of which his only boy was to share a prominent part. From the conscientiousness, the strict observance of the Sabbath which he had witnessed in his son, the father had taken many a lesson, which he would not have condescended to receive from any other. These lessons he was now pondering, and though every fibre of his heart was quivering with anguish at the thought that in a very few hours his beautiful boy would be no more, yet, he could not but acknowledge to himself that there was a principle within the patient sufferer, influencing his thoughts and feelings, enabling him to look forward with glorious anticipations, to a home in the skies, to which he was an entire stranger. Oh ! with what an agony of remorse did he look back upon his total neglect of the moral training of his children. How

vividly now stood out before him the painful Sabbath, when with anger at his heart he had chastised his boy, for disobedience, brought on by his own sinful neglect. How he wept over, and cherished every act of love, the boy had of late shown him, every expression of affection, he had received. How he wept afresh as he remembered he should hear them no more.

The physician came again. He had visited his patient three or four times in a day. He had administered the most powerful medicine, but all was of no avail. The decree had gone forth, and the dear boy, about whom was clustered so many precious recollections, the first-born and only son must die.

Father and mother were bending over him in uncontrolled agitation and grief. Betty and Maria were standing at the foot of the bed, stifling their sobs in their aprons. The kind physician was wetting the parched lips, while the loved teacher was sitting behind the dying child, supporting him in her arms while his head was resting against her breast. He appeared to be unconscious, but at length he revived, opened his eyes languidly, then gazed around as if he knew them, and after moistening his mouth he tried to speak. At first he could not articulate, but slowly and feebly he raised his hand and drew his father's face near to his own. "Dear Papa, he said in a hoarse whisper, I want you to forgive all the naughty things I used to do, and I want you to ask Miss Nesbitt, and she'll tell you how to be good, so you can come to Heaven and see me there. I've asked God for Christ's sake, to forgive all my sins and to make me good, and now I'm going to live with him forever."

Dear, dear Howard, exclaimed the poor father, shaking from head to foot with his emotion. I have prayed all day that I might be prepared to follow you. But oh! It's hard to give you up. With a look of unutterable love the baby slowly closed his eyes, but after a few moments signified his desire to speak to his mother, when he begged her to prepare for Heaven, and never to let Miss Nesbitt go away, for he wanted her to teach his sisters as she had taught him. She could only weep as she bowed her assent, and was withdrawing so that the Doctor could approach, when he spoke again, though with great difficulty.

Will you please find Angelia, and ask her to forgive me for striking her, and tell her I've been sorry a great while.

Mr. Langdon groaned aloud, and retired hastily from the room. The dying boy lay for a few moments with his eyes closed, greatly exhausted by the exertion he had made, when he suddenly started as if he had seen a bright vision, his whole face was radiant with joy, and without a struggle or a groan his spirit departed.

The afflicted, bereaved mother bent over the lifeless body in agony of spirit, but the physician gently tried to soothe her grief and begged her to go below to her husband. He had noticed the extreme pallor of Miss Nesbitt's countenance and was anxious to relieve her by removing the body from her arms. He did so, and was pleased to see that her grief found its natural vent in tears. She had through all the trying scenes restrained every manifestation of emotion that she might not be disabled from administering to her beloved charge; but now she wept freely, and as she wept her heart rose up to God in prayer that this heavy affliction might be the means of spiritual life to the bereaved parents. She had earnestly hoped for a parting word from the dying boy, but she was satisfied. He was happy, and she felt that for him she could ask no more.

Leaving the physician with a kind neighbor to perform the last offices for the deceased, she joined the weeping parents, who appeared almost stunned with the violence of the blow. She would have much preferred to be alone, but she knew, she had duties to perform, and wearied and faint as she was, she would not shrink from them.

When she entered the parlor, Mr. Langdon was sitting on the sofa with his face concealed in his handkerchief, while his trembling frame showed the violence of his grief. Mrs. Langdon was sitting near her husband sobbing convulsively. She looked up as Miss Nesbitt entered, and motioned her to a seat by her side, when her sobs burst out afresh. For a time they wept in silence. At length, Mr. Langdon arose and advanced to Miss Nesbitt, though his countenance wore the hue of death, and he said in a husky voice, "You heard the dying request, will you tell me what to do?"

For a moment the young lady was very much embarrassed ; but she arose, and going to the table, said, " I will read in answer to your question a few words from this Holy Book which had become so precious to the dear boy." Her voice failed ; but after a short pause she read a few verses from the fifty-first Psalm, and also from Isaiah fifty-third, after which, becoming very faint from her long watching, she was about to leave the room ; but Mr. Langdon, taking her by the hand, said, " Anna, you taught our boy to pray for his parents, will you not pray for them too ? "

" I can, *I will*," she replied earnestly ; " but let me beg you to pray for yourselves, that God would sanctify this great affliction to your souls," then feeling entirely overcome by her emotion, she hastened to her room.

The day of the funeral came and passed—friends and relatives had come to sympathise in the bitter sorrow of the bereaved parents, and had taken their departure ; but Anna Nesbitt had never been able to leave her room. She was suffering from an attack of the same complaint which had so suddenly carried off her dear pupil.

The attack, however, was slight compared with his, and Anna who greatly feared for the other members of the family, entreated that she might be left to the care of Maria who was abundantly able to perform all the services she should require.

Her grateful friend was very unwilling to leave her at all, but Anna tried to convince her that her presence was not at all necessary, and that her duty to her family forbade the exposure, and as the Doctor coincided in the opinion, she unwillingly consented to the arrangement, though she was continually knocking at the door with messages of anxiety from herself and her husband, begging her to give them something to do for her, that they might express their affection and gratitude.

A year passed by ; it was again Spring ; but the air was mild ; and the weather had become settled. Let us pay another visit to our friends Mr. and Mrs. Langdon. We enter the parlors, but find them unoccupied, a merry shout of childhood reaches us from the room above, and we ascend the stairs, where a

pleasant scene awaits us. Sitting in a low rocking-chair before the fire is Maria, with an infant in her arms, who with its bare feet extended toward the blaze is showing in a manner peculiar to baby-hood, by spreading out the tiny toes, the pleasure she derives from the heat.

Kneeling on the floor before the little stranger is Anna Nesbitt, talking in the most approved style of baby talk to the young master, who answers by a musical cooing, fully understood and appreciated by all around him.

Mrs. Langdon, the happy mother, sits by in a large easy chair, while Betty is combing out her long auburn tresses, for Betty has proved herself a very mesmeriser in the soothing influence of her hair-dressing. Little Lucy, whom we left a baby, is shouting with glee at the high towers her sister built with her blocks, and which she tumbles over with a noise almost too loud for mamma. Emeline alternately runs to Maria to hear the wonderful story the baby is telling, or rebuilds the castle Lucy has so unceremoniously thrown down.

"Be quick now, Betty," said Mrs. Langdon, for Betty too has stopped to listen to the young master, "Mr. Langdon will be here presently, and he would think me late at my toilet if he should find my hair undressed."

"And sure," replied Betty, laughing as she proceeded to gather up the hair into a braid, "he can't be displeased aither, for it's handsome as a doll yeer looking this blessed minnit."

"There's where I agree with you," said a fine manly voice from behind the chair, and Betty gave "a lep out of her" as she afterwards expressed it, "to see the master standing close at hand."

"Oh, there's papa!" shouted Emeline and Lucy in chorus, while Anna called him to observe the wonderful progress his son had made in talking, since he left in the morning.

After giving his wife and baby a kiss, Mr. Langdon said he had brought an interesting book from town, and if agreeable to the ladies, he would read aloud, provided the children would play quietly. For the next hour not a word was spoken by the little folks above a whisper, though the baby did not regard the

direction, but continued his pleasant song which grew fainter and fainter until he fell quietly asleep in the arms of his nurse

It is again the Sabbath eve, though the day has been sultry, a cool breeze has sprung up, which Mr. Langdon remarks to his wife will probably blow up a shower. Far more than the Sabbath before described, this has been a day of rest—of rest from all worldly employments, and enjoyments, and rest even compared with the former day from physical exertion and fatigue. In this now happy, united family, the Sabbath has become “the day of all the week the best,” and its sacred, hallowed influences extend far beyond the hours set apart for holy rest. At the usual hour for breakfast the family assemble about the cheerful repast, and even little Lucy has now learned to conduct herself with strict propriety while there. Howard, the dear child, who is now singing praises before the throne of the Eternal is not forgotten. When they gather around the family altar he is remembered, and his memory cherished with the fondest affection. The family then retire to their rooms, when Emeline prepared her Sabbath-school lesson with her teacher. Mr. Langdon also has taken a class of boys, and at nine o'clock the three ride to church, which is nearly a mile distant. As Mrs. Langdon is in delicate health, she is seldom able to go out more than half a day. Directly after church in the afternoon, the family assemble in the parlor, and it is there, we would now meet them.

The pale, but beautiful mother sits in a low easy-chair with her infant lying quietly across her lap. There is an expression of peace and quiet happiness upon her lovely countenance which in vain we looked for in former years. Her heart reposes securely upon the rock of ages. Miss Nesbitt occupies a seat on the sofa where Lucy has nestled herself close to her side, and has made prisoner of her dear Anna's hand, as she has learned to call her friend. Miss Nesbitt puts her arm about the ardent impulsive child who so often reminds her of the dear one who has gone, and is answered by a fond look, and a warm kiss upon the hand she holds so tightly in her own. Maria and Betty sit near each other by the door, while Mr. Langdon has

and at the thought of the swarming thousands in that city, who were ignorant of the gospel and of salvation by Christ. On the Sabbath he reasoned with the Jews in their synagogue, and on other days with the multitude in the market. The report of his discussions reached the schools of philosophy, fell on the ears of the atheistic Epicurians, who made pleasure the chief end of man, and awoke the sluggish curiosity of the transcendental Stoics, who ascribed every thing to fate. Both these sects crowded around him, now tauntingly inquiring, "What will this babbler say?" and then exclaiming, "He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods." They cited him to the Areopagus, the place where their court of high commission was held. In that news-seeking and news-telling city, the novelty of his doctrines drew together a vast multitude.

The occasion was like one a few centuries earlier in the same literary emporium, when Demosthenes, on the top of the neighboring Pnyx, with a huge rock for a rostrum, established the fickle mind of the democracy, roused their indignation, and thundered their defiance against the aggressive and tyrannical Philip of Macedon. Its object was more pure and elevated; for then only the temporal welfare of Athens depended upon the decision of the hour; but now, congregated thousands were to hear of God and salvation. Souls were to be won to Christ. As the appointed season approached, every avenue to Mars Hill was crowded with anxious citizens, vieing with each other for the best situation, and covering the eminence as the waters of the ocean do the hills far beneath its surface.

Amidst this multitude Paul takes the stand; all eyes are fixed on him; every ear is open to hear him. The serene sky is over him, around him cluster objects of classic memory,—the Acropolis; the Museum; the temple of Jupiter Olympus; the Academy, with its groves, umbrageous walks, fountains, altars and statues; those works of the old Masters, some of which are still models and standards of taste; the ports, with their gallant ships, and well-stored arsenals; the islands of the *Ægæan*—these, and a thousand similar objects, filled up the natural panorama spread out before him.

In his discourse are all the parts of the most finished oration,—the introduction, the proposition, the proof or argument, and the conclusion. The orator ascends the rostrum, salutes his vast auditory, and awaits their silence. List; he speaks:

Verse 22.—"Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. Here is no reproach, but only a respectful salutation and address, a high compliment, designed to conciliate their

favor. Formerly the word *superstition* had not its present reproachful signification, but denoted great exactness and scrupulousness in religion; a very strict and punctilious regard for religious rites; a sense abounding in the original Greek far more than in our translation. It may be literally rendered, *very religious; more attentive than others to religious subjects*. Here is the skill of an accomplished orator, who in his exordium endeavors to secure the confidence and good will of his hearers, and to pre-occupy their minds in favor of his subject. History unites with Scripture in ascribing a peculiarly religious sensibility to the Athenians; and the distinct announcement of that fact was admirably adapted to engage their attention, and to open their hearts for the reception of his sentiments.

Verse 23.—He next gives them the evidence of this fact which had fallen under his own observation, and then distinctly announces to them his subject: “*For as I passed by and beheld your devotions I found an altar with this inscription, ‘To THE UNKNOWN GOD.’ Whom, therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.*”

Since his arrival in their city, he had been no idle spectator of their public buildings and works, of their temples, shrines, and sacrifices, and of their religious rites and consecrated objects, to all of which he here refers as proof of their strong religious tendency. One observation which he had made, furnished him with the text on which he now addressed them. He had noticed that each of their altars was dedicated and inscribed to a particular god or goddess; one to Jupiter, another to Mars, and so on. But amid all these, a certain altar had specially arrested his attention, on account of the singularity of its inscription, “*To THE UNKNOWN GOD.*” Of this, therefore, and of Him to whom it was consecrated, he was to speak.

Altars inscribed to the unknown gods were common in Attica, and are frequently spoken of by Greek writers. What if they commonly use the plural where Paul here employs the singular? Infidelity can gain no advantage over Christianity from this fact; since if Paul had mistaken, if no altar with this inscription existed in Athens, there were thousands in that assembly who would have detected the error, and have cried out with exultation, “*You mistake; we have no such altar.*” Besides, sceptics from that day to this would have reported and gloried in the blunder. Their silence, therefore, creates assurance of the accuracy of the apostle. The probabilities are either that there were altars in that city, inscribed in each of these ways, some in the plural, and others in the singular number, or that each one separately was inscribed “*To the unknown God,*” while they

were spoken of collectively, and in the plural, by narrators ; precisely as we now speak of each particular church and its minister in our city, or collectively of all its churches and ministers. "Several of the older commentators," says Prof. Hackett, in his admirable notes on the Acts, "suppose that this inscription referred to the God of the Jews, to Jehovah," of whom the Athenians had no personal and definite knowledge,

The origin and history of this altar are involved in much obscurity. Probably it was constructed either as a memorial of some divine interposition, which they could not ascribe to any of their deities, or as a means of gratifying a religious sentiment common even among idolaters—a sentiment which the divinities and rites of Paganism never has and never can satisfy, and to which the apostle made his appeal.

Verse 24.—He proceeds : "*God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands.*" Paul here ascribes the creation and government of the universe to God, who was distinguished by these works from their senseless idols, and shown to exist beyond the limits of the temples where they dwelt. Here he reasons, like David, in the nineteenth psalm, from the works to the perfections of God, and appeals to their own observation and reason for the truth of his declarations. The creation of the world by God opposed the eternity of matter, a doctrine which the Epicurians maintained ; and the government of the universe by him, destroyed the Stoic idea of fate ; while the omnipresence of God, here evidently implied, brought him around and within every one of them, and held them personally accountable.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.

The war still progresses, and recent advices indicate preparations on the part both of the Allies and of Russia, for its prosecution with increased activity and force. Several skirmishes occurred last month ; but no general and decisive engagement had been reported up to the twentieth. Supplies have reached the allied troops ; and their suffering, from privation and sickness, has abated.

England kept a national fast on account of this war on the twenty-

first of March. Roebuck's committee of Parliament continues its investigations into the condition of the British army in the Crimea, and into the causes of its unparalleled suffering and mortality.

France has sent a detachment of her imperial guard, with other recruits, to the seat of war, which were reviewed by the Emperor in person before their embarkation. On the day of their inspection a conspiracy against Napoleon was discovered, which originated in a dissatisfaction with his arbitrary power, and his conduct of the war. The leaders were apprehended, imprisoned, and await their trial. Great interest is manifested in the preparations made for the world's fair, which is to commence in Paris on the first of the present month. Russia, of course, will not be there represented; and as the novelty of such occasions has passed, we doubt whether this exhibition will be as complete and perfect as that in London, the report of which fills several royal octavo volumes of great interest.

Rome has witnessed another attempt at revolution, headed by Mazzini; and the Pope, as in 1848, has sought the aid and protection of French troops, having asked for three thousand and five hundred, which have been granted. But French bayonets cannot always defend his Holiness. Light is breaking on his dark empire; the spirit of liberty gathers strength; and it is only a question of time when it shall be dominant.

Turkey, which may well apprehend the termination of her war with Russia, to be the occasion, either of her subjection to Alexander II, or of her dismemberment and division among the allied powers, is likely to be enlightened and liberalized by her alliance with them in its prosecution. Result as it may, she will probably be conquered, if not killed and dissected. The cimeter will be broke and Mohammedanism destroyed. There was recently a dreadful earthquake at Broosa, near the foot of Mount Olympus, which destroyed nearly one third of the city, killed about five hundred; wounded, with various degrees of severity, twice that number; and overturned many public and private buildings. Seventy perished in one silk factory. Springs were dried up, new ones opened; rills were turned out of their proper course, and large, cragged rocks shaken off from Olympus.

Russia has passed quietly from the hand of the deceased Nicholas to that of his son, Alexander II, who is resolutely and vigorously executing the designs of his father, and who, thus far, displays more energy and decision of character than he had been previously supposed to possess.

The Vienna Conference has re-assembled, after a short recess, hav-

ing failed on the third condition of negotiation, which related to the equalization of power and privilege in the Black Sea, among the nations there represented. Russia positively refuses to relinquish her fortifications about Sebastopol, and to share the peculiar advantages which she has enjoyed in that sea and its inlets, with other European nations. This difficulty looks insurmountable; but perhaps the diplomatic skill and wisdom there congregated may rise superior to it. For ourselves, we earnestly desire that it may, for we would have the stream of blood which now empties into that sea, stayed.

Japan, having opened her gates to Christian nations, is to be immediately supplied with the word of God. Rev. Dr. Bettelheim, a Hungarian Jew, who after his conversion to Christianity, ministered to his Hebrew brethren in London, and who subsequently went to the Jews in China, where he labored successfully nine years, has resolved on a mission to Japan. During his residence in China, he learned the Japanese language, and translated a considerable portion of the Scriptures into it. Here is another wonder of Providence. God raised him up, sent him there to learn the language, and to translate the Bible, that the instruments might be ready for the Christianization of the nation, as soon as she opened her iron gates for the admission of the evangelized.

DOMESTIC.

Foreign Immigration. — "During the first three months of the present year fifteen thousand six hundred and seventy-seven immigrants arrived at New York from foreign parts, against twenty-three thousand seven hundred and twenty-six for the same period of the previous year, and twenty-six thousand five hundred and forty-four for a like period of 1853. During the month of March this year the number arriving was but two thousand and sixty-nine, of whom nine hundred and twelve were Germans, four hundred and forty-five from Ireland, three hundred and thirty-five from England, one hundred and two from France, and ninety from Switzerland."

It is pleasant to see that this tide has turned, for it was increasing our population faster than the influx could possibly be assimilated.

The reciprocity treaty is in full operation, and consequently the produce and lumber of Canada West are coming into the United States at an unprecedented rate. At the single port of Oswego, from the opening of spring navigation to the sixteenth of April, there arrived more than sixty thousand barrels of wheat, and about

half a million feet of lumber. One effect of this must be to reduce the price of these and other articles to the consumer. This will benefit the manufacturing towns and cities of New England while it may prove at first injurious to the rural and agricultural districts. But we hope and expect that the latter of these results will be only temporary. It may operate like the invention and successful action of machines for sewing and for performing other processes in the arts of life, only to change the direction of capital and of industry. It requires time for the seamstress to ascertain what the machine cannot do, and then directing her attention to this, she executes it with increased skill and facility, and thus in the end rejoices in an invention which she at first imagined would ruin her. So here, the New England and the Middle State farmer may soon learn what articles he can produce which the farmers of the British Provinces can not successfully cultivate ; and directing his attention to these, he may find to his joyful surprise that while the treaty helps his neighbor, far from injuring, it benefits himself.

Judge Loring has passed before a fiery ordeal. The present legislature has requested the Governor and Council to remove him from the office of Judge of Probate in the county of Suffolk, for alleged mal-administration in his office of Commissioner in unjustifiably decreeing the rendition of a fugitive to his master. While we have no special sympathy with slave-catchers, we love our country and our commonwealth ; and we confess some solicitude about the consequents of such antecedents. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

The Nunnery Committee has acquired an unenviable notoriety. Originally appointed to examine the Roman catholic schools in the commonwealth, its members are accused of transcending their limits, of extravagance, improprieties and immoralities. The *Boston Daily Advertiser* first published these charges. This led to the appointment of a special committee to investigate the charges, and that body after several sessions made a report which opened the whole subject in the House, where it has not yet been finally disposed of. The waters are troubled and impure, if they settle clear we shall be devoutly rejoiced. For ourselves, we desire to see Catholic like Protestant schools put under the special supervision of the school-committees where they are located, and report thereof made to the State. This would not be exclusive and objectionable, but republican, American, and Christian.

SPRING FASHIONS.

Contributed from *Mme. Demorest's Emporium of Fashions*, 375 Broadway, New York; Branch in Boston, 238 Washington street.



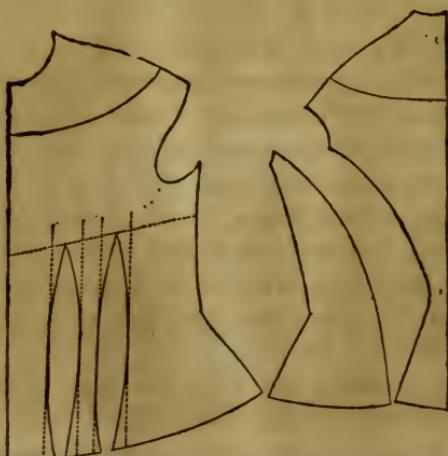
This is one of those beautiful costumes which can be worn appropriately on almost any occasion. Indeed, just now, the war aspect

contributes to impart its influence to the fashions, and the distant approximation to any masculine mode is not at all inappropriate. The vest form and trimming partake so much of the same effect that it is difficult to decide where the demi-toilet ends and the full dress commences ; for in this design is blended all the graceful elegance of a full costume, with the more sober traits of a demi-toilet. The material designed for this dress is pink or lilac taffetta, with broche volants. The skirt is composed entirely of two deep volants, edged with borders of roses, and leaves of various colors, interspersed with wild flowers. The corsage is cut half low in the neck, leaving the vest form visible all the way down, when it rounds back in a narrow basquene, which grows broader behind, giving an effect to the figure as original as it is graceful.

A narrow broche border runs down the front, and surrounds the basquene, while a vein like that upon the volants, branches off toward the shoulders. The sleeves are tight to the arm down to the elbow, where they widen into a moderate pagoda form, and are surrounded by a graduated broche border.

To excel in the artistic arrangement of ladies' dress requires the exercise of a refined and inventive genius.

The effects of colors and nicely blended contrasts, (more particularly as they adapt themselves to different complexions,) should be carefully and philosophically considered ; but it is proper to remark that there is no one thing more indispensable than to have the dress accurately fitted to the form ; and to do this with invariable certainty, especially the basquene, the dress-maker should practice by some perfect system of cutting dresses.



Above is given the outline of a graceful style and accurate propor-

tions of a basque waist, delineated from Mme. Demorest's First Premium System of Dress Cutting.

The basque waist has now become an indispensable article in a lady's costume, and is more in demand than ever, and judging from present indications, it is not likely that it will be less worn for some time to come.

The graceful contour the basquene furnishes to the form confirms it as the most attractive style of waist ever invented; but it should be very nicely adjusted to the form, in order to secure that artistic effect for which it is so justly esteemed.

There are so many and great advantages connected with a correct and systematic method of fitting the dress, that a lady once having tested it would not again submit to the old and tedious method of pinning and fitting, if it were possible to avoid it.

While it is desirable, nay, almost indispensable, that the artistic dress-maker should fit by system, great care should be taken that they should not be deluded by the many methods which are continually being urged on their attention — most of which have proved utterly useless — which rather tend to mislead the unwary, and as a consequence to disappoint those who attempt to avail themselves of the benefits of science, and thus to create in their minds a prejudice against any system whatever.

HOUSEWIFERY.

[*From an Excellent Housekeeper.*]

Silver Cake. — Mix flour, two cups; white sugar, 1 cup; butter 1-2 cup; sweet milk, 1-2 cup; white of three eggs; cream of tartar, 1 teaspoonful; soda, 1-2 teaspoonful; flavor with lemon.

Gold Cake is made in the same way, with the exception of the yolk instead of the white of the eggs.

Batter Pudding. — Mix 3 eggs, 4 table spoonfuls of flour, a little salt, 1 pint of milk, and baked in a quick oven.

Bird's Nest Pudding. — This is the same as batter, only cored apples are used by placing them in a dish, and pouring the batter over them.

Serena's Cake. — Mix Flour, 1 1-4 lb.; sugar, 1 1-4 lb.; butter, 3-4 lb.; raisins, chopped, 1 lb.; Milk, 1-2 pt.; eggs, 5; all beaten together.

Christmas Plum Pudding. — Chop 1-2 lb. beef suet very fine;

stone 1 lb. raisins; 1 lb. currants; soak 1-2 of a loaf of bread in 1 pint of milk; 2 eggs; 1 nutmeg; 1 wine glass of brandy; boil four hours.

Sauce.—Beat 1-4 lb. of butter to a cream, and stir in 1-2 lb. of white sugar.

INCIDENT AND HUMOR.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS HORSE.—Studious persons are sometimes surprisingly ignorant how to act on ordinary occasions. A Scottish paper says that Dr. Chalmers came home one evening on horseback, and, as neither the man who had the charge of his horse, nor the key of the stable, could be found, he was for some time not a little puzzled where to find a temporary residence for the animal. At last he fixed on the garden as the fittest place he could think of for the purpose; and having led the horse thither, he placed it on the garden walk. When his sister, who had also been from home, returned, and was told that the key of the stable could not be found, she inquired what had been done with the horse.

“I took it to the garden,” said the Doctor.

“To the garden!” she exclaimed; “Then all our flower and vegetable beds will be destroyed.”

“Don’t be afraid of that,” said the Doctor, “for I took particular care to place the horse on the garden walk.”

“And did you really imagine,” rejoined the sister, “that he would remain there?”

“I have no doubt of it,” said the Doctor, “for so sagacious an animal as the horse could not fail to be aware of the propriety of refraining from injuring the products of the garden.”

“I am afraid,” said Miss Chalmers, “that you will think less favorably of the discretion of the horse when you have seen the garden.”

To decide the controversy by an appeal to facts, they went to the garden, and found, from the ruthless devastation which the trampling and rolling of the animal had spread over every part of it, that the natural history of the horse was a subject with which the lady was far more accurately acquainted than her learned brother.

“I never could have imagined,” said the doctor, “that horses were such senseless animals.”—*Herald.*

A GOOD HIT.—The hymenial poetry with which sympathizing friends often accompany marriage notices in newspapers, is generally shocking enough; but sometimes a capital hit is made, as in the following lines, which we cut from one of the last week’s dailies :

MARRIED.—On Wednesday, September 13, by the Rev. T. A. Eaton, Mr. Wm. Inslee of New Orleans, to Miss Theresa Birch, of this city.

Strange! what he hated most when young,

He dearly loves in riper years;

And *Birch*, which once his boy-heart rung.

Now proves his solace, calms his fears!

In *Birch* he finds his earthly bliss,

Nor hesitates the *rod to kiss.*

Sat. Courier.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S CHRISTIAN CHICKEN.—“Mother, said little Johnny Peters, as he came running in from the yard one day, “Fuzzy is a real little Christian chicken: and he'll go to heaven when he dies, I know he will, because he's so good.”

“Fuzzy” was the name Johnny had given to a little straw-colored chick. He gave him this name because of the soft downy feathers which covered him.

“What makes you think ‘Fuzzy’ is a Christian chick?” asked his mother.

“Because he prays, asks a blessing, and gives thanks, when he drinks water,” said Johnny.

“What did he say, Johnny?”

“I don't know what he said,” said the little boy; “you know we can't understand the talk of little chickens; but God can understand it just as well.”

“But it may be that he wasn't praying,” suggested his mother.

“O yes he was,” persisted the boy, “because when he had drunk only one little mouthful of water, though he was ever so dry, he stopped right off, and looked up toward where heaven is, and his little mouth went just as fast as he could make it talk. And when I eat my bread and milk to night for supper, I shall pray just so, too.”

Johnny mistook the swallowing of the water for praying; but it was a good purpose to thank God who gave him his bread and milk. Johnny could be a Christian child, though Fuzzy was not a Christian chicken.—*Myrtle.*

BOOK NOTICES.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, AND THE WRITERS OF HIS AGE.—This book consists of a course of literary lectures, originally delivered in French to a select audience in the city of New York, by Rev. J. F. Astié, with a translation and introduction by Rev. E. N. Kirk of Boston; just published by John P. Jewett & Co., of this city. Here the great masters, who controlled the literature and mind of France during that most important period of her history, the reign of Louis XIV, are considered, historically, critically, and morally, by one well acquainted with their writings, whose good judgement and correct taste, whose talents, patriotism, and piety, at once commend him to our confidence and respect. His style is neat, chaste, and flowing; his power of discrimination and analysis give him great advantages in literary criticism. This production of his vigorous pen is one of the most instructive and entertaining books which we have read for a long time. It takes the Protestant view of Christianity, and without any professed aim at Roman Catholicism, clearly exposes the true sources of its errors and corruptions. The articles on Fénelon and Pascal are worth the whole price of the volume. The former of these contains one of the best criticisms (p. 161) on Madame de la Mothe Guyon, which we have ever read. Its author should account himself quite fortunate in finding a translator so competent, and so perfectly in sympathy with himself. We most cordially commend the book to our readers, and predict for it a great sale, extensive renown, and usefulness.

From the same enterprising publishing house, we have also received a volume entitled “THE WORLD TO COME,” which we shall notice in our next number, since it deserves more attention and study than we can now devote to it.

The same firm have laid on our table a copy of REV. DR. CUMMINGS' SABBATH EVENING READINGS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. It comments on the Gospel of Luke, and is of the same general and admirable character as the other volumes of Scripture Reading which we have previously noticed, by this prolific author. We rejoice in their publication and increasing circulation, and hope they may promote a more thorough and prayerful study of the word of God, and in a restoration of the primitive style of expository preaching.

THE MORNING.

By J. C. JOHNSON.

1. Hark to the thrilling song, That rings the woods along, 'Tis the
birds sing their hymn to the morning, 'Tis the birds sing their
hymn to the morning! To the sunshine, to the flowers, To the
winds and the showers, Thus they sing, while the fair day is

The musical score consists of five systems of music. The top system shows a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of common time (4/4). The second system shows a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of common time (4/4). The third system shows a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of common time (4/4). The fourth system shows a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of common time (4/4). The fifth system shows a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of common time (4/4). The piano accompaniment consists of bass and treble staves, with the bass staff primarily providing harmonic support through chords.

THE MORNING.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first section of lyrics is: "dawning, To the sunshine, to the flowers, to the winds and the showers, Thus they sing while the fair day is dawn-ing." The second section of lyrics, starting with "2", is: "Forth to the river side, To view the meadow's pride, The flowers, blushing fair in the morning, The flowers, blushing fair in the morning. Lo the east with golden gleam, Mirrowed fair in the stream, While the birds sing their hymn to the morning, Lo the east with golden gleam, Mirrowed fair in the stream, While the birds sing their hymn to the morning." The third section of lyrics, starting with "3", is: "Now let the woodland choir, Our grateful song inspire, While we sing to the fair golden morning, While we sing to the fair golden morning, Thus in fair eternal day, Will our night fade away, Thus in heaven may we wake in the morning, Thus in heaven may we wake in the morning."

- 2 Forth to the river side,
To view the meadow's pride,
The flowers, blushing fair in the morning,
The flowers, blushing fair in the morning.
Lo the east with golden gleam,
Mirrowed fair in the stream,
While the birds sing their hymn to the morning,
Lo the east with golden gleam,
Mirrowed fair in the stream,
While the birds sing their hymn to the morning.
- 3 Now let the woodland choir,
Our grateful song inspire,
While we sing to the fair golden morning,
While we sing to the fair golden morning,
Thus in fair eternal day,
Will our night fade away,
Thus in heaven may we wake in the morning,
Thus in heaven may we wake in the morning.

PERIODICALS AND MUSIC.

PERIODICALS AND MUSIC.

QUARTERLIES. — The April number of **THE PRINCETON REVIEW**, that able defender of the faith, comes to us in full Christian Panoply, with arms burnished and bright with use. Its articles are well prepared. We were particularly interested in that on the languishing tribes of Western Africa. It is replete with valuable information. The article on the interpretation of Scripture involves principles of grave importance, which should govern every student of the Bible. In addition to other articles, this number contains the usual and instructive literary record. We are happy to learn that this Review is so ably sustained, and so widely circulated.

THE BIBLIOTHICA SACRA, Edited by Prof. Park and Dr. S. H. Taylor, and published by W. F. Draper, of Andover. The April number contains the following articles: *first*, on Divine Inspiration, by Rev. E. T. Fitch, D. D., of New Haven, Ct.; *second*, The Site of Capernaum, by Prof. E. Robinson, of New York, abounding with thorough geographical, historical, and biblical research; *third*, on Genius, by Prof. Tyler, of Amherst College, a forcible, well-written production, which will aid and reward the reader, though we cannot quite coincide with the judgment which classes Kossuth, and some others, whom it ranks with, men of genius; *fourth*, on German Education, by Anthony Lamb, Jr., of Providence, R. I., which assigns many cogent reasons for the superior love of science among the students of that country; *fifth*, on the Narrative of the Creation in Genesis, by Rev. John O. Means, of East Medway, an able treatise on the cosmogony of Moses; *sixth*, on the Seven Angels of the Seven Churches, by Isaac Jennings, of England; *seventh*, on "Baxter's End of Controversy," which we suppose to be editorial, and of which men will entertain different opinions corresponding to their theological sentiments; *eighth*, on the Conservative use of the Eyes, by George A. Bethune, M. D., replete with professional knowledge important to all, especially to students; *ninth* and *tenth*, Correspondence and notices of New Publications, evincing a good degree of editorial acumen, industry, and fidelity.

MONTHLIES. — We have received the following magazines for April: **Harpers**, the National, Peterson's Ladies' National, the Christian Parlor, **Graham's American Monthly**, the Mother's, and Family Monitor, all filled with a variety of good reading, and embellished with neat and tasteful engravings; also **Godley's Lady's Book**, which sustains its former high reputation; **Frank Leslie's Ladies' Gazette**, which abounds with illustrations and descriptions of the latest fashions; **Mrs. Whittlesey's Magazine for Mothers and Daughters**; **The Schoolmate**; **The Guide to Holiness**, which we fear the multitude will not follow; **The American National Preacher**; **the Mother's Journal**; and the monthly publications of the various benevolent societies.

WEEKLIES. — Our special thanks are due to many of our hundred newspaper exchanges for the very kind and complimentary notices, which they gave the last number of our periodical.

MUSIC. — We gratefully acknowledge the reception of the following sheets of excellent music, from the well furnished store of Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington st., Boston: 1, *Valse D'Amour*, by Thomas Baker; 2, *La Serenata*, by Harrison Willard; 3, *Nymph Waltz*, by Geo. R. Poulton; 4, *A Youth, 'tis thus the Story runs*; 5, "We never meet again," a pleasant song, by C. M. Von Weber; 6, "I sit beneath the Moonbeams glow," a Ballad, by Harrison Willard; 7, "Parting Words," by Montgomery and Shaw; 8, *the Philopena*, a Polka by Charles F. Fretbar.

JOSEPH EXALTED.

HE who is diligent in his business and who trusts in God, may be hated, maligned and persecuted ; but will eventually stand before kings and in their presence will bear witness for God. (Ps. 119 : 46 ; Ps. 22 : 29.) Of the numerous illustrations of this sentiment which history furnishes, none are invested with greater interest than that of Joseph. He was hated and sold into bondage, tempted and falsely accused by his mistress, unjustly condemned and imprisoned by his master ; yet God vindicated his innocence, turned back his captivity and highly exalted him. He gave him at first the favor of his master, warden, and fellow-prisoners, then divine wisdom for the faithful interpretation of the dreams of the chief butler and baker, and in consequence thereof presented him before Pharaoh as represented in the preceding plate.

What a contrast between him as he stands here in conscious innocence and calm dignity, pleading the cause of righteousness and of God, revealing the counsels of the Lord and instructing the chief of earthly potentates ; what a contrast, I say, between him here and his sovereign, whose bending form and clouded brow proclaim his anxiety and dismay. No wonder that his courage, faithfulness and wisdom confound the magicians and secure the confidence of Pharaoh ; yea, exalt him to a seat at his right hand, and by marriage ally him to the nobility. Joseph, thou hast found that it is not a vain thing to love and serve God ! How different thy situation at this hour from that dungeon where thy faith was so severely tried. The incense of grateful praise, now presented to thee by admiring thousands, is in strange contrast with those cruel accusations and vile slanders midst which thou wast led from the house of Potiphar. The joys with which thou doest at present embrace thy beloved wife and children, how unlike the bitter tears thou didst shed when thy brothers cast thee into the pit ! The night of thy trial was long, dark and stormy ; but the morning dawns,

and seems brighter in proportion to the intensity of the preceding darkness. Thou art master of Egypt, and we will watch the course of thine administration.

Those prophetic symbols, “the seven well-favored and fat-fleshed kine,” and “the seven ears on one stalk, rank and good,” have been fulfilled by the seven years of plenty when the soil “brought forth by handfuls,” and when by the double tithe which the people paid to the government, all the store-houses of Egypt were crowded to their utmost capacity. We will not undertake to settle the question, more curious than wise, whether these superabundant crops and the scarcity for the next septennial period are to be ascribed to natural causes, as to the inundations of the Nile and the blasting Simoon, or to a supernatural agency, since in either case the results are from God,

“Who moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

The seven years of famine have commenced ; the crowded store-houses of Egypt are opened, and not only the native citizens but the inhabitants of other countries go to Joseph “to buy corn, because the famine is sore in all lands.”

The plate in the preceding number represents him engaged in the benevolent work of feeding the hungry. There he stands upon the top of the massive stone steps leading to the entrance of his palace. His left arm rests gently on the post of the railing : his household and courtiers are about him ; his numerous servants before him, bringing well-filled sacks from the store-houses which appear in the distance and emptying their precious contents to feed the famishing flocks and herds. Was ever an almoner of heaven’s bounty more pleasantly and honorably occupied ? Egypt was then the granary of the world, and as his hand held the key of her store-houses which he could open or shut at pleasure, he was under God the hope of all nations, the source of their life and joy.

But suddenly the scene changes, and he withdraws to the public dispensary where he attends personally to numberless applicants for food. Company after company, from all parts of the empire and from surrounding countries advance, profer

their requests, obtain their supplies and retire. At length a decade appears, at the sight of which he sits erect, his affability assumes the air of burning scrutiny; his tender sympathy that of distrust and sternness. They bow obsequiously before him. Are these the sheaves which his prophetic vision saw doing him reverence as he looked down the vista of time? Are they the planets and luminaries which he beheld revolving round him and shining by his light? He calls them spies and accuses them of unfriendly designs against his government. Yet he knows them to be his brethren. Why acts he a part so unnatural? Why allows he not the pent-up emotions of his heart, his fraternal love, free expression? Is it in resentment of the injuries which they have done him? His amiableness and piety exclude from his breast the spirit of retaliation. He loves them tenderly; yet stands before them on his dignity to elicit from them their family history, to try them, and to adopt intelligently a policy respecting them best adapted to lead them to repentance, and most in harmony with the revealed purposes of God concerning them and their posterity. Their residence in Egypt and the exodus of the fourth generation of their descendants had been foretold to Abraham his great grandfather. One consideration, as Dr. Chalmers justly remarks, relieves this point of difficulty; Joseph "acted in this transaction under a divine guidance." Perhaps he, certainly God, had ends to answer by it, of which we know little or nothing. There was, there could have been, nothing wrong in keeping them for a time ignorant of his relation to them and of the real feelings of his heart toward them.

One declaration there was in their narrative which awoke his anxiety and increased his scrutiny. They professed to belong to a family of twelve sons, of whom ten stood before him; and of the other two they say, "the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not." What a falsehood! Why did they not tell the truth that in their hatred of him they cast him into a pit and afterwards drew him out and sold him for a slave? Knowing that he was carried down into Egypt, did they fear such an acknowledgment would bring on them the displeasure of an idolatrous court, and lest the report thereof going through

the city and country might fall on the ears of their enslaved brother, introduce him into their presence and reveal their guilt? Or did they really believe that their inhumanity must long since have terminated his life? We might perhaps think so, if they had not fabricated this falsehood twenty-one years ago, related it to their father and lived during that period in guilt without confession. They had become so accustomed to this sin that they now committed it with unblushing effrontery at a foreign court and under the chastenings of the Almighty. Not one word of remonstrance fell from Judah's lips, who plead so eloquently with the rest to spare Joseph's life, nor from Reuben who resolved to deliver him and who was overcome with sympathy and sorrow when he returned to the pit and found him not. There they all stood, a company of liars, conspirators and murderers. Sin had put out the light that was in them and hardened their hearts. They deserved to be treated roughly; they needed a season for reflection and self-examination. This might lead them to repentance; and therefore he arrested them as suspicious persons and cast them into prison for three days, avowing his determination to have their youngest brother sent for that he might know whether there were any truth in them. A liar is not to be believed when he tells the truth, and therefore, Joseph would test their veracity.

But why did he himself swear "by the life of Pharaoh"? Was this a form of asseveration, common at the Egyptian court? If so, why had he formed a habit of such doubtful propriety, and bordering on profaneness? Or was it a device, more effectually to conceal his Hebrew origin and his personal relation to them? This was needless, for they had not the most distant idea that he was their brother. Are we, then, to regard it as an oath? Such it surely seems; and as such, how plainly it indicates the low standard of virtue, even among the good men of the age as contrasted with that Christian morality, which says "swear not at all!" Yet, with this spot upon his royal robe, his character was the purest and most perfect of that generation.

On the third day of their incarceration, Joseph's fear of God, and his love to his kindred prevail; he recalls them, assumes toward them his former air of scrutiny and sternness, while his

heart throbs wildly as the warm current of fraternal love courses through it. He announces his fixed decree, that one of them must remain for a hostage while the rest return home to carry corn to their households, and to bring their youngest brother down to verify their words.

They have had time for reflection. Light dawns on their darkness, and turning from his searching glance they relent, "we are verily guilty concerning our brother." Again they hear his unheeded cries, and their awakened conscience tells them of his distress.

"Thou may'st conceal thy sin by cunning art,
But conscience sits a witness in the heart ;
Which will disturb thy peace, thy rest undo,
For that is witness, judge, and prison too."

Now they call to mind their guilt, every aggravation and palliation of it, and stand self-accused, self-condemned. In their colloquy, the part which each performed in the tragedy is re-examined. Like Adam and Eve in the garden, when God called them to account for their foul revolt, they labor at the work of self-exculpation. Reuben inquires, "Spake I not unto you, saying, 'Do not sin against the child,' and ye would not hear?" But in two respects they agree ; first, in the participation of all in the crime, and secondly, in the fact that a righteous retribution had overtaken them. Well might they fear and tremble.

But what would they do if they knew that their injured brother is now their confessor and benefactor? No wonder his tender heart could not endure the sight! He withdraws from the scene to conceal his tears ; but when he has given his heart vent and resumed his self-possession, he returns to his judicial bench, and having concluded his examination of them and pronounced his decision, he takes Simeon, who, the rabbins say, was the leader in this conspiracy, and binds him before their eyes. Oh, Simeon, *Simeon*, thy sin has at length found thee out! The manacles and fetters which thou didst so cruelly impose on thy brother, are now on thine own hands and feet. Was ever retribution more just? — Or expedient better

adapted to produce penitence, and to prepare for forgiveness? He is remanded to prison, where his guilty mind is haunted with thoughts of his departing brothers, of his injured father, of his anxious wife and hungry children, but above all, of Joseph, whose disregarded voice breaks again and again on his ear in his dreams, and at dead of night, echoes and re-echoes through the dark, damp cells of his prison. What doleful nights! The hours fly with ever tardy wing; he has nothing to do but to think — *think* — THINK; and little else to think of except his guilt, and the misery it has produced.

But the accomplices of his crime, whose hearts have already begun to relent, are not left without incentives to sober reflection and repentance. Their sacks are filled with corn, every man's money is put into his sack's mouth, their asses are laden, and they depart. Our thoughts pursue them on their way. Their hearts are sad. How can they bear the heavy tidings home, that Simeon is in prison, and can be released only by the presentation of Benjamin, to the stern ruler of Egypt? How can they comfort his distracted wife and children? How induce their father to give up Benjamin? Besides, what can the governor of Egypt design to do with the lad? Does he wish merely to try them, or has he some secret purpose against him? If they go no more down to Egypt, how are they, their families, and flocks, to avoid starvation? What will then become of Simeon? But if they go there without Benjamin, who can tell what will befall them? Thereby, they will verify the declaration still ringing in their ears, "ye are spies." Dark indeed is their prospect. Their fears are increased by the money which each finds in his sack's mouth. Is this a device of the governor to find evidence, and sustain against them as spies a charge of theft and plunder, and therefore to occasion the extermination of their tribe? They own God's hand in the dispensation, and inquire "What is this, God had done unto us?" Thoughtful men, ask rather what *ye* have done! Where is Joseph? Would that he could look upon you at this moment, and witness the success of his plan to lead you to serious reflection! But it is better that he should be absent, for how could he endure the doleful lament which your simple narrative calls

forth from the heart of your aged father ; "Me have ye bereaved : Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away : all these things are against me." Spare thyself, venerable man, the bitterness of that reflection, the needless pain it gives thee ! Wait till thou seest the end of God in these dispensations.

" Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

But Jacob's mind is made up ; "My son shall not go down." Yet what can he do ? The corn is gone ; his bleating flocks and lowing herds gaunt and sharp boned, and his hungry household passing before him day by day, so deeply impress him with the painful extremity to which the famine has reduced them, that stern necessity reverses his decision, and he bids them go and take with them Benjamin, for whose safe return Judah becomes surety. They also take a double quantity of money, with a princely present to the governor, balm and honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds. They depart with their father's benediction. Oh, with what tenderness he imprints a parting kiss upon Benjamin's cheek, while his elder sons embrace their wives and children, who watch their retiring footsteps as each company waves to the other its farewell !

They are soon at the court of the Pharaohs. Joseph's keen eye espies them in the distance, while he is engaged in public duty ; and beholding Benjamin with them, he directs his steward to conduct them to his house, and to prepare a banquet. But the guilty cannot be at ease in a palace.

" Suspicion haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer."

Terror blanches their countenances ; trembling seizes every limb ; they think of their families and their home, never before so sweet, and of their personal security. How much Judah would give to be absolved from the vow he gave his father about Benjamin's safe return ! But what is it they so much dread ? The very bondage into which they sold their brother ; lest say

they “he take us for bondmen.” To avoid this curse which they know they deserve, they seek the steward and pour their expostulation on his ear, proclaiming their sincerity and uprightness in their former visit, and in proof thereof presenting the money which was returned in their sacks. How soothing and grateful his reply, “Peace be unto you; fear not!” Still more comforting was the presence of Simeon, brought from his dungeon, wash'd and attired for the festival, to whom their report of home incidents is a delicious cordial.

The dining hour arrives; Joseph appears; the presents are given him, and again the sheaves bow down their heads before him to the earth. His manner is changed; the dark cloud that was on his brow yields to a smile of welcome; his scrutiny to confidence; and his sternness to the most melting tenderness. But he has not yet heaped coals enough on their heads; the fire has begun to burn; but fuel must be applied. He no longer charges them with being spies, but inquires with the liveliest interest after their welfare, the life and health of their venerable father. He is introduced to Benjamin whom he blesses; “God be gracious unto thee, my son.”

But he is overcome by the sight, and by the precious memories it awakens, especially by the thought of his mother, of her tenderness and sepulchre, where more than twenty years ago he and Benjamin had wept and prayed together. This sense of justice has been long struggling with his desire for their penitence and reformation, and with his fraternal love. At length the latter prevails. He suddenly retires to his chamber to weep. His are tears, not of sorrow but of joy, at the success of his schemes, the fulfilment of his dreams, and the tidings respecting his father unto whom he is to be a staff, and at the presence of Benjamin, and the opportunity he enjoyed to return their hatred with love, their injury with the richest blessings. Those pearly drops are gems in his diadem, evincing his superiority and greatness. How his bursting heart desires to tell them who he is! But the eventful hour has not yet arrived, which the All-wise and Infinite, under whose superintendence he acts, has fixed for making this disclosure.

He returns and says to his steward, “set on bread.” At

length all are seated ; why at different tables ? Why may not this Egyptian ruler eat with his Hebrew brethren ? Why is this called an abomination ? The Egyptians' abhorrence of the Shepherd-kings who were from the Nomadic tribes of Asia, and who conquered Egypt, and swayed their tyrannous sceptre over it two and a half centuries, affords not a sufficient explanation because they had the same abhorrence of the Greeks and other nations. This only accounts for their dislike of shepherds, and therefore, for the instruction which Joseph subsequently gave his brethren about the report which they should make to Pharaoh respecting their occupation, " thy servants' trade hath been about cattle from our youth." He would have them acknowledge their pastoral habits that, separated far from the Egyptians, they might dwell by themselves in Goshen, where there was pasturage for their flocks. The true source of this abomination was idolatry which led them to worship the ox and other animals, these nations slaughtered and ate ; hence they would not sit with them at table, nor use the same knife nor dish, an exclusiveness which afterwards prevailed in Israel who pronounced other nations unclean, and which still leads the Mohammedans to call Christians dogs. Regard for this national sentiment and usage divided them at this festival into different companies, Joseph at one table, the Egyptians at a second, and his brethren at a third, who were arranged in Hebrew style, according to their seniority. Well might they marvel. How did the master of ceremonies know their ages ? Course succeeded course ; the governor paid them particular attention, sent them from his table choice portions, of which Benjamin's was five times as much as any of theirs, an expression of his peculiar love to him, and a trial of their hearts adapted and perhaps designed to show whether they would envy him this mark of distinction as they had Joseph his coat of many colors. They showed their superiority to such passions ; "they drank," not to excess ; "and were merry," not with noisy mirth, but with good cheer, social intercourse and religious joy. Festivity makes friendship cordial and warm.

The festivities terminate, their sacks are re-filled, the money of each is put as before in his sack's mouth, and in that of Ben-

jamin is also concealed Joseph's cup, still farther to try them, to test the sincerity and strength of their affection for their younger brother, to detain them at the court, and to lead them to deeper penitence for their former cruelty toward himself. This deception, the false accusation of them, and the use of the cup for divination, all of which appear so dark in the light of Christian morals were in harmony with Egyptian usage, and with the policy then adopted even by some of the favorites of Heaven. That cup was silver ; but how it was used in divining, whether by observation of the magical ingredients which it contained or simply by its appeal to popular superstition, or whether the word "divineth" here signifies merely to ascertain by diligent inquiry and search, it is not easy at this distant day to determine. It is by no means certain that Joseph ever practiced any curious art.

We are assured only of their departure, of the steward overtaking and interrogating them about this cup in a manner which seems, and which they evidently understood, to contain an implication that they had stolen it. They protest their innocence, and are even horror-stricken by the charge, saying with whomsoever of us it is found, let him die, and the rest of us will be bondmen. The search begins with Reuben, "and the cup is found in Benjamin's sack." In convulsive grief they rend their clothes and smite their breasts. The sacks are replaced, and with heavy hearts they return to the palace, and cast themselves prostrate before Joseph, who reminds them of the deed, and feigns to wonder that they should imagine they could escape detection and apprehension. What can these sheaves do ? Of explanation, they have none. They cannot disprove the crime ; they surrender themselves to Joseph, and cast themselves entirely upon his clemency. What an opportunity for retaliation and revenge ! They are completely in his power, yielded voluntarily into the very condition in which years ago they sold him. But no advantage is taken of their weakness and proposal. He only shall remain in whose hand the cup is found ; the rest shall depart in peace.

This decision produces an eruption in Judah's heart. These inquiries dart through him like lightning ; how can I return

without the lad ? What will become of my vow, my own pledged sons and my aged father ? He rises from his prostration, and pleads for a commutation of the sentence. His speech (Gen. 44: 18-34,) is unsurpassed and unrivalled in simplicity and pathos. After an introduction admirably adapted to conciliate the judge, he narrates all the circumstances of the event in its relation to them and their family, in a style most simple, neat, beautiful and impressive, and urges his plea by his sovereign's regard for the welfare of the child, and for the life of their aged father. Having the true idea of substitution, he offers to take the lad's place, and to suffer his punishment, if he may thereby obtain his brother's freedom, and thus save the gray hairs of his father from the grave. No wonder that Joseph could not endure such pleading ; there is nothing equal to it in all the great masters of eloquence and poetry. His heart overflows with tenderness ; he bids all others retire and weeps aloud. He speaks with difficulty, "I am Joseph." What a disclosure ! "Doth my father yet live ?" No wonder that they could not answer and were troubled. Did their guilt expect the executioner's knife ? How comforting his invitation, "come near to me." They approach with trembling, while he seizes Benjamin in his arms ; they embrace each other, and weep together. Was ever forgiveness sweeter, or reformation more thorough ? How he strives to turn off their minds from the bitter recollection of their former guilt and cruelty, and to fix their thoughts on the marvellous manner in which the providence of God had overruled the evil, and brought out of it immeasurable good ! How tender the messages he sends to his father ! And how liberal the provision he makes for him and them, and their households ! The report of this wonderful event flies on the wings of the wind ; it falls on the ears of Pharaoh who ratifies the decision of his prime minister. The asses are harnessed, the provision for the journey packed, the waggons are ready, the royal presents bestowed, the parting kiss given, and they are sent to bring Jacob their father, their wives and little ones down into Egypt, with the pertinent charge, "see that ye fall not out by the way."

ENTITLED

HONOR TO THE ENVIED.

EDITORIAL.

He stands, no trembling, weeping captive now,
A regal crown is on his lofty brow ;
A royal sceptre in his mighty hand,
The jewelled ensign of his high command.
Behold ! among the group collected there,
That aged patriarch, with his hoary hair.
His wrinkled brow with smiles of joy o'erspread,
To see the son he long had mourned as dead.

Trembling with fear and awe, around him stand,
With downcast brows, that treacherous brother-band,
Who bowed with grief and shame his youthful head,
And to captivity his footsteps led ;
Who veiled with gloomy clouds life's early glow,
And doomed him to a life of toil and woe.
Fear and dismay sit on each pallid brow,
What fate, what punishment await them now ?
They shrink before the doom, they dare not fly.
How can they meet their injured brother's eye ?
Whose fiery glance like vivid lightnings scath.
How can they stand before his righteous wrath ?
Clothed in the might and majesty of power,
Before his frown their guilty souls shall cower.
For guilt like theirs, t'were all in vain to kneel,
They soon shall feel what he was doomed to feel.
Their lawless deeds aloud for vengeance cry,
And justice lifts her glittering sword on high.
Nay, nay, from Joseph's eyes the tear drops start ;
No thoughts of vengeance fill his generous heart.
We can upon his thoughtful brow discern
No impress of a purpose strong and stern.
There is, within the eye, no angry fire ;
Upon the lips no trace of vengeful ire.
Guided by memory's magic power, he strays
Back to the friends and scenes of other days ;
Fond recollections throng around him now,
He feels his father's hand upon his brow,
He greets with joy his sister's warm caress,
Around his path his other brothers press.

The dreary bondage of his captive lot,
Chains, dark and gloomy dungeons are forgot;
The toil, the loneliness, the torturing fears,
The agony of long and weary years.
Within his noble breast resentment sleeps,
Affections triumph, and the brother weeps!

A royal purple robe is round him now,
And jewels flash upon his kingly brow;
Yet in his bosom sparkle gems more pure,
Whose beauty will through wrong and shame endure;
Precious and true, all wealth, all price above;
Filial affection and fraternal love.

M. G. II.

MUSINGS ON BRYANT.

BY W. S. GAFFNEY.

“ The melancholy days are come
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.”

THUS read my little daughter from that well known and oft-quoted sentimental poem of Bryant's, one dark November evening, as we sat by our own cheerful fire-side — when, lifting her eyes from the pages she had been reading, until they met mine, she anxiously requested me to give a solution of the verse.

“ ‘ Melancholy days, dear ma! and the saddest of the year;’ why, I am sure, they are not so to *me*.”

“ But, my dear !” I replied, “ the words of the poet are nevertheless true. And it is not to be expected, dear Ada, that a child of but six summers should realize their full meaning: yet, though the words were spoken by Mr. Bryant, they meet with a response from every heart that has passed the period of youth and entered that of maturity.”

“ O, I am so glad that it is winter! Soon we shall have snow, and then such fine sleighing — is it not so, dear ma ?”

"Even so, sweet Ada," I replied, "every season brings its appropriate changes; but Nature is not all spring-time. And these annual changes bring not pleasure and gaiety and gladness alike to all. You, my darling, are delighted that winter is approaching; but alas! how many poor, suffering creatures, tremble at the very thought! But read on, my daughter."

"Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood—
In brighter light and softer air,
A beauteous sisterhood?"

"Now, my dear," I said, interrupting her, "you perceive that he is speaking of the beautiful bright flowers that germed in the sunshine of spring, but which now are, alas! faded and gone."

"Ah! yes; my beautiful carnation pinks have all withered and died! But shall we not have more flowers, dear ma?"

"Alas, they all are in their graves,
The gentle race of flowers,
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain,
Calls not from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again."

"I do not like these lines, dear ma! Shall we indeed have no more beautiful pinks and cowslips and daisies, as this poem says?"

"Patience, my dear Ada, and I will explain. Flowers, you know, bud and bloom in the spring; but with the autumn's blast they disappear, never, *never* more to return! But, when chilly winter passes away, spring will again return, and bring with her fresh flowers in abundance. The beautiful will again rise to put on fresh glory. And so it will be with us, my daughter, when we pass from this state of existence. We shall again rise, but our resurrection will be far more glorious than

that of the flowers. There is a spring-time in Life as well as in Nature—and there are flowers of the one as well as of the other! This, by the poet, is called a *simile* or likeness. But there is quite a *contrast* between the two. The flowers of earth droop and perish, as you are informed by the beautiful poem from which you have just been reading. *They* are transient and perishable.

The flowers of life, too, may fade, but cannot perish—*they* are immortal! They bear the image and likeness of God in petals, and though they are torn from this garden of thorns, it is only that they may bloom forever in a beautiful Paradise beyond the skies! Thus you see, my daughter, that children are likened unto flowers. The illustration is more beautifully drawn in the last stanza of Mr. Bryant's excellent poem, and which I will repeat to you from memory—

“ And then I think of one, who in
 Her youthful beauty died ;
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
 And faded by my side.

In the cold moist ground we laid her,
 When the forest cast its leaf ;
And we wept that one so lovely,
 Should have a life so brief.

Yet not unmeet it was that one,
 Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
 Should perish with the flowers !”

“ But it is only *good children*, dear ma, that are called flowers—not *poor children*!”

“ Only good children, my dear Ada, but you err in making the distinction. The children of the poor may be good, and have a taste for the beautiful. In heaven, my daughter, there is no such distinction; and would that it were so upon earth! Be ever kind to the poor, my Ada, and your Heavenly Father will love and bless you!”

MORAL USES OF TRAVEL

BY REV. J. T. TUCKER.

II.

WE turn, not without repugnance, from our pleasant thoughts of material nature, to man and society. We can hardly plunge into the promiscuous human crowd without feeling that the intelligent creation is a blot upon the unintelligent. The one is fair, symmetrical, useful, obedient to its organic laws. The other is perverse, impure, noxious, rebellious against reason and right. What a paradise this earth would be, how often has it been said, were it not for sin —

“ Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile !”

One of the first lessons which a traveller learns is, that men are spontaneously selfish. Straws show the wind-currents; so do little things reveal the heart. We can see this selfishness in the endeavors, by hollow pretences, to monopolize the whole of a rail-car seat, regardless of the rights and comforts of others; in the extreme obligingness of him to do you some favor, who is most manifestly looking in the act to his own returning advantage; in the continual efforts, moreover, to profit by your ignorance or misfortune in over-charges for services rendered. So proverbially true is all this, and much more, that a minute acquaintance with the arts of dishonesty — the tricks of trade — is quite essential to his self-protection, who purposes to see the world. Not that men really intend any special harm to one by these small liberties; but it is so natural thus to improve one's opportunities; — and, are you not abroad for the very business of being plucked of your superfluous plumage?

This trait of humanity, repressed or developed by circumstances, and in some successfully controlled by Christian prin-

ciple, is peculiar to no locality. There are, however, forms of moral evil which have their own more special abodes. Two of the worst, for example, may be found *at home*, just over our Northern border; they are the vassalage of religious superstition, and the prevalence of that power which is embodied in the genius of war. A New-Englander, passing down the valley of the St. Lawrence, will feel the pressure around him of each of these kinds of social mastery, in a way very foreign to his customary experience. We will make a few notes of the impressions of both these elements of control upon a stranger.

He need not ask to know when *the line* is crossed. Signs of the idolatry of the wooden crucifix and the Virgin Mother will soon give him this information. Mass-houses, nunneries, convents, priests, fill the rural districts and the cities; and in the villages, "stations" for out-of-door prayers, seem to be erected in direct opposition to Christ's injunction not to pray "at the corners of the streets, to be seen of men." While the political power in Canada is in Protestant hands, the social and ecclesiastical predominance is largely with the Romish church. From Montreal to Quebec, a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, and for a hundred and more miles below the last-named city, the whole region is thoroughly Papal; parishes joining each other in unbroken series, with churches at regular intervals of three leagues. Quebec seems to be scarcely else than a Popish and Military camp. The rural parishes support a numerous priesthood by a system of tithes, which in one, and perhaps the best cultivated of them, gives the incumbent an income of sixteen hundred pounds a year, or about seven thousand dollars. Probably the Canadian Catholics enjoy as many advantages, and feel the paralysis of their system as little as the inhabitants of any section of Popedom; for the Provincial Government is liberal and protective. But a sleep, a nightmare is on them all. Somebody holds the key which had locked up their energies, their enterprise, the resources of their country. A spiritual slavery is on them — their persons, their homes, their business, their consciences — and progress in any useful thing is hardly perceptible. It is not that they are colonies of another land. The United States once were that, and under a stringent system which they know nothing of. Yet our fathers

grew against all obstacles into a strong and sturdy manhood. But Canada is like a sick child. So is Ireland, and *Popery*, not Parliament, must answer for it.

Men, who are serfs religiously, are not fit for civil advancement. The French residents along the St. Lawrence valley are opposed to the idea of annexation to these States ; for they know and say that the energy of our people would sweep them speedily out, in their indolence, from that garden of their land. So it was in the old Catholic settlements around Kaskaskia and St. Louis. Their proprietors melted away like spring-frost before the advent of Anglo-Americanism. A French Canadian, naturally a very sensible and clear-headed man, a favorite guide around Montreal, confessed without a blush, and of his own accord, that he could neither read nor write, neither did he wish to ; and was perfectly content to believe whatever his priest told him was true. This is a common fact with the masses. And what will they believe on this ghostly authority ? In Quebec, they show you, in a principal church, a gilded shrine over the altar ; and the sexton points you within it to the skull and arm-bones of — whom would you imagine ? Why, St. Anthony, and St. Thomas, the last of whom died eighteen hundred years ago ! I did not smile at this folly, though the thought would obtrude, that were “ *Didymus* ” himself there, he would want to *feel* these relics and *handle* them some time before he would confess their identity, unless he has grown much more credulous than he used to be. One turns away from these miserable falsifications, sick at heart at the effrontery which can affirm, and at the abject superstition which can accredit such wicked absurdity ; for wicked it is, by means like these, to hoodwink and manacle accountable creatures. And the Popedom is full of it, and of its wretched fruits. It first takes out of men their manhood ; then uses them for any ignoble end it pleases. If any one is yet in doubt as to the effects of this system on domestic and social life — on the springs of human welfare — he would do well to study the masterly analysis and dissection of the subject in the French historian’s book on the “ *Romish Confessional.* ”

The other *foreign* feature of life, over the border, is its war-like aspect — the badge and proof of discord and inhumanity.

If this be a mere affair of display and parade, it is a very expensive and exhaustive diversion. If it means anything serious as it doubtless does, its meaning writes another chapter of this world's deep depravity. Stand on the battlements of Quebec three hundred feet above the tide, and gaze around on its high, thick, frowning walls of rock, pierced at every angle for cannon and musketry, and lowering at every turn with the dark munitions of war. The city itself is an enclosed fort, alive with soldiery and protruding at each of its five gates the open-mouthed engines of death. And against what and whom, one asks silently, is all this array of slaughter pointed? And if it ever shall empty its throats of fire, who shall feel its dire havoc? Then, an unseen spirit seems to whisper from the pure, loving heaven, "Have we not all one Father? Hath not the same God created us?" — and the heart sighs to remember, that, whether men speak the same tongue or not, war is always no more nor less than the butchery of brothers. Sometimes, in the strange complications of human affairs, it may have been unavoidable in the progress of free principles against spiritual and civil tyranny. And still it may be needful to the working out of the world's great problem of emancipation from its task-masters. But whence these "taskmasters," save from the Cain-race of guilt and sin? The spots where Wolfe and Montgomery fell are dear to the pilgrim, who waits for the morning of earth's universal jubilee. But a tear will moisten those spots, that human depravity should have demanded such victims for its Moloch altar. Is the day never to dawn when men shall beat their swords into plough-shares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and learn war no more?

We fully believe it. Nor must the observer of the world's aspect overlook, in a peevish or disheartened spirit, the true indications of human regeneration. These are neither few nor slight. Christian principle and feeling are leavening our nature with a steady progress. The poet-prophet's vision marked what will yet be history —

"The groans of Nature, in this nether world,
Which heaven hath heard for ages, have an end."

What, then, have we seen? A world of strange contrasts, of unaccountable contradictions, of exquisite beauties, of de-

plorable deformities ; a world to be admired for what God has done in it, to be wept over for what sin and error have wrought ; a world never to be abandoned to Satan, even in the darkest day, for it is the territory of Emanuel and of his saints. In its graceful adornments we may rejoice, and trace its glorious author's hand. In its grandeurs we may expand our own spiritual power to a loftier flight. "For the strength of the hills we bless Thee." Be it ours to make the moral loveliness of earth a fitting counterpart to its physical harmony and truth.

A single thought more. It is a sadly inseparable feature of travel in these days, to come in contact with a vast amount of suffering. "Another railroad accident" — "another steam-boat disaster" — these phrases have become the stereotyped headings of our daily news. One crowds upon another before the public eye, until wearied with the attempt to follow the distressful chronicle. We glide over it with scarcely more than a dreamy consciousness that somewhere a fearful outburst of ruin and grief has overwhelmed the gay and the unsuspecting. Perhaps, we are the overtaken ; and then the report is like a thunder-crash to *our* soul, echoing far along into eternity. But we need not go abroad to find these desolations. They are in many a "happy home" that was, but is so no longer, where stricken hearts hide themselves to weep over the ruins of broken idols. We can hardly be absent from our usual residences a few weeks, without encountering on our return some fresh inroads of adversity. Death lurks not only along the rapid track, on the crowded vessel. It is within our doors selecting the best and the fairest for its prey. But there is a home and a land unmarred by these blemishes and destructions of earth. We will look, then, and travel toward it, in all our journeys, as our true resting-place.

"For there is solemn peace, and strength sublime,
And holy fortitude, and deep sweet rest,
In all our thoughts and visions of that clime,
Where dwell the spirits of the loved and blest.
In every hue of gladsome beauty drest,
They come across our hearts like gleams of light
Fraught with a mission, at God's high behest —
A mission to relieve our mental sight,
By glimpses of a world, where all is clear and bright."

PRAISE.

BY REV. E. E. ADAMS.

Praise waiteth for Thee, Lord !
The Father, Spirit, Word —
Infinite Mystery
Of love and life, for Thee !

We praise Thee for the earth,
The rivers and the seas,
The air, where seasons have their birth :
For all the melodies
That to the ear are coming :
From the low insect humming,
From the delicate spray,
Where at dawn of day,
The little downy creatures sing in mirth :
From the old roof and wall,
The solemn poplar tall,
From the sheltering thorn,
From fields of golden corn,
Where life its pleasure pours
In song : from the shores
Of each grand old river,
Where Nature's hand forever
Strikes her myriad strings,
And in each recess flings
Echoes that on far-off waves expire :
From the ocean-cliffs,
Where she slowly lifts
The solemn organ tones of her vast choir.

We praise Thee for the light,
That broke from ancient night,
And bathed creation in a silvery sea,—
Clothing each summer flower,
That nods in wood or bower,—
Touching each ripple on the deep that dances,
Filling creation with its golden glances,
Making all being radiant with Thee.

For thought we give the praise,
 That walks along the ways
 Of the old darken'd world's great masters,
 That trembles toward the height
 Of truth's celestial light,
 Up through the fields of error and disasters ;
 For its pain and sweetness,
 For its lightning fleetness,
 For its grand victories over mental night :
 For divine Poesy,
 And true Philosophy,
 To warm our spirits and direct aright.

We thank Thee for the ages —
 The first on History's pages —
 When thine own tabernacle blessed the earth ;
 When bards and prophets hoary,
 Walked in their faith and glory,
 Rapt by strange visions of immortal birth.

We thank Thee for the sages
 Who ruled in classic ages,
 And for the minstrelsy of Greece and Rome,
 Where first-born oratory
 Marched in her worshipped glory,
 And had her kingdom and her mortal home.

For the mute marble moulded
 Into manhood ! For the unfolded
 Hues of love, and hope, and joy, and thought,
 Strange stereotype of being —
 Still presence of the fleeing —
 From the warm passing life by genius caught.

For the eternal laws
 That bind effect to cause,
 And hold the universe in firm accord.
 For that ethereal spirit
 Of truth which we inherit,
 Tho' oft we hold it as a stranger, Lord !

We praise for mystery ;
 " Secrets belong to Thee,
 " To us and to our children things, revealed."
 The shadows on our way
 Are proofs of coming day,
 The worlds, where faith hath empire, lie concealed.

Praise for fair charity,
"The greatest of the *three*,"
Binding us "heart to heart," with welcome chain,
Divine Identity,
Bright effluence of Thee,
Decreed, as Thou dost, over all to reign.

For the unheard, unseen ;
For that which hath not been,
Save as the felt vitality of things ;
The hidden life of flowers,
Breath of the fleet hours,
Waving about our hearts' invisible wings.

For life in all its motion,
Hidden and visible ; for the ocean
For its memories, feelings, purposes and tears ;
Its trial, and its pleasures,
Its poverty, its treasures,
Its labors, triumphs, raptures, and its fears.

For slumber, and the gleams
That visit us in dreams,
Making the loved and beautiful that die —
Resplendent and immortal !
For death that lifts the portal,
Where trophies of the resurrection lie.

BIBLE ANECDOTE. — The following is published in a French newspaper.

A poor shepherd of the environs of Yuetot, father of a large family, for whose wants he provided with very great difficulty, purchased last summer from a dealer in old clothes, furniture, etc., an old Bible, with a view to occupy his leisure evenings the present winter. Sunday evening, as he was turning over the leaves, he noticed that several of them were pasted together. He immediately set himself to work to separate those leaves with great care ; but one can scarcely form a conception of the surprise of the man, when he found thus carefully enclosed a bank bill of 500 francs, (\$100.) On the margin of one of the pages were written these words : "I gathered together this money with very great difficulty : but having none as natural heirs but those who have absolutely need of nothing, I make thee, whosoever shall read this Bible, my heir."

LESSONS FROM THE HIVE.

BY REV. LYMAN GILBERT, D. D.

Our Saviour has taught us to derive lessons of instruction from the works of nature, from the lilies of the field, the fowls of the air, the shepherd and his flock, from the beings and objects about us. All these are depositories of divine knowledge, ambassadors for God. The Bible contains specimens of his own instructions derived from these sources, and encourages us to imitate his example. For instance, how numerous and important are the lessons given us by the honey bee ! To some of these, as I have derived them from reading, observation and reflection, I now invite your attention.

A swarm contains three kinds of bees, the queen mother, the drones, and the workers. The drones are not numerous and are short lived. The queen and her extensive family, when duly observed, exhibit a character that fills the mind with admiration and delight. Everything depends upon her presence. Her influence is continually felt throughout the entire colony. She is treated by them as every mother ought to be, by her children, with the most unbounded respect and affection. A circle of her loving offspring constantly surround her, testifying in various ways, their dutiful regard, offering her honey from time to time, and most politely getting out of her way, to give her a clear path when she wishes to move over the combs. They seem prompted not by fear but by love, and each is eager to anticipate her wishes. And every one is obsequious to her will. Under her eye the whole business of the hive is transacted. Order, nature's first law, reigns throughout the hive. Industry and harmony also prevail. The comb is constructed ; the honey stored ; the bee bread gathered ; the crevices closed ; the young reared ; the entrance guarded ; the hive ventilated ; its impurities removed ; and their common home made pleasant, peaceful, and happy. "*Sweet Home,*" it is indeed, not only because it is stored with

honey, but also because its inmates possess those virtues which the human family should imitate if they would render their dwellings the abodes of order and joy.

The great pest of the colony is the bee moth. An intelligent man once applied to a person who professed to be in possession of many valuable *secrets* in the management of bees, and who promised an infallible remedy against the bee moth for a specific consideration. And on the reception of the money he very gravely told him that "the secret of keeping the moth out of the hive, was to keep the bees strong and vigorous!" The man who had paid the money felt himself imposed upon for obvious reasons. But experience has proved the adage true and important, and has shown that a strong swarm kept in a healthy and vigorous state, and encouraged by the presence of a queen mother is able to protect itself from the destroyer. "Let the prudent bee tender only keep his stock strong, and they will do more to defend themselves against all intruders than he can possibly do for them, even if he spends his whole time in watching and assisting them." So let the inmates of a human home be made strong in principle, strong in virtuous habits, and strong in mutual affection, and by God's grace assisting them, the moth of vice and moral corruption will be excluded.

GODLINESS PROFITABLE.

Gracious Lord, when once thou hast taken possession of the human heart, how do the natural powers which thou hast granted to us sweetly and gracefully unfold themselves, so that even earthly occupations thrive beautifully under the influence of the sun of Thy grace! If those who strive after prosperity in earthly things were only aware of this, how would they take to heart what Thy word says, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come!"—[Tholuck.]

HOME AMUSEMENTS.

BY A MOTHER.

“What are you intending to do with yourself, Thanksgiving day, Louis?”

“I haven’t thought much about it yet; but father and mother always contrive some way to make the day pass pleasantly. We attend church in the morning, and then comes dinner. You know a thanksgiving dinner cannot be hurried through; after this we have some kind of a game in which all the family and friends unite. For several years we have had a large party of our relatives, but I heard mother say we were to be alone this year.”

“Well, Louis, I expect to have a very dull day. It’s the last thing my father would think of to have a game with his children; and mother always is tired or has a head ache when I propose any amusement.”

“How should you enjoy spending it with us, James?”

“Oh, of all things in the world!”

“Then I’ll run and ask mother at once, and I’m quite sure, she will make no objection; but I never invite company without consulting her convenience, since she is the one who has the additional trouble.”

“If I waited for my mother to consent, I should not have a friend to visit me, from one year’s end to the other. The only way I can do is to take them right home, where mother is amazingly polite to them, though she looks daggers at me behind their backs; and half my enjoyment is lost in dreading the scolding, I am sure to get when they are gone;” and James sighed heavily.

“Come,” said Louis, secretly disliking to hear his companion speak so disrespectfully of his mother, though he had abundant reason to know the truth of James’s statement, “go with me toward our house while I run forward and gain mother’s consent; and then the matter will be settled.”

“I do believe,” said James to himself, as he stood near the gate waiting for his friend, “if I had such a home, I should be a better boy. Both father and mother would resent the

idea that their only son had not more advantages than the children of Mr. Nelson ; but they never interest themselves for me ; never sympathize in my boyish sports as Louis' parents do. Then if I propose a game to Ellen, or we attempt to get up a panorama, as all the other boys do, mother stops it at once, and says she won't have the house littered up so ; she can't see what boys were ever made for ; she's sure they're the bother of her life."

At this moment, Louis came to the door, followed by his mother, who, after beckoning to the youth, said kindly, " Will you ask your mother to allow you to pass the afternoon and evening of thanksgiving day with us. We are to have a court here, and perhaps you would like to take a part in it."

A bright flush of pleasure passed over the hitherto sad countenance of James as he replied, " Thank you, Mrs. Nelson, I should be delighted to come."

" Then meet us at recess, James," said Louis, joyfully, " and I'll tell you all the plan. Harry got it up. Oh, we'll have a splendid time ! "

During the school recess, the friends hastened to a retired part of the play-ground, and secreting themselves from their companions behind a large rock where they were sheltered from the cold, they talked eagerly of the one subject which engrossed their thoughts.

Thanksgiving dinner has been eaten and enjoyed ; the afternoon was passed in busy preparations for the approaching scene. In one room, a young lawyer could be heard practising his part. In another, the district attorney was committing his speech to memory, while ever and anon the cry of " father, please tell me about this," or " What shall I do next, Mrs. Nelson ? " could be heard through the house.

After tea, which Mrs. Nelson willingly consented to hasten, to give more time for the evening entertainment, the spacious dining room was prepared for the court. An elevated seat for the Judge, then desks for the district attorney and lawyers, a box for the criminal, and a bench for the jurors, were arranged in due order.

At seven o'clock the constable, carrying his long pole in one hand, walked in on one side of the prisoner, the other being

occupied by a young assistant appointed as deputy. Dr. Haywood, the valued physician of the family, was the officiating Judge; and advanced to his seat with great dignity. Though neither Mrs. Nelson or her friend Mrs. Haywood aspired to the honor of being members of the convention for woman's rights, yet on this occasion they consented to occupy seats usually allotted to the lords of creation, and to take the place of jurymen. Mr. Nelson occupied a retired seat where he could be consulted by the young sprigs of the law, when they found themselves at a loss. Henry Nelson was district attorney, and Louis was counsellor for the defence.

The court opened. The indictment was read charging the prisoner (who was none other than the mischievous little Albert Nelson,) with breaking into the house and stealing a pocket book containing money, and also attempting to purloin other articles, from which he was prevented by hearing a noise in the next room.

The prisoner with his slouched hat partly concealing his face, his straight bodied coat and vest, which evidently from the size allowed free scope to his lungs, appeared much excited at the formal and ceremonious manner in which he was arraigned. He however plead "not guilty," when some of the witnesses made such a noise that the sheriff was obliged to rap with his pole and call, "Order!"

The witnesses were then called, and "affirmed" that they were lying in bed on the night of ——, when suddenly hearing a noise they jumped up and looking into the next room, saw a young man whom they identified as the one at the bar, standing with a dark lantern in his hand, holding the pocket book which had been in the desk. Two or three also testified to hearing a noise like the raising of a window.

The next witness was the constable, who was going by the house, when, hearing a loud scream for help, he went in through the open window and secured the prisoner.

The evidence of guilt seemed so clear and conclusive that Mrs. Haywood whispered to her friend, "I shall carry in a verdict of guilty."

"Attention of the jury!" said the Judge in a stern voice. This reprimand was so unexpected as to cause a start which

almost threw the jury out of their seats, and raised such a laugh that the sheriff was again obliged to interpose his authority.

Louis, for the defence, now arose in a dignified manner, and pushing his glasses to the top of his head, proceeded to cross-question the witnesses, who, however, kept to their original statements. Having failed to bring forward any direct proof in favor of his client, he said he had some important rebutting testimony, and called forward James Pond, who appeared and read to the court a letter from the prisoner, addressed to him, purporting to have been written on the very night of the alleged robbery, attempting thus to prove an alibi. After several witnesses had been called to identify the hand writing, when the strictest integrity was manifested, and after the closing speech of the lawyer, the district attorney closed with a powerful argument, urging the growing frequency of crimes, the great necessity of caution in allowing criminals to go unpunished. When he had closed, the Judge in slow and grave accents charged the jury to judge the case by the evidence given to the court, and to remember that now the issue of this important case rested with them.

The jury, with palpitating hearts at the thought of sending so young a prisoner to jail, were obliged to render a verdict of "guilty," when the young man at the bar, with a heavy groan tried to escape from his keepers.

Finally order being restored, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, with their friends, Dr. and Mrs. Haywood, retired to the parlor, leaving the young people for a game by themselves.

When they were seated, Mrs. Haywood remarked, "I should not have supposed the children understood enough of the order of court to carry the trial through so well."

Mrs. Nelson smiled as she looked at her husband and replied, "Mr. Nelson has spent the greater part of the day in explaining to them the nature of the crime, reading the law, assisting them to write their speeches, and, indeed, going through every part of the trial. I have learned a great deal by listening to it."

Dr. Haywood remarked, "Very few fathers realize the importance of providing suitable entertainments for their children."

"Young people," replied Mr. Nelson, "will have games and frolic of some kind. I long ago learned that parents must interest themselves in the sports of their children, and provide such as are innocent, or they will soon find for themselves those which may be of questionable propriety. When I have seen the evils arising from youth being left to seek pleasure in the streets, at theatres, operas, or other unsuitable places, I have felt encouraged in the course we have endeavored to pursue, to select such as may profit as well as amuse. Last year we had a large store, with the owner, clerks, accountant, book-keeper, tellers and porters. Unconsciously the young folks were taking a pretty thorough lesson in the principles of commerce and arithmetic, all the time thinking it a most delightful and amusing game. I felt more than repaid for all my trouble to-day, by hearing my little son, who was the prisoner, say to his companion, as I was leaving the room, 'I don't believe any boys in town have so good a time as we do. We never wan't to go away from home.'"

"After all," exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, "in the management and training of a family of children, particularly of boys, there is no one thing so necessary, aside from inculcating religious principles, as RENDERING HOME ATTRACTIVE."

"Let sports be fair, and joyance innocent,
Sweet without sour, and honey without gall,
For your children seem made for merriment,
Merrily sporting both in bower and hall."

THE CAGED BIRD.

BY MISS M. A. OSGOOD

Ada, my sweet sister, had a little bird with plumage like yellow down. It was born in the far-off isles of the ocean, where the air was fragrant with the perfumes of the orange-flowers, where the sky was ever cloudless, and the chill blasts of winter never came. Poor bird, how could it bear our cold New England climate? Oh! it was put in a beautiful cage, and watched with fond affection, and every morning gentle Ada brought it food and fresh water, and sang it sweet songs; and when the bird sang an answering strain, she thought it was very happy,

and sometimes when the sun was warm and bright she would carry the cage into the fresh air and wreath it with flowers and evergreens. But oh! your heart would have ached if you had seen the poor bird striving to get a glimpse of the blue sky, and if he heard a wild, free songster of the woods pour forth his gushing melody, he would warble such a plaintive strain — so fraught with yearning home-sickness, that as you listened you could not help but weep. And he would flutter against the wires of his cage, and ruffle his bright plumage by vainly striving to escape from his prison-house. Our air, even in mid-summer, chilled his delicate frame ; he knew there were softer breezes ; he had inhaled a richer fragrance from flowers ; and oh! he had swept through the sky on his delicate pinions, before the weary life in the cage began, if he could only fly now as he used to, how he would sing. But now there was a lingering sadness in his song.

“ From a dream of the forest the music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang ;
And its dying fall, when it soothed thee best,
Sighed for wild flowers and a leafy nest.”

How often have I likened the soul to my sister’s caged bird. We pine for ideal beauty which we can never grasp on earth. We long to hear one strain of that spirit-music which floats over us in dreams — in solitude. We turn from the fading flowers of earth and yearn for immortality. Glimpses of the better land do but make us feel more deeply that we are exiles here. These vague, unsatisfied longings, whence do they come and whither do they tend ? Do not the noblest souls feel most of these restless longings ? Are they not haunted by the consciousness that here they can never be all that they are capable of becoming ? Vainly do they strive through their prison-bars to catch a glimpse of the infinite. We are but exotics here, and though our house may be an Eden spot in the world’s wilderness, we yet pant for a diviner air. Who would not love to stretch free wings and soar away. Weary soul ! have patience. This is not thy home. Keep thine eye ever upward and thy wing plumed for flight ; a little while and the caged bird shall be free.

HOME.

BY J. N. KANAGA.

“ Around each pure, domestic shrine,
Bright flowers of Eden bloom and twine ;
Our hearths are altars all.”

Home — ah “ sweet home ! ” What a peculiar magic is there in that word ! It has a charm that all acknowledge, an influence that all must feel. Here the fondest hopes of man cluster and cling. Here all his better thoughts converge like rays of light to a common focus. Amid all life’s alternations and adversities, he turns to home as the thirsty and weary traveller in the desert to an oasis. How true is the old proverb, — “ A home is a home, be it ever so homely.” Thither the absent, though far away in a distant land, turns still with longing desire and with a lingering sigh. The poor sailor, too, tempest-tossed on the billowy ocean, thinks lovingly of his white cottage, embowered amid roses and woodbines, and purposes, when all his voyages are past, to spend there the eventide of life. The sick man, far away among strangers, turning from side to side upon his couch for relief, yet keeping the pain and scorched with burning fever, involuntarily longs for home, and desires to die, if needs be, among his kindred and amid the sacred attractions of domestic life.

Reader, have you ever been a foreigner, a traveller in a distant land ? How instinctively amid the enchanting scenery around you, have you turned your thoughts to your native land, and most fervently desired your humble yet endeared home ! Scarcely could you refrain from turning your footsteps homeward. O, what a thrilling charm did a consecrated home have for you then ! Distance only lent enchantment to the view. So it is with the poor Switzer, wandering lonely on a foreign shore. Ah, how he sighs for his mountain-home among the Alps ! Just so it is with all who truly love their native land and their sweet home ; and their language is, —

“ O give me back my home !
My own, dear, native home ! ”

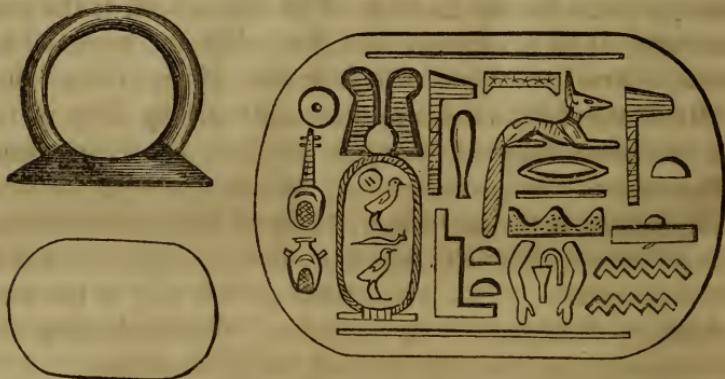
SIGNET RINGS.

The pyramids are among the wonders of the world. They carry us back to the days of Moses and of Abraham,—two thousand years before the birth of Christ,—back to the Pharaohs who sat on the throne of Egypt when she governed the nations. Among these massive structures, there is one called the Great Pyramid, which was probably built by order of Sufis or Cheops, King of Memphis, for his tomb or monument. To his decree for its construction, as well as to all his royal edicts, he affixed the impression of his signet-ring, as our rulers impress the seal of our city, commonwealth, or republic, on their official documents. The preservation of this ring is not more remarkable than that of the mummies. We behold both with the veneration and awe which great antiquity awakens.

This ring is now in the city of New York, where it was recently brought in the collection of Egyptian antiquities and curiosities, made by Dr. Abbott, and belonging to him, and where, we are happy to learn, efforts are making to purchase it of him and to preserve it for the instruction and entertainment of our countrymen.

We extract from his descriptive catalogue his account of this ring. "This remarkable specimen of antiquity is in the highest state of preservation, and was found at Geezeh, in a tomb, near that excavation of Colonel Vise's, called Campbell's tomb. It is of fine gold, and weighs nearly three sovereigns. The style of the hieroglyphics is in perfect accordance with those in the tombs about the Great Pyramid, and hieroglyphics within the oval, make the name of that Pharaoh of whom the pyramid was the tomb. The details are minutely accurate, beautifully executed, and well illustrated by this engraving. Its shape and figure are represented by the top figure at the left hand; the size of its impression by the figure directly under that. The larger figure represents a magnified impression of the inscription. In the last, the heaven is engraved with stars; the fox or jackal has significant lines within its contour. The hatchets have their

handles bound with thongs, as is usual in the sculptures. The volumes have the string which binds them hanging below the roll, differing in this respect from any example in sculptured or painted hieroglyphics. The determinative for country is studed with dots, representing the sand of the mountains at the margin of the valley of Egypt.



The instrument, as in the larger hieroglyphics, has the tongue and semilunar mark of the sculptured examples; as is the case also with the heart-shaped vase. The name is surmounted with the globe and feathers, decorated in the usual manner. The ring of the cartouche is engraved with marks representing a rope, never seen in the sculptures. The only instance of a royal name similarly encircled, is a porcelain example in this collection, inclosing the name of the father of Sesostris. The O in the name is placed as in the examples sculptured in the tombs, not in the axis of the cartouche. The chickens have their unfledged wings; the cerastes its horns; now only to be seen with the magnifying glass.

Another rare incident is narrated by the author of the history of finger rings, from which we must give a short extract. He says, "Probably the next most important ring is one believed to have been that which was given by Pharaoh to the patriarch Joseph. Upon opening in the winter of 1824, a tomb in the Necropolis of Sakkara, near Memphis, Arab workmen discovered a mummy, every limb of which was cased in solid gold; each finger had its particular envelope, inscribed with hieroglyphics: 'So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years

old ; and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt." A golden scarabæus, or beetle was attached to the neck by a chain of the same metal ; a *signet-ring* was also found, a pair of golden bracelets and other relics of value. This excavation had been made at the charge of the Swedish Consul ; but the articles discovered became the prize of the laborers. By a liberal application of the cudgel, the scarabæus with its chain, a fragment of the gold envelope and the bracelets were discovered. The bracelets are now in the Leyden Museum, and bear the same name as the ring. This signet, however, which was not given up at the time, found its way to Cairo, and was there purchased by the Earl of Ashburnham. That nobleman having put his collection of relics, with his baggage, on board a brig chartered in Alexandria for Smyrna, the vessel was plundered by Greek pirates, who sold their booty in the island of Syra. The signet in question fell thus into the hands of a Greek merchant, who kept it till about three years ago, when he sold it in Constantinople. It was purchased and brought to England. It is again in the possession of the Earl of Ashburnham. This signet has been assigned to the age of Tothmes III. The quantity and nature of the golden decorations existing in the tomb referred to, indicate it as one of the Pharaohs, or of some highly distinguished officers of the royal household ; and a calculation places the death of the patriarch Joseph in about the twentieth year of the reign of Tothmes III. The signet would be an excellent specimen of the kind called Tabat, still common in the country, and which resembles, in all but the engraved name upon the signet, the ring placed by Pharaoh on Joseph's finger. The seal turns on a swivel (and, so has two tablets,) and, with the ring or circle of the signet, is of very pure and massive gold. The carving is very superior and also bold and sharp, which may be accounted for from the difficult oxydization of gold above all metals. In connection with this ring, it is necessary to remember what occurred when "Pharaoh took off his ring from his hand and put it upon Joseph's hand." It is in Gen. 41: 37—45. The seal has the cartouche of Pharaoh ; and one line upon it has been construed into *Paaneah*,—the name bestowed by Pharaoh on Joseph. This signifies, in combination with *Zaphenath*, either the revealer of secrets, or the preserver of the world.

Whose body could that have been on which this ring was found? That it was not the body of Joseph is plain from Gen. 50: 25; Heb. 11: 22, compared with Ex. 13: 19, where we find Moses and Israel on their exodus, transferring his remains from Egypt to Canaan, and with Joshua 24: 32, where we have the records of their final interment at Shechem. Probably it was the body of one of the Pharaohs or sovereigns of Egypt, to whom, by virtue of the royal prerogative, the ring reverted on the death of Joseph and the termination of his administration.

The discovery of this ring confirms the declaration of the sacred historian, in respect to the age of Joseph at his death, and establishes prominent facts in his history and in that of the Jews, and must greatly embarrass the sceptic and the infidel who would discredit the Bible.

THE CHERRY.

ITS BOTANY.

It belongs to the class *Icosandria*, to the order *Monogynia* and to the genus *Prunus*, which embraces both the plum and the cherry. Its natural order is *Rosaceæ*. It has an inferior, campanulate, five-cleft, deciduous calyx, five petals, a smooth drupe, and a nut with a prominent suture. There are several species of the genus to which the cherry belongs. Torrey describes twelve as common in the Northern and Middle States. Of this species of fruit, Downing, in his "Fruits and Fruit Trees of America," describes seventy-seven varieties; many have been added since the date of his publication; and the number is constantly increasing by the arts of production.

HISTORY.

The original stock of this fruit is the wild cherry called *Prunus Cerasus sylvestris et vulgaris*. It was originally from the town of Cerasus, in Pontus, a district of Asia Minor. Lucullus, the victorious Roman general, brought it from thence

into Italy in the sixty-ninth year of the Christian era. Before the close of the second century, the Romans had eight varieties, which spread rapidly through Europe, and were early brought to this country by our fathers.

PROPAGATION AND CULTIVATION.

It will flourish in a great variety of soils, but that in which it most delights is a dry silicious loam. If its soil is too rich, its growth of wood will be so luxuriant that it will bear but little fruit. In a warm Southern aspect, it sometimes comes forward so early in the spring that late frosts destroy its fruit, an evil which may be reduced or removed by retarding its activity. This can be done by placing around the tree any substance which will prevent the late ice and snow from melting.

It is readily obtained by planting the stones in drills soon after the fruit has been gathered, and covering them with an inch of earth. They will vegetate the next spring, and, with proper cultivation, will attain sufficient size during the summer to transplant in the autumn or the next spring into rows three feet apart, and the young plants about one foot distant from each other. The second year, they may be budded, and will begin to bear the third or fourth year from the bud. The tree requires but little pruning, and that only in midsummer to prevent the nutritious gum from exuding. The fruit should be gathered on the stem, and kept a short time in the cellar or refrigerator before using it.

USES.

It is an excellent dessert, an admirable article for puddings, pies, and tarts. Cherries, like currants, may be dried and kept for these purposes during the winter. From the fruit, wine and brandy have been manufactured. From the wild black cherry, the Swiss distil an ardent spirit which they sell to the French and Germans. The wood is used by cabinet-makers, and receives a polish not much inferior to mahogany.

The tall, upright, and beautiful figure of the tree, renders it a favorite in some parts of Europe for a shade. Mr. Loudon

thus describes the cherry avenues in Germany ; “ On the continent, and more especially in Germany and Switzerland, the cherry is much used as a road-side tree ; particularly in the northern parts of Germany, where the apple and the pear will not thrive. In some countries, the road passes for many miles together through an avenue of cherry trees. In Moravia, the road from Brunn to Olmutz, passes through such an avenue, extending upwards of sixty miles in length ; and, in the autumn of 1828, we travelled for several days through almost one continuous avenue of cherry trees, from Strasburg, by a circuitous route, to Munich. These avenues, in Germany, are planted by the desire of the respective governments, not only for shading the traveller, but in order that the poor pedestrian may obtain refreshment in his journey. All persons are allowed to partake of the cherries, on condition of not injuring the trees ; but the main crop of the cherries when ripe, is gathered by the respective proprietors of the land on which it grows ; and when these are anxious to preserve the fruit of any particular tree, it is, as it were, tabooed ; that is, a wisp of straw is tied in a conspicuous part to one of the branches, as vines by the road-sides in France, when the grapes are ripe, are protected by sprinkling a plant here and there, with a mixture of lime and water, which marks the leaves with conspicuous white blotches. Every one who has travelled on the continent in the fruit season, must have observed the respect paid to these appropriating marks ; and there is something highly gratifying in this, and in the humane feeling displayed by the princes of the different countries, in causing the trees to be planted. It would, indeed, be lamentable, if kind treatment did not produce a corresponding return.”

This example is worthy of imitation in America. In our boyhood, it was our happiness to visit one town in New England where the streets were lined with different varieties of the cherry, in the month of July when the abundant fruit was in maturity. Its luscious flavor is still fresh in our memory, and so too are many of the inhabitants, young and old, rich and poor, who, sitting in the green shade, gathered the ripe clusters from the bending boughs. We have loved the spot from that

day, and we devoutly wish that all our towns and cities would devote increased attention to the planting of shade-trees in variety, always giving a preference to those which possess most hardiness, beauty, and fruitfulness. The town that will line its streets with fruit-bearing shade-trees, will thereby increase its beauty and wealth,—the health and happiness of its inhabitants.

DOWNER'S LATE RED.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

This excellent variety of the cherry was produced by Samuel Downer, Esq., of Dorchester, Mass. Downing says, "It is very regular and a great bearer, ripening about a week after the cherry season, and hanging for a considerable time on the tree. It is a delicious and melting fruit, and deserves a place in every garden." Its characteristics are well represented by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. In their transactions, they speak of its form as round, heart-shaped, rather flat on the underside where the dividing line is visible, full and round on the other ; of its color as light pale translucent amber, red on the sunny side, and light amber on the other ; of its flavor as fine sprightly sweetish acid ; of its size as from three-fourths to seven-eighths of an inch in diameter each way ; of its stone as full size, rather under one-half inch long, and three eighths wide ; of its leaf as narrow, oblong ovate, in the proportion of two inches wide to four inches long ; deeply, unequally, and doubly serrate, generally two ovate dark red glands on the petiole, just below the leaf ; sometimes, however, only one, and sometimes three glands are present ; of its wood as rather light colored, and of a lively reddish brown ; and of its buds as more oval than the earlier kinds. It ripens from the fourth to tenth of July, and by the time of our next monthly issue, we hope that many of our readers may pluck its first ripe fruit, and test the accuracy of our engraving and description of it.

HONESTY AND CIVILITY.—Honesty sometimes keeps a man from growing rich ; and civility from being witty.

ODE TO THE SUN.

BY G. S. B.

O thou ethereal orb, that roll'st from side
To side, of the wide firmament in which
Thou rul'st supreme! Thy golden sceptre swayest
Light and heat, angels of mercy to us
Fall'n race, almoners of hope, peace and life,
From thy glorious throne, thou, with joy and pride,
Looks't on infinite dominions to thee,
By God entrusted — on thee dependant.

The lovely moon, thy fair companion art,
She, sharer of all thy joys and sorrows,
Helpmeet to thee was given by King of kings,
Source supreme of all good and happiness.

The mighty planets, aerial spheres,
Unlike in pow'r, and might, and strength, do turn,
With grace and beauty, round thee, as centre,
Shedding in their track, brightness unexpress'd.

Then come the tiny stars which view'd with eye
Telescopic, appear as distant worlds,
Dotting with bright rays unbounded chaos.
To these the ancients in obeisance bow'd,
Worshipping the Creator's wondrous works,
Rather than God, the prime first cause, sole end.

When from the eastern flow'ry bed, thy bright,
Shining face, deck'd with rainbow hues, in might
Thou raisest, shaking off thy shaggy mane,
The morning dew, driving from throne assum'd
Dismal night, to seek far hence a resting
Place, then does all nature rise to bid thee
Welcome with smiling face; The mighty oak,
The smallest bush, their outstretch'd arms do raise
To greet thy morning beams; the tiny flowers,
Their brilliant leaves, with blushing face do ope,
And grateful smiles, the merry birds carol
Forth sweet melodies in praise of thee, their
Benefactor kind; and last of all comes
Man, (tho' should be first, for to thee, he owes
Most,) when, in low, unfeeling words he bows
Before thy shrine; he, of all God's creatures,
Most ungrateful, tho' having most receiv'd.

When in thy onward course, thou veil'st thy face
With vaporous clouds, to shield from sight, thy grief
At sin of man, 'gainst his Creator,
Oft repeated ; then o'er all Nature's face
A sympathising darkness spreads ; the wild
Waves roar, the noisome wind doth blow, while man,
Repentant man, looks awestruck on the scene
Caused by his rebellion ; and he longs
To see thy smiling face, sure type of love.

O thou brilliant Sun ! seat of light and heat
Consummate, of God's works most excellent,
Most faithful thou thyself hast been, while man,
Image of God, prov'd rebellious, was cast
From Paradise, doom'd to roam unguarded
On this dismal earth, save by Nature's hand,
To golden realms of love beyond the skies.

MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,
 Make your mark ;
Do you delve upon the soil ?
 Make your mark ;
In whatever path you go,
 In whatever place you stand—
Moving swift, or moving slow—
 With a firm and honest hand,
 Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade—
 Make your mark ;
Marks of some kind must be made—
 Make your mark ;
Make it while the arm is strong,
 In the golden hours of youth :
Never, never make it wrong ;
 Make it with the stamp of *truth*—
 Make your mark.

Child's Paper.

MY HUSBAND'S PATIENTS.

NO. VI.

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

“For he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways.”

As the traveller passes along the public road leading from M., the town to which in these reminiscences, reference has often been made, he comes suddenly to a wide opening among the hills, which a moment before appeared to extend in an unbroken line for some distance. In this snug retreat, situated on a slight eminence, a few rods back from the road, is a house, which though not remarkable for its beauty of style or of architecture, yet calls forth the earnest gaze of the traveller. There it stands, at some distance from any other habitation ; indeed, only one small cottage can be seen from its windows, — the pine and other forest trees covering the jagged side of the steep hills around it, and sheltering the inmates of this rural home from the keen wintry blast. Two carriage roads wind up to the house, and thence by a serpentine path to the large barn in the rear. One of them is smooth and nicely gravelled, the other runs along the side of a gurgling brook, the waters of which come tumbling down from the heights above, dashing and foaming madly along until they approach a small pond, where is quite a body of water, and which at times rises to the height of three or four feet. From this bed the brook again appears below, but now more frolicsome in its gambols, for it stops ever and anon to dance about the stones which lie in its path ; then laves the shining pebbles, imparting to them still brighter lustre, and even tarries to inhale the fragrance of the tiny flowers which grow upon its banks ; after which it flows steadily and quietly on until it reaches the cool, clear waters, where travellers are so often tempted to turn aside and give water to their weary horses.

Fruit trees of every kind adorn the spacious enclosure, while

near the house large trellises support the grape-vines, plum and peach trees, which are trained upon them. In one room the windows are filled with rare and beautiful plants, and every thing in and about the house, betoken it as the residence of refinement and affection.

Let us glance at the interior. The father, mother, and three children, are sitting in one of the front parlors, and anxiously watching the avenue leading to the house. At the first glance they appear cheerful and happy, but on looking again you perceive that there is a shade of sadness visible in the countenances of the elder members of the family, while the children, imitating their parents, try to keep their buoyant spirits in check; not being able to realize the sorrow which has fallen upon the family circle.

While they wait and watch for the coming vehicle, and talk of her who has gone "to that home from which no traveller returns," let us turn from this scene to one far away in the sunny South. Mr. Andrews, the brother of the lady we saw at the window, many years before the time of which I write, left his native place, and carried his young and gentle bride to a home situated in a garden surrounded by orange and fig trees, where the gay magnolias and sweet-scented flowers are ever in bloom, and where the fragrant tea-rose climbs up the giant oak, and folds the huge trunk in its loving embrace. Here, in increasing love and harmony, the happy pair passed many years.

By his unbending integrity of principle, and the moral beauty of his private character, Mr. Andrews had won for himself an enviable name and fame among men. Three lovely children had come to grace and cheer their beautiful home, and the parents looked forward to years of uninterrupted felicity. But alas, in the midst of all their joy, and at an unexpected moment the dread destroyer entered this blissful abode and snatched away the loving, devoted wife, and the tender mother.

In one short hour the bright scene was changed to one of darkness and gloom. A hurried message brought Mr. Andrews from his office, but he only arrived in time to receive one last look of love, one whispered word of blessing, and then the wife of his bosom slowly closed her eyes forever on this world; and

but for the humble, earnest hope that she had entered upon a far more glorious state of existence, the stricken husband would have sunk under the sudden blow. But he knew that she had loved her Saviour, and that morning and night, with her little ones bending at her knee, she had taught them to pray that when they had done with time they might go to live in the garden of God, watered by the crystal fountain, and adorned with trees bearing all manner of fruit, and yielding their fruit every month. The thought that his beloved Emma washed in the atoning blood of her Saviour, purified and sanctified by Divine Grace, was now walking the pearly streets of the new Jerusalem, and joining in the ceaseless anthem, "worthy the Lamb that was slain," brought a healing balm to his wounded heart. He ceased to mourn for her, but the sight of his weeping children, and their constant call, "Mamma come back! Don't mamma sleep so long and so still!" struck a fearful knell upon his torn and desolate heart. Then, too, every tree and plant, the arbor covered with honey-suckle, and the small pond sparkling in the sun-light, only added to his grief by reminding him that she who had watched the growth of the young shoots, sat and conversed with him in the cool retreat, or standing by his side had watched the tiny fish with golden backs sporting in their native waters ; she, around whose memory clustered so many precious recollections, was no more.

So after laying her precious dust in a little shady nook at the end of the garden, where the solemn cypress bent toward the earth, while the gentle breeze sighed through its branches the requiem of the departed, Mr. Andrews closed his business, and taking his motherless children, started for the North. By slow and tedious stages he reached the capital of one of the Middle States, where he tarried with the relatives of his wife, until he could receive an answer to a letter he had written to his sister, requesting her to receive his babes into her family, and educate them with her own.

Mrs. Page needed none of the impassioned pleading in her brother's letter to determine whether she should consent to his wishes. As soon as she read the sad tidings, and knew that her brother wished to accompany his children to the north, her

heart opened to them at once, and she said aloud, "I will take them. They shall be as my own." She wrote immediately, giving her cordial consent to his request; and it was for him and for them, she and her family were now so anxiously watching.

At length the sound of wheels is heard, and this time they are not disappointed. The carriage enters the gate, and as it approaches the house, Mrs. Page who is now standing upon the steps, sees a child's face at the window, while beyond is her desolate brother with his handkerchief to his eyes, trying to suppress the sobs, which the sight of her familiar face causes to burst forth from his widowed heart.

I pass over the sad and almost silent meeting. Their grief is too deep for words. Silently the kind aunt unties the strings of the bonnets, pushes back the heavy curls from the fair brow and presses one after another to her warm, affectionate heart. Tenderly the little girls, who have been so eagerly expecting their cousins, approach to give the kiss of welcome, wondering at the same time if the little strangers never smile. Agnes and Rose are not frightened at the sight of their father's grief, to which they have become accustomed; but the eldest, the gentle Agnes approaches her father, touches his elbow and whispers "Papa, the man has taken off the trunks, and he is going away." Mr. Andrews starts up, chokes back his sobs, and mechanically goes toward the man, discharges his bill, and then sadly returns to the parlor. Mrs. Page glances at her husband, whose calm, benign countenance has already won the confidence of the little Ernest, so that he sits quietly in his uncle's lap, and sees that he agrees with her that her brother is wofully changed, and bowed under his burden.

That night when the confiding little Ernest was safely asleep in his own room, in the little bed with his cousin, and when the household are for a time forgetful of their joys and sorrows, Mrs. Page glides to the deserted parlor, and offers up an earnest prayer for her dear brother. She implores strength for this hour of need, and prays that he may be enabled to say from his heart, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." She also supplicates strength for herself in the new duties which have devolved upon her, and

there before her God, she renews her resolutions of fidelity in her Master's service, that she too may be ready for the call, "Come up hither."

All traces of sorrow have long ago disappeared from the bright countenances of the children, who in the two years passed in M., have acquired a hardihood and vigor of constitution almost unknown in the tropical climate which gave them birth. In the society of their cousins, not only the merry laughing Rose, but the pensive Agnes, have learned to romp and play, at trundling the hoop, and to jump the rope with their companions, along the smooth walk in summer, and to slide on the frozen brook in winter. Their uncle has placed a rustic seat in a small grove just over the brook, above which a bridge had been built, to allow them to pass over in safety, and from two of the trees he had hung a swing. Here the merry group of eight — six girls and two boys — passed many hours of each day, when the weather permitted them to be in the open air. Here Ernest with his cousin Frank, only one year older than himself, brought their toys and games, while the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Page, with Agnes and Rose, and also two older girls, who had for a year been residing in the family, studied or sewed by turns.

In the middle of all her cares, caused by so large a family, Mrs. Page devoted several hours every day to the education of her children. Their residence was so far from the town as to render it inconvenient for them to attend school, and she had always pursued this course that they might not feel the deficiency. And indeed they did not; for they were far in advance of their companions, from occasional intercourse with whom their parents had no wish to debar them. The lessons taught the elder children by the unwearied zeal of the parents, were impressed more deeply upon their own minds as they repeated them again to the younger ones, until no play became so much of a favorite with them as for one to personate the mother, when the very expressions of their beloved parent would be repeated again and again.

During the first part of the month of October, the children were unwillingly confined to the house by several days of cold

stormy weather ; but at length the sun came out, and soon chased away all the dampness with which the air had been filled. Ernest was almost wild with delight when Mrs. Page, after waiting to be sure that the sun had dried the ground, so that they would not be exposed to cold, allowed them to go out and give free scope to their limbs and lungs. Merrily passed the day, and the weary children went early to bed, longing for another morning to dawn.

It was now the Indian summer, when the air is so exhilarating and so balmy ; the forests were decked in their holiday attire ; and all nature seemed to rejoice in the gorgeous beauty of the scene. Having allotted the lessons for the day, Mrs. Page went to the kitchen to superintend the operations of the domestics, while the children quickly equipped themselves for a seat in their favorite retreat.

An hour passed away. The mother was busy in her work and felt perfectly at ease with regard to the children. She only glanced occasionally from the window to see that all was well. Suddenly, Maria, her niece, who was the eldest of the group, returned to the house for a missing book, when Mrs. Page, moved by an impulse for which she could not at the time account but which those who love to think our heavenly Father watches over us, would ascribe to an overruling providence, detained her. The day before one of the children had brought from the shed a solid block of wood to be used for some purpose in the kitchen. " Maria," said her aunt, " take this block and get Thomas (a man at work back of the house) to saw it in two."

" Shall I take it now ?" asked Maria, " or wait till I have learned my lesson ?"

Mrs. Page hesitated a moment. There was no present need of the block ; but yet she felt that she must send it at once, so she said, " Yes, Maria, take it now."

The young girl took up the piece of wood, carried it to the man with her aunt's directions ; and while she waited for it she walked slowly on, allured by the sound of the brook as swollen by the late rains, it came dashing noiselessly over the rocks into the pond. As she approached, she suddenly stopped, then darted forward, and gazed intently into the water. What is

that which caused her face to blanch with terror? It is the crown of the broad-rimmed hat, she had only a half hour before tied securely on the head of little Ernest. With a presence of mind worthy of imitation, she snatches a long bough or stick from her path, and tries to pull the hat towards her.

Yes, it is, as she fears, Ernest has fallen into the pond, and his large hat floating on the surface is all that has kept him from sinking to the bottom. She steps nearer down the steep bank, and with the help of the stick succeeds in pulling the hat along towards her. At length she grasps him, strains his dripping form for one moment to her breast, and then lays him pale and motionless upon the grass. As she flies past him, Thomas calls out, "There, take the block along," but she does not ever hear him. She bursts open the door of the room where she left her aunt, and with eyes almost starting from their sockets, and a countenance from which every particle of color has vanished, she gasps out, "Oh, aunt Julia, come quick, *Ernest is drowned in the pond!*"

"*Drowned?*" shrieked Mrs. Page, letting her work drop from her hands. But Maria has already gone to call her uncle to bring in the child.

For an instant Mrs. Page seems paralysed by the blow. "My brother's only boy," she gasps, "and he away." But it is only for an instant. With an energy and decision for which she is remarkable, she hastily followed to the pond, and meets her husband and a man bringing Ernest by his feet to the house. Having heard that in drowning the lungs fill with water, vainly they think in this way to relieve him. Mrs. Page motions her husband to take him in his arms, and he is thus brought into the kitchen and laid upon the floor.

"Yes, *he is dead*," said the distressed aunt impressively, as after a few moments they succeeded in tearing the clothes from his limpid figure. His eyes were set, his countenance purple and swollen, while his bowels were frightfully distended. Still they continue their endeavors to restore life. Thomas is by this time half the way to town for the family physician.

After half an hour of chafing with warm flannels, without the least appearance of life, they put him in a tub of warm water,

while his uncle, by gently pressing his hands upon the bowels, starts the lungs into action. The child gives one low gasp ; and then the tears begin to flow. Children and servants weep and cry aloud. " Oh, he will live ! he must live ! poor Ernest, the pet of the whole family. For his father's sake, oh let him live !" were petitions which burst forth from the agonized hearts of those, who outwardly calm, continued their vigorous measures to restore animation. And He who looks in the heart, heard these prayers and accepted them.

It was more than ten minutes, however, from the first gasp, before there was another sign of life, and then he drew a long sigh. Mrs. Page next succeeded in forcing a teaspoonful of brandy down his throat. After this they took him from the bath, and rubbing him thoroughly, wrapped him in blankets, and injected brandy into his bowels. These measures were so successful, that when the sympathising physician came driving into the yard, his horse perfectly covered with foam from his fearful speed, the dear little fellow about whom were clustered so many earnest hopes, had slowly unclosed his eyes.

" He'll live !" shouted the good physician, springing from his buggy, and with a phial of ammonia in his hand, bounding up the steps into the room. " He'll live now ! but I had no idea of finding him alive. In all the cases in which I have been called to drowned persons, and they have not been few, I have never, in one instance, found them resuscitated when I reached them. Oh," he exclaimed, " how I pitied his poor father !" From this time the child slowly recovered his senses. Feebly putting up his arms he drew his aunt down to his face and lisped, " Please Aunty, kiss Ernest," But it was several days before his strength returned.

When the physician heard from Mrs. Page what had been the appearance of the child when first discovered, and the length of time before he showed signs of life, he said it was indeed a narrow escape ; he had suffered all he ever would have suffered ; and a few moments more in the water would have indeed terminated his life.

No parent will wonder that Mrs. Page often loved to call to mind the protecting care of her Father in heaven, who was

watching over the little one ; and who, when she supposed him in safety, interposed for his relief. Almost every mother can recall instances in her own family, where by a power which she did not at the time recognise or understand, she was forced to some act, which proved to be the saving of her child from an imminent danger. What an encouragement is this to prayer for our children ; that they may be preserved from the evils of this life as well as prepared for the life to come. In answer to our prayers, He will send his angels as ministering spirits, “to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation.”

Editor's Miscellany.

BIBLICAL NOTES.

[Concluded from page 329.]

Verse 25.—Paul next asserts the independence and inherent blessedness of God, and his free dispensation of the blessings which mankind enjoy. “ *Neither is he worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing ; seeing he giveth to all life and breath, and all things.*” Their ministrations to their heathen deities proceeded upon a different principle. They built them temples to dwell in, brought gifts to enrich them, and offerings to appease their hunger, because their gods were dependent, and needed these services of men's hands. How unlike Jehovah, perfectly blessed in himself, and the overflowing of his goodness communicating blessings to all his creatures ! Familiar as we are with these ideas, it is difficult for us to conceive of the impressions which they made upon the Athenians ; of the flood of light which they poured into their dark minds, and of the novel and diverse convictions and emotions which they awakened. To some, these were words of salvation and joy ; but to others, of fear and trembling. They put the breath of the speaker and of his hearers into God's hand, who in a moment might smite them with death. Direct and pungent preaching ! It scattered the mists of their philosophy, as the sun the clouds when he darts his bright beams on them.

Verse 26.—He proceeds to the origin of all nations from one stock: “*And God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.*” Paul was not a believer in the plural origin of the human race. He here asserts the opposite doctrine, with which the unity of the Godhead, in distinction from a plurality of heathen deities, is closely connected. If all nations, however widely separated, and differing in language, custom, employment, complexion, figure, and intelligence, have yet the same father and mother, whose blood flows in their veins, how absurd for one to look down upon another with contempt, as the Greeks looked on Paul and his Jewish brethren, and indeed upon all other nations, whom they stigmatized as Barbarians! Such arrogance and contempt our common brotherhood and relation to God forbid.

Verse 27. He then speaks of the end of this relationship and economy, of what God intends to accomplish by it; “*that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he be not far from every one of us.*” Here is an evident allusion to a person feeling his way in the dark. Significant emblem! How accurately it represents the condition of the heathen! Without the Bible, the light of the moral world, they are in darkness. Sun of righteousness, arise and shine on them that they may see!

Verse 28. He more distinctly announces our dependence, and quotes in confirmation of his sentiments the language of two of their poets, Aratus and Cleanthes. “*For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, ‘FOR WE ARE ALSO HIS OFFSPRING.’*”

Verse 29. Having driven a nail in a sure place, he clinches it. Stretching out his hand, it may be, and pointing to the statues and images of their deities before and around him, and lest he should give them needless offence, associating himself with them, he suddenly directs the accumulated force of his argument against their idolatry: “*For as much then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone; graven by art and man’s device.*” Since like begets like, and we are the offspring of God, our intelligence shows the absurdity of the belief that we originated from these senseless idols, or are in any way dependent on them.

Verse 30. This charge carried the fire of his logic into the citadel of their error. It flashed the light of truth on their darkness and convicted them of the guilt of idolatry. It prepared the way

for him to preach to them repentance and remission of sin. “*And the times of this ignorance God winked at, and now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.*” The wonderful forbearance of God had allowed them to live in this sin; but now he required them to turn from it, believe in the true God and obey him.

Verse 31. This immediate duty, he urges in view of the day of judgment of which the resurrection of Christ was an indubitable proof, being himself “the first fruit” and setting the seal of truth to his mission and ministry in which he had preached the doctrines of resurrection and of judgment. “*Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.*” Here they seem to have interrupted him, and to have broken up the assembly; for on the subject of a future state they were divided; the Epicurians altogether rejected the idea, while the Stoicks received it with some modification. Hence “some mocked,” others plead for a second hearing, and a third class believed of which two are named, one of them a judge on the bench. In the latter of these results, heaven rejoiced, and so shall we if we ever reach that better land.

Job 27: 2. “*As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow, and as a hireling looketh for the reward of his work*”

The Orientals frequently measure time by the length of their own shadows. If you inquire of one of them, “what is the hour of the day?” he goes into the sun-light, stands erect and then designating with his eye the spot where his shadow terminates, measures the length of it with his rule, hands or feet. If he is a workman laboring in the field, his elongating shadow is watched with joy as an indication of the approach of the hour when he will receive his wages, and cease from his toil. His eye beholds it as the ear of the operatives in the large manufacturing establishments among us catches the first note of the bell which announces the expiration of their season of labor. They joyfully exclaim, “the bell rings;” but he exults, “see my shadow cometh!” And when tired nature seeks rest earlier, he cries out, “How long my shadow is in coming!” To Job and his friends, such a laborer waiting for his shadow was a fit emblem to represent the earnest desire of the distressed for relief, of the sick for health, or of the convicted for pardon and peace.

PASSING EVENTS.

FOREIGN.—*The War.*—Early in the Spring both Russia and the Allies prepared for resuming and prosecuting hostilities with increased energy, and the latter began to cannonade and bombard Sebastopol on the ninth of April, and continued the same many days, employing for that purpose five hundred guns, each firing upon an average one hundred and twenty rounds a day. To these shots, the Russian commanders say, “our batteries replied successfully.” After twelve days, little advantage seems to have been gained on either side. But the loss of property and life must have been considerable to both parties. On the night of the fourteenth the French destroyed the Russian rifle ambuscade in front of the tower of Malakoff.

Between the French and Russian troops contests continued, equalled in fierceness and destruction only by the battle of Inkermann. It is impossible to predict the result of this seige or the date of its termination. It may end to-morrow by an unforeseen casualty of war, or may be as long as the seige of Troy.

The Vienna Conference results in the smoke of gun-powder, as every council should be expected to do, where the parties meet not for mutual concession and reciprocal confidence and affection but for mutual complaint and accusation. The Allied powers demand more than Russia will yield, and Austria has not influence sufficient to act the part of an Arbitrator or Umpire between them. Lord John Russell left Vienna after an interview of two hours with the Austrian Minister; and the whole conference appears to have failed.

England is fast recovering from her fit of enthusiasm occasioned by the recent visit of the French King and Queen. We have not doffed our hat or joined the general acclamation, because we prefer to wait till the close of the war, and the settlement of accounts between those two nations, even at the risk of firing our own gun alone. We rather look upon it as a pleasant marriage which may be a source of great happiness to the parties and their friends, provided the courtship continues. The Roebuck committee of parliament steadily prosecute the subjects of their inquiry.

France is full of sunny expectations from the contemplated visit of her Emperor to the Crimea, though some of her authorities question the expediency of the measure, and have no confidence in his serious intention to adopt it.

Austria still maintains a masterly inactivity, and with Prussia, seems resolved to let England and France fight their own battles with Russia. But what will she do if the Allies should remove her oppressing hand from Hungary? Who can anticipate the future of these nations? God only knoweth it, and he will bring it to pass.

Russia, in anticipation of the renewal of the blockade of the Baltic, has been strengthening her fortifications of Riga, Constrand, Sweaborg, Helsingfor, Revel, Weiberg and other fortresses, sending provisions for eighteen months, and sinking ships laden with rocks at the entrances of their harbors.

China continues in a state of revolution; the insurgents have evacuated Shanghae and Canton.

DOMESTIC. *Revivals* of religion by the use of the ordinary means of grace, are reported in an unusual number in different parts of the country, and call for devout acknowledgment to the Giver of mercy. Their influence for good is powerful, uniting the hearts of Christian brethren, producing increased fidelity in the private, social and public duties of life, blessing the state, filling up the church of the First-born, and saving the souls of the perishing. May they multiply till the whole earth shall be refreshed!

The Anniversaries in New York have past, and were not as generally attended as on some former occasions. The weather was very unfavorable, and most of our national benevolent societies shew a reduction of their receipts from last year, as may be seen below.

	1854.	1855.
American Tract Society,	\$415,159	413,174
American Bible Society,	394,000	374,000
American and Foreign Bible Society,	46,097	41,000
American Baptist Home Miss. Society,	62,730	60,090
New York Colonization Society,	17,609	12,000
Presbyterian B. F. Missions,		184,074
American Home Miss. Society,		180,136
American Seamen's Friend Society,		22,845
American and Foreign Christian Union,		63,867

It is a cheering indication of the growth of benevolence in our churches that there has been no more abatement midst the severity of the commercial pressure. This is certainly hopeful for Zion, and argues the perseverance of the saints in the grace of alms-giving.

The tide of *immigration* still ebbs. During the last month there arrived in New York from Ireland, 4,598; from Germany, 2,842; from England, 1,317; and in all, 10,105; and during the same month last year, 31,148; making 21,033 less this year than in the same period last year. Let not this difference be ascribed entirely

to Native-Americanism, but partly also to the hard times which are now passing away, to the European war, to the high prices of labor in Europe and to other causes.

Legal suasion in *temperance* will have its course. Maine has a prohibitory law, the penalty for the first transgression of which is imprisonment one month; and for the fourth, imprisonment a year and a fine of a thousand dollars. New Hampshire has elected a governor and legislature on the temperance ticket. Vermont is coming up to the work with a zeal like that which actuated the Green Mountain boys in the revolution. Massachusetts acts in harmony with Maine, and imprisons for the first offence. New York co-operates. Rhode Island adopts the principle of the former Maine law. Connecticut has a thorough prohibitory law. New Jersey lost the enactment of such a law by but one vote, and is vigorously at work to supply that deficiency. Pennsylvania is moving for similar legislation. Ohio meets the drunkard and his instigators with fines and imprisonments. Old Kentucky is waking up and enforcing in her principal cities her Sunday liquor law. Missouri, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina and Arkansas are advancing in the same direction. A prohibitory law went to the people of Illinois for their endorsement on the first day of this month, and we await their decision; and in Indiana such a law goes into operation on the twelfth of the same month. Measures are in progress to secure similar legislation in Virginia, Maryland, Wisconsin, Iowa, Texas, California and Oregon. The great doctrine of legal prohibition seems destined to have a general and thorough trial. May it be sustained, free from all extremes and doubtful expediences, by an enlightened public sentiment! In respect to Massachusetts, we have yet to learn whether the law recently enacted that makes a jury set in judgment on the law as well as on the facts of the cases which they try, will not in effect cripple, if it do not destroy the stringent temperance law of the Commonwealth. Her governor has vetoed the bill of her legislature granting the aid of the state treasury to various railroad companies within her limits, and also the bill providing for the removal of Mr. Loring from the office of Judge of Probate. Her House of Representatives has expelled one of its members, Mr. Joseph Hiss, of Boston, for alleged misdemeanors.

Boston, the Athens of America, is a city of model schools and of a model educational system. Her public schools are attended by 20,000 pupils at an annual expense of \$202,325.55, while her private schools have 1,549 scholars instructed at an annual expense of \$97,-

000. In her two hundred and eighteen public schools, she employs four hundred and five teachers, male and female, of whom the first have an average salary of \$1,284; and the second, of \$324.

The election in *Kansas* has resulted in favor of slavery and against freedom, as report says, by the interference therewith of Missourians. If this rumor be true, we hope and shall expect, to see the evil remedied when the inhabitants of that territory come to act for themselves.

A most desirable failure is in progress in *the high prices* of provisions. Butter has fallen from forty cents a pound to twenty-five; and other articles which have been exorbitantly high, *must* follow in their turn. Accounts from all quarters give promise of abundant crops and low prices. Neither will this be, as some vainly fear, disadvantageous to the producer, provided the articles which necessity or convenience and comfort call on him to purchase, can be obtained at prices equally reduced.

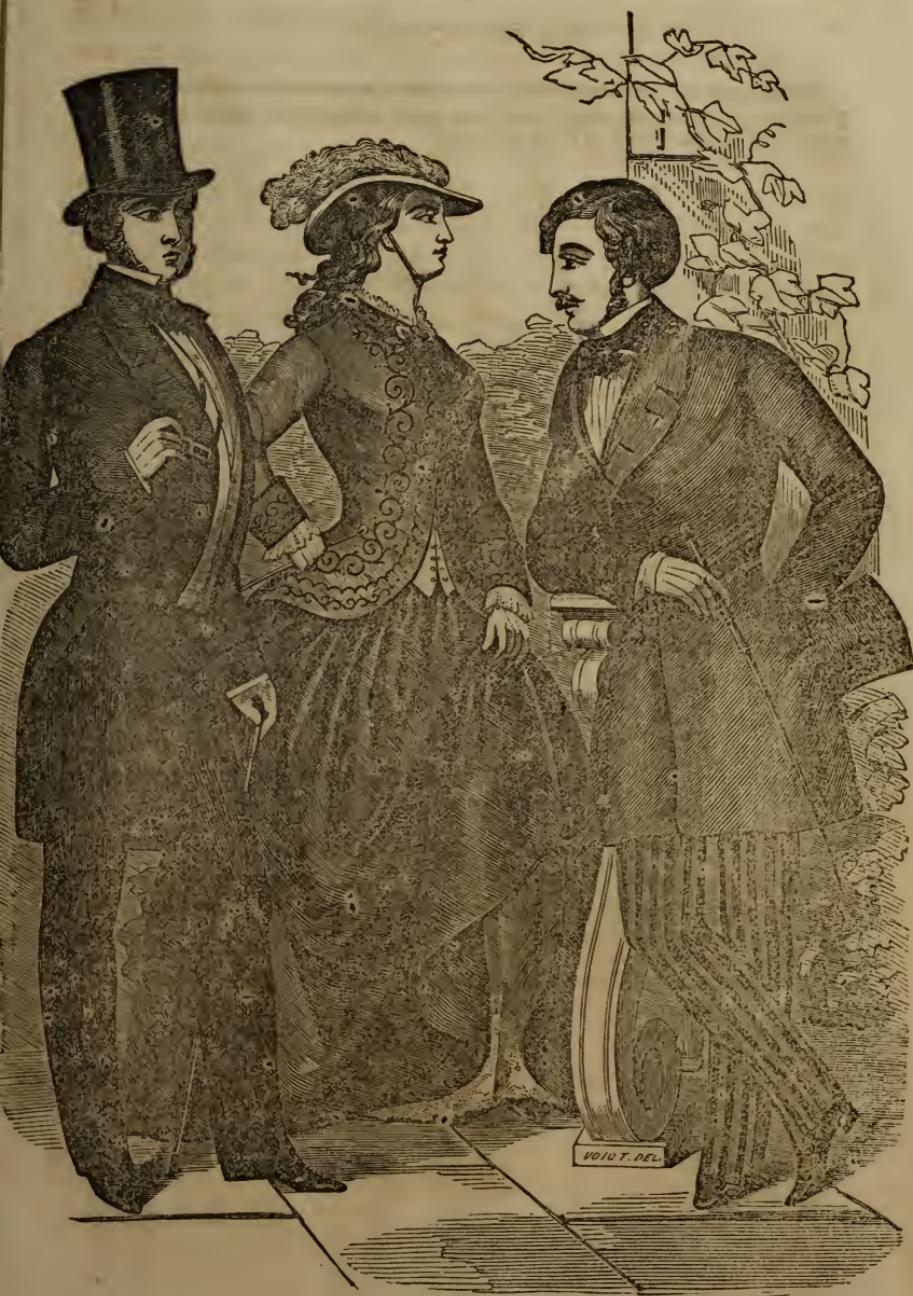
FASHIONS.

Summer Fashions for Ladies' Riding-Habits and Gentlemen's Costume. By *Mme. Demorest*, 375 Broadway, New York, and 238 Washington street, Boston.

Mr. Derby, 152 Broadway, New York, has supplied us with fashions for Gentlemen's Attire.

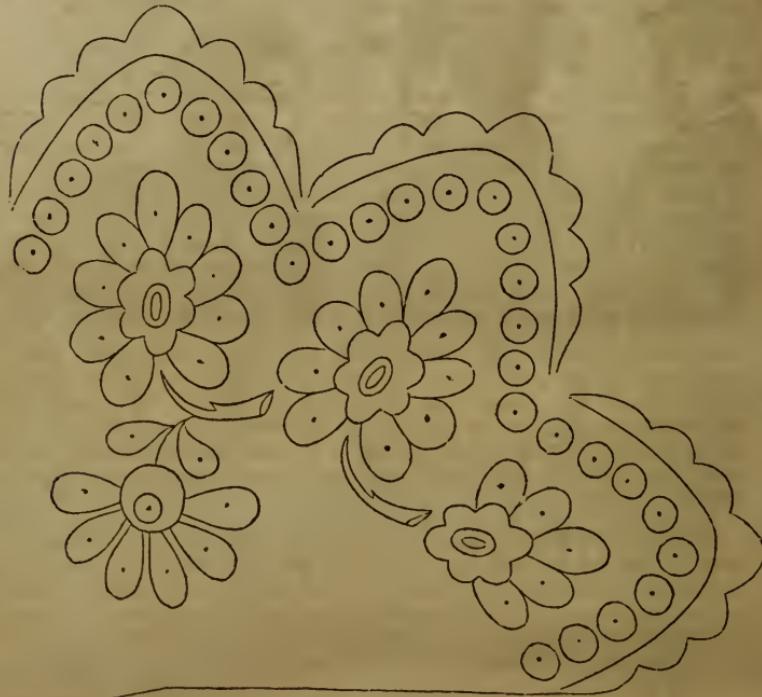
The first figure is a dress-suit in black. The coat-collar in this, as also in the third figure, is somewhat narrower than of late; the breast rounds back, also, more; the skirt without binding, closing gracefully upon the hips; sleeves are wide. The skirt of the frock-coat, which is of a light shade of dahlia, is two-thirds of the distance to the knee—the West Point regulation; indeed, late Parisian styles make it decidedly longer, and of very moderate fulness. The various shades of wine-color, Amelia or dahlia, and blue, are all much in vogue.

Pantaloons, in the third figure, of gray striped cassimere. Gother is a fabric in great esteem, and very beautiful; the vest being fancied, of that tint of colored Mireilles which matches with the silk mixed in the stuff of the pantaloons. Fancy silks and embroidered vests are in demand. There is a commendable improvement in pantaloons, being cut easier than the fashion lately permitted; without straps.



EMBROIDERY.

We propose to insert occasionally patterns of ornamental needle-work. We give below two samples which have been much admired on ladies' collars and capes, and on the frocks of little children.



HOUSEWIFERY.

PRESERVING MILK.—Place new milk in a clean pot, and evaporate it till nothing remains but a light dry powder. Put this in a bottle and seclude it carefully from the air by corking and waxing, and when milk is wanted, dissolve a small quantity in pure soft water. The solution will be found to possess the qualities, as well as the peculiar taste and *aroma* of the milk.

MODE OF MAKING YEAST.—The following mode, which was found very convenient in practice, was stated to us by a notable house-wife. One quart of hops is boiled about three hours with seven gallons of water; after that the resulting liquid is passed through a cullender on three quarts of Indian meal, or so much that the mixture will be like *batter*. Half a tea-cup of salt is added, and when cooled to new milk warmth, half a pint of yeast. After stirring well, it stands fifteen or twenty hours, and Indian meal added till of the consistency of dough, when cakes, three inches in diameter and half an inch thick, are made from it, and dried on a board by the fire; much heat will destroy the yeast, and if not dried in two or three days, fermentation will proceed so far as to destroy it. These cakes will be good for three months; one of them soaked half an hour in warm, not in hot water, will be enough for a large loaf.

BEST BREAD.—The best bread is that made of *unboiled wheat flour*. In some cases a small portion of white bread may be desirable, but the brown, after a short time, will be found more palatable, and conducive to a more regular and healthy condition of the system. It has been ascertained that even dogs cannot live over fifty days fed upon fine flour bread and water; when fed upon such as contained the whole or a large portion of the bran, they are found in no respect to suffer.

TO MAKE FINE PANCAKES FRIED WITHOUT BUTTER OR LARD.—Take a pint of cream, and six new-laid eggs; beat them well together; put in a quarter of a pound of sugar, and one nutmeg, or a little beaten mace—which you please, and so much flour as will thicken—almost as much as an ordinary pancake flour batter; your pan must be heated reasonably hot, and wiped with a clean cloth; this done, spread your batter thin over it, and fry.

CURE FOR FELONS.—Boil up in any iron vessel of sufficient capacity (say four or six quarts) enough yellow dock root to make a strong liquor, when sufficiently boiled, and while the liquor is as hot as can be borne by the hand, cover the kettle with a flannel cloth to keep in the heat and steam, and hold the hand or finger affected under the cloth and in the steam, and in five minutes the pain will cease. If it should return for a time, heat up the same liquor and do as before. In a cure performed in this way, the joints of the fingers will always be preserved. This receipt has been abundantly verified here.

THE GARDEN.

The sun runs high—the soil will soon be warm, and invite us again to the delightful labors of spring, and especially the Garden; for we believe with BACON, that “God Almighty first planted a garden, that it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks.” Be resolved, then, to commence a garden with some system, if you have not already.

WIT AND HUMOR.

MARRIAGE RINGS.

The custom is very ancient of presenting or interchanging rings at betrothals and weddings. Some of our Puritan fathers in England during the Commonwealth strenuously opposed this practice, as they did many usages they had associated with Papacy and the English hierarchy from which they had suffered. In Hudibras, these reasons are ascribed to them for disregarding the custom :

“ Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring;
With which the unsanctified bridegroom
Is marry’d only to a thumb,
(As wise as ringing of a pig
That us’d to break up g-round and dig,)
The bride to nothing but the will,
That nulls the after-marriage still.”

Such sentiments only show the extremes to which even good men are driven by persecution and fierce controversy. This usage was common among the most enlightened nations of antiquity, especially with the Jews whose descendants in our own age and country observe it. In their marriage service, after the priest has “ pronounced the initiatory nuptial benediction, he receives from the bridegroom a ring that must be of a certain value and the absolute property of the bridegroom, purchased and paid for by him, and not received as a present, nor bought on credit. After due inquiry on these points, the priest returns the ring to the bridegroom, who places it on the forefinger of the bride’s right hand, while at the same time he says to her in Hebrew, “ Behold! thou art consecrated unto me by means of this ring, according to the law of Moses and Aaron.” The bride joins in, and expresses her consent to this act of consecration by holding out her right hand and accepting the ring; which, after her husband has pronounced the formula, constitutes her his lawful wife.”*

* History and Poetry of finger-rings, p. 299.

The author to whom we are indebted for these facts gives amusing incidents and mottos of wedding rings. Of these, note the following :

“ First love Christ, that died for thee,
Next to him, love none but me.”

T. A. G.

This was engraved on the inside of an ancient American wedding-ring.

John Dunton, of London, says, in his autobiography, that his wedding-ring on which two hearts were engraved as united, had this motto :

“ God saw thee
Most fit for me.”

Rev. Dr. John Thomas, bishop of Lincoln, a great wit, had this motto put on the ring which he presented to his bride at his fourth marriage :

“ If I survive,
I’ll make them five.”

He was wont to relate this incident which occurred at the funeral of a man, when he was performing that part of the burial service which is read at the grave. “ A woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the middle of the service and said, ‘ Sir, sir, I want to speak to you.’ ‘ Prithee, woman, wait till I am done.’ ‘ No, sir, I must speak to you immediately.’ ‘ Why, then, what is the matter?’ ‘ Why, sir, you are burying a man who died of the small pox next to my poor husband, who never had it.’ ”

SWIFT'S SATIRE ON A MISER.—Dean Swift, having dined with a rich miser pronounced the following grace after dinner:—

“Thanks for this miracle: it is no less
Than finding manna in the wilderness.
In midst of famine we have found relief,
And seen the wonders of a chine of beef!
Chimneys have smoked that never smoked before,
And we have dined where we shall dine no more.”

A PATRIARCH LOCATED.—A clergyman, preaching a sermon on some particular patriarch, was extremely high in his panegyric, and spoke of him as far excelling every saint in the calendar. He took a view of the celestial hierarchy, but in vain; he could not assign to his saint a place worthy of so many virtues as he possessed; every sentence ended thus:

“Where, then, can we place this great patriarch?”

One of the congregation, tired at last of the repetition, exclaimed,

“As I am going away, you may put him in my pew.” *Am. Courier.*

A COMPLIMENT.—As a lady of the Fortescue family, who possessed great personal beauty, was walking along a narrow lane, she perceived just behind her a hawker of earthen ware, driving an ass with two panniers, laden with his stock in trade. To give the animal and his master room to pass, the lady suddenly stepped aside, which so frightened the donkey, that he ran away, and had not proceeded far when he fell, and a great part of the crockery was broken. The lady in her turn became alarmed, lest the man should load her with abuse, if not offer to insult her; but he merely exclaimed, “Never mind, madam, Balaam’s ass was frightened by an angel.”

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

How to be happy. Make the doing of the will of God the business of your life.

How to be miserable. Determine to gratify the carnal propensities of your nature, and spare no pains to execute your purpose.

How to be rich. Having food and raiment and a covenant God, be careful for no more.

How to be poor. Do nothing. Just let estate, soul, and body all alone, and your poverty will come as an armed man.

How to be wise. Think humbly of yourself. Deplore your ignorance. Be not ashamed to learn from any. Ask of God.

How to gain a victory. Have a good cause; conquer yourself; despise not your enemy; let not your opposition to him degenerate into hatred; do all you can righteously, and *no more*, and then leave your cause with God.

How to secure a victory. Humble yourself under the hand of God. Beware of exulting. Prov. 24: 17, 18. Give God the glory. Bonaparte said, “Many a victory is lost after it is gained.” “Build a golden bridge for a retreating enemy.”

How to live long. Live a great deal in a short time. Many a man has died old at thirty. Thousands do not die old, though they live to sixty. That is a long life which answers life’s ends. No life is long, unless it is the beginning of eternal life.—*Am. Messenger.*

MAY FLOWERS.

VOICE. Allegro.

Music by GEO. J. WEBB.
Words by MARY G. HALPIN.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the voice, starting with a key signature of two flats and a tempo of Allegro. The lyrics begin with "1. On hill.... and". The middle staff is for the piano, marked "Piano Forte." The bottom staff is also for the piano. The vocal line continues with "dale the sweet May Flowers are spring - ing, The blush - - ing rose,..... And gen - tle li - ly pale;..... All lav - ish - ly..... their wealth of fra - grance fling - ing, On the swift". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout the piece.

MAY FLOWERS.

2 In lowly vales, the dewy violet's shining,
 Like infant's eyes, serenely, calmly blue ;
 The vine is round the cottage casement twining,
 The beauteous emblem of affection true.

3 Clad in its vernal robe, the scenes of childhood,
 In all their beauty, lie before me now.
 I stand again beneath the tangled wildwood,
 Its cool shade falls upon my fevered brow.

4 In the fair vales, where still fond memory lingers,
 I rove with childhood's heart and brow serene ;
 I pull the daisies with my little fingers,
 And fill my apron with the evergreen.

5 I see the golden cowslips in the meadow,
 The mountain rose in all its gorgeous glow,
 The fragrant violets, 'neath the elm's broad shadow,
 The graceful lily, with its brow of snow.

BOOKS.

"THE SINLESS ONE."—It is not easy for us to do justice to our of the worth of this duodecimo of 324 neatly printed pages, in the ordinary Book Notice. Its name is not very suggestive of its subj the word "Immanuel" would more fully represent. It presents a life-like pictures of the Saviour, arranged in the order of the Gosp mony. Each topic constitutes a lecture or chapter, complete in representing an important part of Christ's mission and work. evinces an acquaintance with Biblical literature, which will render it to the student, and a great aid to the common reader of this portion ture. Its style is neat, concise, vivacious, and sufficiently ornate. read it with interest and profit, on account of its real merit and as a of the fruitful ministry of a beloved brother. We cheerfully commen readers and the public, and trust that its extensive sale may greatly its author, Rev. Joshua T. Tucker, of Holliston. It is published Whipple & Co., of this city.

"THE SAINTS' INHERITANCE; OR THE WORLD TO COME."—By Henry F. Hall; published by John P. Jewett & Co., of this city. There are two classes of books which we read with pleasure and profit, those which are harmonious with our opinions, and confirmatory of them, and those which diverge more or less from the direction of our own mind. This volume belongs to the latter of these classes. It treats of the real presence and reign of Christ in his Church on earth during the millenium, and of subjects pertaining thereto, with the exception of Chapters XII, XVI & XVII on the Bible, a test and standard of religious instruction, infants lawful heirs of the kingdom and the ministry of Angels, which, though excellent in themselves, do not appear to us specially pertinent to the author's design. While we seriously question the correctness of his interpretation of many passages of Scripture, and while we cannot adopt all his conclusions, yet we have read his book with pleasure for it has started many interesting subjects of inquiry. To millenarians, it will be a feast of fat things, and the Christian public are indebted to him for calling its attention to very important, but much neglected topics.

MAYOR SMITH'S TRAVELS IN EGYPT AND SYRIA.—These are two neatly printed duodecimo volumes, published by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, of this city. They have been some months before the public, and their sale evinces its appreciation of their merit. They abound with valuable information in relation to the state, customs and antiquities of those countries, which three or four thousand years ago governed the world. To the courtesy of the publishers we are indebted for the engraving of the signet ring which we give our readers in this number.

PERIODICALS.

We have received Graham's, Godey's, Peterson's, the National, Harper's and Putnam's Monthlies, for May, with their usual amount of good reading and engravings.

We render our grateful acknowledgements for complimentary notices of the Happy Home, for May, to the Newport Mercury, Zion's Herald, the Bay State, the Lynn Reporter, the Wesleyan Journal, the Lynn News, and numerous other papers.

